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ST. NICHOLAS SONGS



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ST. NICHOLAS SONGS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS collection of songs, which is believed to be somewhat novel in form and purpose, originated in the thought that many of the poems in *St. Nicholas* merited a musical setting. With this in mind, original contributions were invited from various American and English composers, and from their responses the following one hundred and twelve songs were chosen. A greater variety of treatment and of subject was secured by including more than one setting of several texts, together with a few lyrics not found in *St. Nicholas.*

The collection is especially intended for home use. Both words and music are thought to be adapted to the tastes of young people and of those who are associated with them. Sentimental and pathetic themes are generally omitted, while the naïve and humorous fancies of childhood are extensively represented. Many lullabies and mothers' songs are also included. The music is meant to be truly interpretative of the words, and is designedly of various degrees of difficulty. It is hoped not only that these ST. NICHOLAS SONGS will give ever fresh delight to the households that welcome *St. Nicholas*, but that they will afford to all who use them a genuine musical and poetic culture. To this end a somewhat advanced standard of excellence has been sought.

One of the happy results of realizing this project of THE CENTURY CO. is the publication of a large amount of original music by American composers.

The duties of the editor have been made exceedingly pleasant by the courteous and intelligent coöperation of all who have assisted in the work.

WALDO S. PRATT.

HARTFORD, JULY, 1885.

INDEX OF COMPOSERS

N. H. Allen 4, 46, 60, 69, 139, 183
Homer N. Bartlett 6, 19, 28, 58, 74, 82, 105, 114, 124, 142, 164
Francis Boott 14, 150
George F. Bristow 186
George A. Burdett 5, 38, 170
George W. Chadwick 32, 88, 128
Hugh A. Clarke 134
Helen A. Clarke 146, 175
John H. Cornell 40, 136
Leopold Damrosch . 1, 13, 20, 52, 72, 92, 138, 176, 185, 189
J. Remington Fairlamb . . 15, 29, 49, 85, 116, 135, 157
Arthur E. Fisher . . . 9, 53, 75, 122, 143, 154, 174
Arthur Foote 21, 43, 61
W. W. Gilchrist . . . 22, 44, 70, 148, 162, 172, 188
Frances J. Hatton 62, 190
W. J. Henderson 177
Richard Hoffman 33
F. G. Ilsley 94
George Ingraham 55, 98, 182
Eduardo Marzo 10, 78
Harrison Millard 110
J. L. Molloy 50, 108, 120
Joseph Mosenthal 2, 97, 130
J. W. Palmer 30, 102
Waldo S. Pratt 16, 86, 168
Sebastian B. Schlesinger 36
Wilson G. Smith 64
Albert A. Stanley 18, 24, 48, 66, 90, 104, 118, 131, 152, 166, 184
Gustave J. Stoeckel 80, 160
Edwin B. Story 171
George F. Suck 106, 165
Samuel P. Warren . . . 26, 42, 100, 117, 140, 158, 180

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

NAME	AUTHOR	COMPOSER	PAGE
April Girl, An	M. M. D	*Albert A. Stanley*	66
" " "	" "	*J. R. Fairlamb*	157
April Snow	Virginia F. Townsend	*Samuel P. Warren*	140
At the Window	M. M. D	*Waldo S. Pratt*	168
Baby Bo!	Laura E. Richards	*E. Marzo*	10
Baby's Skies	M. C. Bartlett	*E. Marzo*	78
Billy Buttercup	M. M. D.	*Gustave J. Stoeckel*	160
Boy and the Toot, The	M. S.	*Homer N. Bartlett*	105
Bronze-Brown Eyes	T. B. Aldrich	*S. B. Schlesinger*	36
Bye, Baby, Birds are Sleeping	M. M. D.	*F. Boott*	150
Bye, Baby, Night has Come	" "	*Wilson G. Smith*	64
Cat and the Dog, The	M. F. B.	*Albert A. Stanley*	18
Chanticleer	Celia Thaxter	*Helen A. Clarke*	146
Childhood's Gold	Lucy Larcom	*J. W. Palmer*	102
Clouds and Sunshine	M. M. D.	*N. H. Allen*	183
Cradle Song	Margaret Johnson	*J. R. Fairlamb*	15
" "	" "	*Albert A. Stanley*	24
" "	" "	*F. G. Ilsley*	94
" "	" "	*Arthur E. Fisher*	122
" "	" "	*G. F. Suck*	165
Dandelion, The		*G. W. Chadwick*	32
" "		*Arthur Foote*	61
Dandelions	Helen Gray Cone	*G. F. Suck*	106
Ding, Dong	M. M. D.	*Richard Hoffman*	33
" "	" "	*J. L. Molloy*	108
Easter Carol, An	Emily D. Chapman	*J. R. Fairlamb*	49
" " "	" "	*Leopold Damrosch*	138
Going to London	M. M. D.	*Arthur Foote*	21
Going to the Fair	Margaret Johnson	*W. W. Gilchrist*	70
Golden Slumbers Kiss your Eyes		*W. J. Henderson*	177
Good News on Christmas Morning	M. M. D.	*F. J. Hatton*	62
Good- ight!	M. M. D.	*W. W. Gilchrist*	188
Good-Night!	Mrs. A. D. Willard	*F. J. Hatton*	190
Handel	Margaret Johnson	*Leopold Damrosch*	20
"	" "	*Albert A. Stanley*	131
Hey! Diddle Diddle	Old Rhyme	*Homer N. Bartlett*	19

NAME	AUTHOR	COMPOSER	PAGE
If Blue-Birds Bloomed	M. M. D.	*W. W. Gilchrist*	44
I Had a Little Pony	Old Rhyme	*Homer N. Bartlett*	28
In the Tree-Top	Lucy Larcom	*H. A. Clarke*	134
In the Wood	M. M. D.	*Leopold Damrosch*	13
Ironing Song	Bessie Hill	*Samuel P. Warren*	100
Jessie	Bret Harte	*Leopold Damrosch*	1
"	" "	*N. H. Allen*	139
Joy, Hope, and Love	Theodore Winthrop	*Leopold Damrosch*	185
Kitty Cat		*W. W. Gilchrist*	22
Little Elsie	Laura Ledyard	*Albert A. Stanley*	184
Little John Bottlejohn	Laura E. Richards	*Albert A. Stanley*	118
" " "	" " "	*W. W. Gilchrist*	148
" " "	" " "	*George F. Bristow*	186
Little Maid Margery	Margaret Johnson	*J. W. Palmer*	30
Little Mermaid, The	Carrie W. Thompson	*J. R. Fairlamb*	29
Little Miss Clover	M. F. Butts	*George Ingraham*	182
Little Squirrels	M. M. D.	*Gustave J. Stoeckel*	80
Lord's Day, The	From the German	*Leopold Damrosch*	189
Lullaby, A	J. G. Holland	*N. H. Allen*	60
"	" "	*J. R. Fairlamb*	116
March	M. M. D.	*J. H. Cornell*	40
Marjorie's Almanac	T. B. Aldrich	*Samuel P. Warren*	26
Meadow Talk	Caroline Leslie	*Arthur E. Fisher*	143
Merry Rain, The	Fleta Forrester	*Homer N. Bartlett*	82
Midsummer Frolics	M. M. D.	*W. W. Gilchrist*	172
Million Little Diamonds, A	M. F. Butts	*G. A. Burdett*	5
" " " "	" "	*Leopold Damrosch*	176
Minuet, The	Mary Mapes Dodge	*Joseph Mosenthal*	2
" "	" " "	*Leopold Damrosch*	52
" "	" " "	*J. R. Fairlamb*	85
" "	" " "	*Arthur E. Fisher*	174
Night and Day	M. M. D.	*Albert A. Stanley*	48
" " "	" "	*Samuel P. Warren*	117
Nikolina	Celia Thaxter	*Arthur Foote*	43
North Wind doth Blow, The	Old Rhyme	*Homer N. Bartlett*	142
Once in my Life	"	*E. B. Story*	171
One, Two, Three!	Margaret Johnson	*Waldo S. Pratt*	16
Punkydoodle and Jollapin	Laura E. Richards	*G. A. Burdett*	38
" " "	" " "	*Joseph Mosenthal*	97
" " "	" " "	*Homer N. Bartlett*	114
" " "	" " "	*Albert A. Stanley*	152
Queen o' May, The	M. M. D.	*Albert A. Stanley*	90
" " "	" "	*Samuel P. Warren*	180
Riding on the Rail	H. F. King	*George Ingraham*	55
" " "	" "	*Homer N. Bartlett*	124
Sing-Away Bird, The	Lucy Larcom	*Harrison Millard*	110
Sleep, Sleep, the South Wind Blows	Lucy M. Blinn	*Waldo S. Pratt*	86
Snow-Filled Nest, The	Rose Terry Cooke	*F. Boott*	14

NAME	AUTHOR	COMPOSER	PAGE
SNOW-FLAKES	M. M. D.	*J. L. Molloy*	50
" "	" "	*Arthur E. Fisher*	75
" "	" "	*Samuel P. Warren*	158
SONG OF THE ROBIN, THE	Libbie Hawes	*J. H. Cornell*	136
SONG OF THE ROLLER-SKATES, THE	Maria J. Hammond	*Homer N. Bartlett*	164
SONG OF THE SHARK, THE	Laura E. Richards	*G. W. Chadwick*	88
SO WISE!	Adelaide F. Waters	*W. W. Gilchrist*	162
SUMMER SONG, A	Julia C. R. Dorr	*G. A. Burdett*	170
SWEET, RED ROSE, THE	M. M. D.	*Homer N. Bartlett*	58
" " "	" "	*George Ingraham*	98
" " "	" "	*Joseph Mosenthal*	130
THERE'S A SHIP ON THE SEA	M. M. D.	*N. H. Allen*	69
" " "	" "	*Leopold Damrosch*	92
" " "	" "	*Arthur E. Fisher*	154
THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL		*Samuel P. Warren*	42
" " "		*G. W. Chadwick*	128
THREE WISE WOMEN, THE	Mrs. E. T. Corbett	*Homer N. Bartlett*	6
" " "	" " "	*Albert A. Stanley*	166
TWO KITTENS	Aunt Fanny	*Helen A. Clarke*	175
TWO LITTLE BIRDS	M. F. B.	*Arthur E. Fisher*	9
VALENTINE, A	Laura E. Richards	*Leopold Damrosch*	72
" "	" " "	*J. R. Fairlamb*	135
WHENEVER A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN	Agnes L. Carter	*N. H. Allen*	4
" " " "	" "	*Albert A. Stanley*	104
WILD WIND, THE	Clara W. Raymond	*Arthur E. Fisher*	53
WINTER AND SUMMER	H. O. Knowlton	*N. H. Allen*	46
WREN AND THE HEN, THE		*Homer N. Bartlett*	74
" " "		*J. L. Molloy*	120
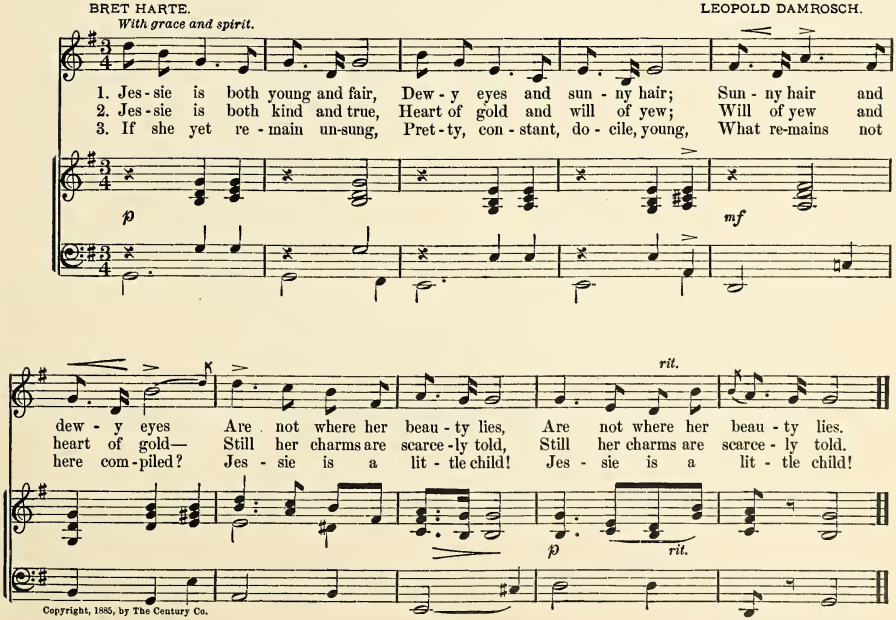




ST. NICHOLAS SONGS.

Jessie.

BRET HARTE. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

With grace and spirit.



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The Minuet.



MARY MAPES DODGE. JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Grandma
2. Grandma's
3. Mod-ern

♩= 92. *mf*

told me all a-bout it, Told me, so I could-n't
hair was bright and sun-ny; Dim-pled cheeks, too,—ah, how
ways are quite a-larm-ing, Grandma says; but boys were

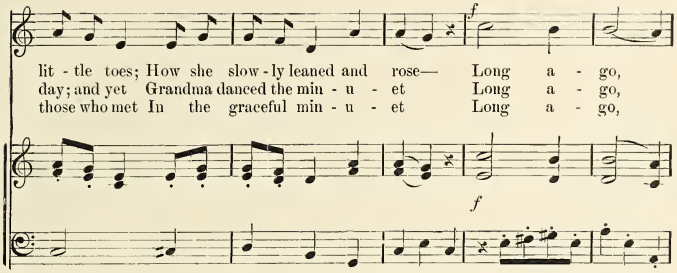
doubt it, How she danced— my grand-ma danced!—Long a-go, Long a-go.
fun-ny! Real-ly quite a pret-ty girl, Long a-go, Long a-go.
charm-ing— Girls and boys, I mean, of course— Long a-go, Long a-go.

p *cres.*
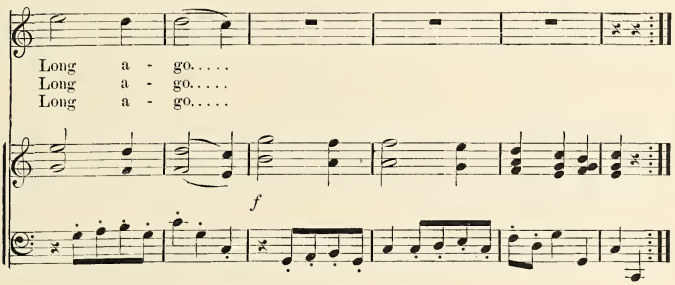
How she held her pret-ty head, How her dain-ty skirt she spread, Turn-ing out her
Bless her! why, she wears a cap, Grand-ma does, and takes a nap Eve-ry sin-gle
Brave but mod-est, grand-ly shy— She would like to have us try Just to feel like

p *cres.*

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lit - tle toes; How she slow - ly leaned and rose— Long a - go,
day; and yet Grandma danced the min - u - et Long a - go,
those who met In the graceful min - u - et Long a - go,
f
f

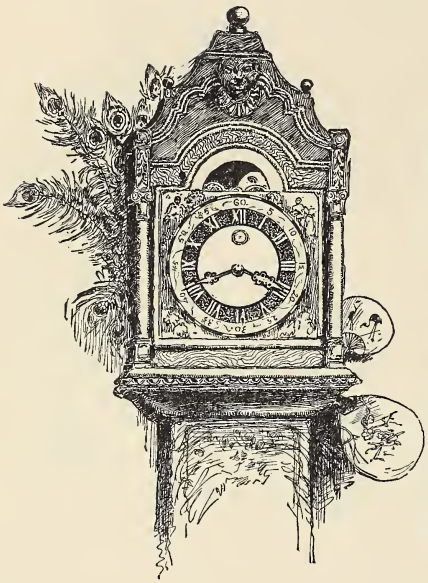



Long a - go.....
Long a - go.....
Long a - go.....
f


ONE CENT
W. T. PETERS.

Whenever a little child is born.

AGNES L. CARTER. N. H. ALLEN.



To the ticking of a tall clock.

p

1. When-ev - er a lit - tle

♩. = 18. *pp*

child is born, All night a soft wind rocks the corn;

p

One more but - ter - cup wakes to the morn, Somewhere, somewhere. 2. One more rose - bud shy will un - fold,

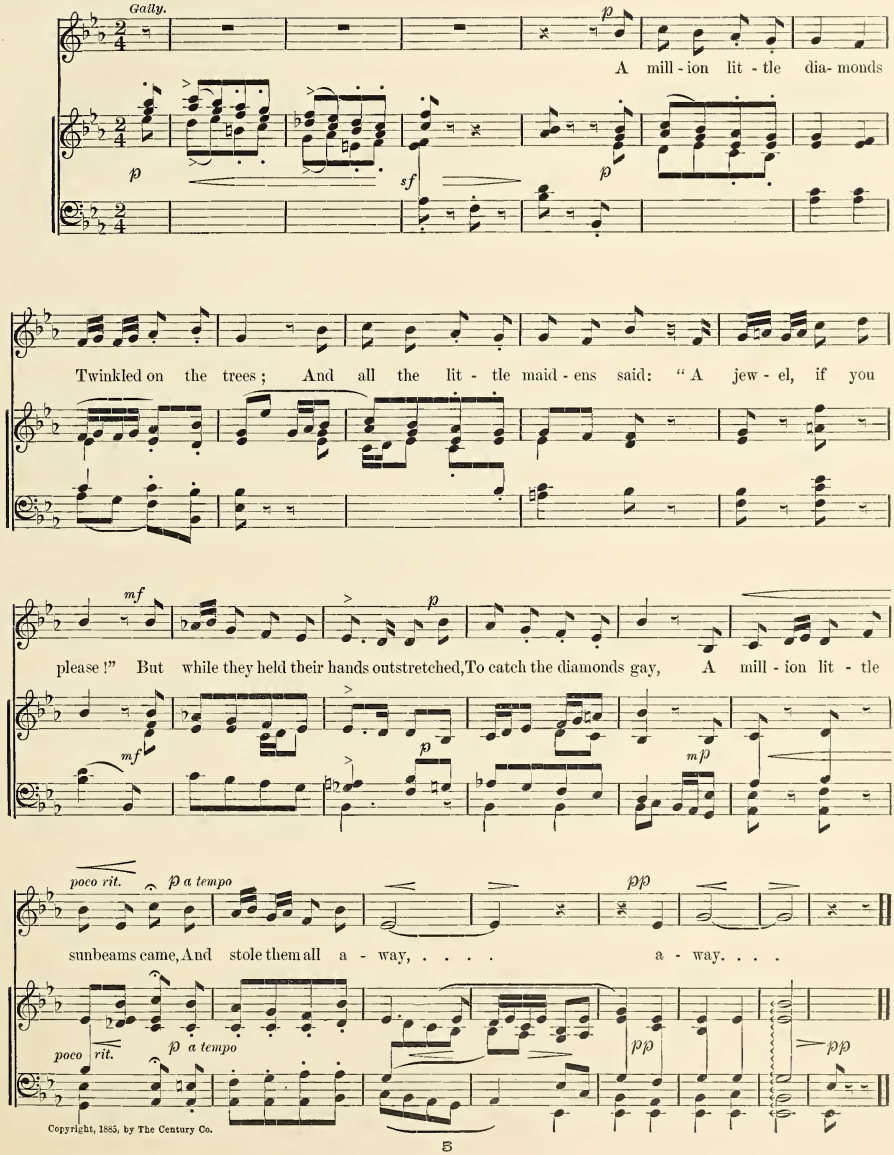
One more grass-blade push thro' the mold, One more bird-song the air will hold, Somewhere, somewhere.

pp *ppp*

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A million little diamonds.

M. F. BUTTS. G. A. BURDETT.



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The Three Wise Women.



Mrs. E. T. CORBETT. HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegretto.

misterioso

p *f*

1. Three wise old wom - en were they, were they, Who went to walk on a wint - ry day; One took their bask - et the wa-ter to bail; They put up their fan to make a sail. But

car-ried a bas - ket, to hold some berries; One car-ried a lad-der, to climb for cherries; The what be-came of the wise women then,— Whether they ev - er got home a - gain,

third, and she was the wis - est one, Car-ried a fan, to keep off the sun, The third, and she was the Whether they saw a - ny bears or no,—*You* must find out, for *I* don't know, Whether they saw a - ny

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sotto voce *Last verse.* FINE.

wis - est one, Car-ried a fan to keep off the sun, keep off the sun, (*Omit*.....)
bears or no,— *You* must find out, for *I* don't know, *I* don't know, don't know.

cres. *sotto voce* *f Last verse. FINE.*

keep off the sun. 2. "Dear,

p *f* *un poco agitato*

dear!" said one, "A bear I see! I think we'd bet - ter climb a tree!"



sfz *p*

(Bear growls.)

marcato il basso

But there was - n't a tree for miles around, They were too frightened to

sfz *(Bear growls.)* *p*

stay on the ground; So they climbed their lad - der up to the top, And sat there screaming, "We'll

drop! we'll drop!" But the wind was strong as wind could be, And blew their ladder out to sea! Soon the three women were

dolce

all a-float In a leak - y lad - der in - stead of a boat! And eve - ry time the waves rolled in, Of

D. S.

course the poor things were wet to the skin, wet to the skin. 3. Then they

mf *rall.* *D. S.*





Two Little Birds.

M. F. B. ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante e con semplicita.

p

Two lit - tle birds once met in a tree, One said, "I'll love you, if you will love me." The

p

f *p*

oth - er a- greed, and they built them a nest, And be - gan to keep house with ver - y great zest. They

lived there all sum- mer, and then flew a - way; And where they are now I real - ly can't say.

p

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Baby Bo!

LAURA E. RICHARDS. E. MARZO.

Tempo di valse.
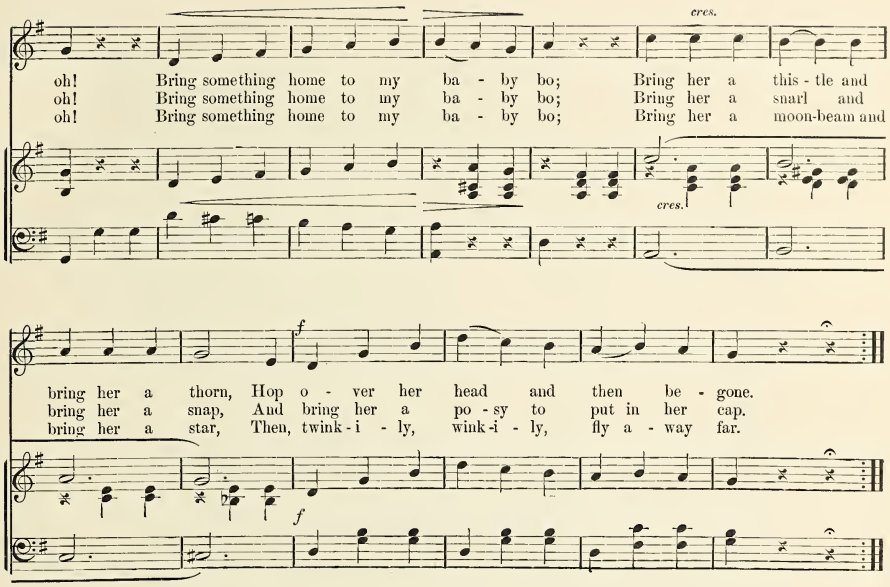
1. Fly a - way, fly a - way, bir - - die oh! Bring some - thing

home to my ba - - by bo; Bring her a feath - er and bring her a song, And

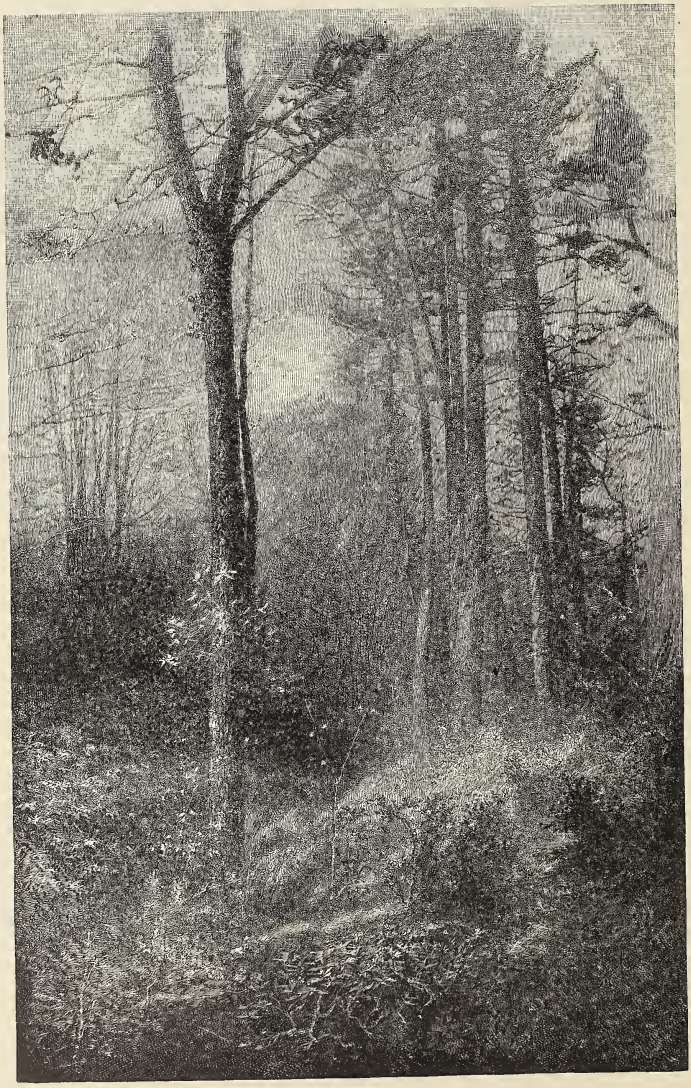
sing to her sweet - ly all the day long.

2. Hop - pe - ty, kick - e - ty, grass - hop - per
3. Howl - i - bus, growl - i - bus, dog - gi - bus
4. Twink - i - ly, wink - i - ly, fire - - - fly

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cres.
oh! Bring something home to my ba - by bo; Bring her a this - tle and
oh! Bring something home to my ba - by bo; Bring her a snarl and
oh! Bring something home to my ba - by bo; Bring her a moon-beam and
cres.
f
bring her a thorn, Hop o - ver her head and then be - gone.
bring her a snap, And bring her a po - sy to put in her cap.
bring her a star, Then, twink - i - ly, wink - i - ly, fly a - way far.
f





IN THE WOOD.

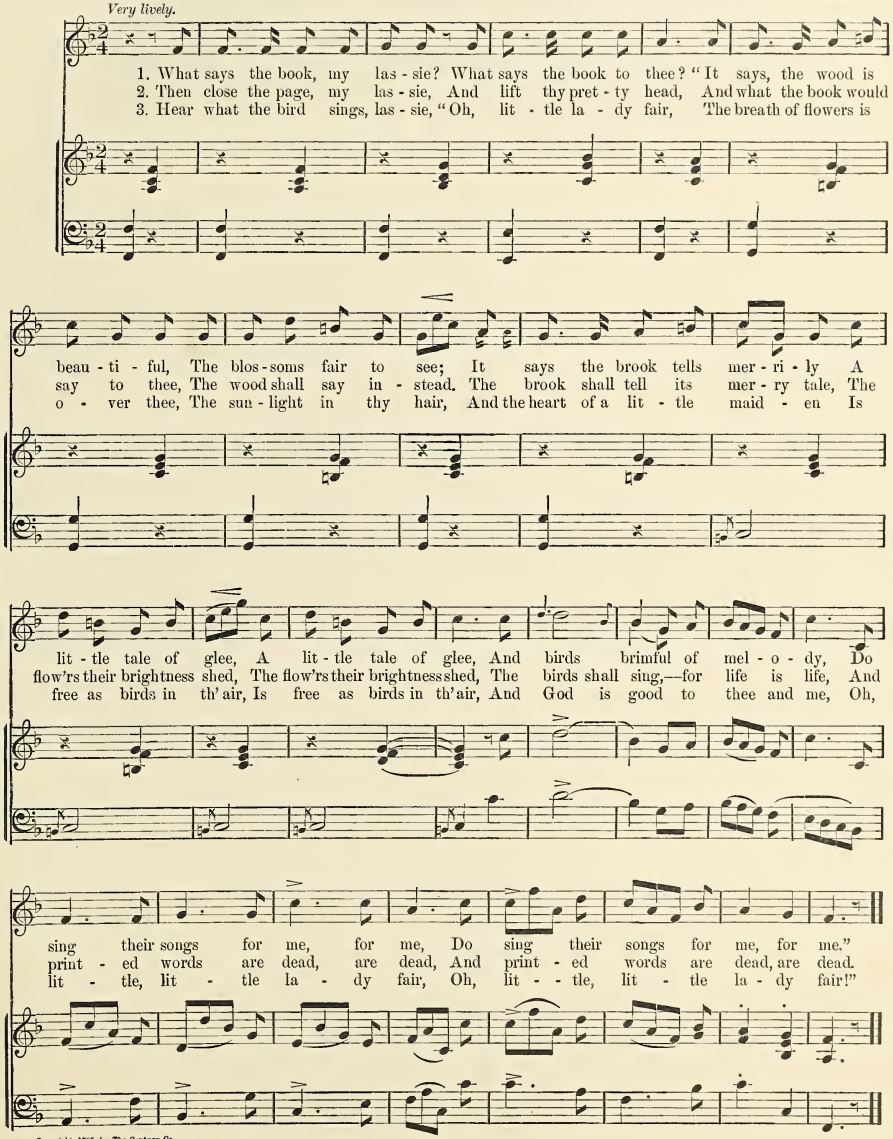
ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

In the Wood.

M. M. D.

Very lively.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.



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The Snow-Filled Nest.

ROSE TERRY COOKE. F. BOOTT.

Moderato.

1. It swings up- on the leaf-less tree, By storm-y winds blown to and fro; De-sert-ed, lone- ly, sad to see, And full of cru - el, cru - el snow. 2. In summer's noon the leaves a-bove Made dew - y shel-ter from the heat; The nest was full of life and love; Ah, life and love are sweet, are sweet! 3. All, all are gone! I know not where; And still upon the cold, grey tree, Lonely, and toss'd by ev'ry air, That snow-fill'd, snow-fill'd nest I see.

p *cres.* *mf* *animando* *fz* *dim.* *p* *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

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Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Moderato.

mf

1. To and fro, So soft and slow, Swingeth the ba - by's cra - dle O! Still he lies With
3. Sleep, oh, sleep! In slum - ber deep. Sweet dreams a - cross thine eyes shall creep, And all night The

mp

laugh - ing eyes, And will not in - to Dreamland go. 2. Lul - la - by! The crick - ets cry, The
soft moon-light With - in thy cur - tain'd cra - dle peep. 4. Hush! he sighs, The laugh-ter flies All

rit. *a tempo* *colla voce*

cres. *rit.*

twinkling stars are in the sky. Soft dews fall, While robins call, And homeward swift the swallows fly.
swift - ly from his drow - sy eyes. To and fro, More soft, more slow, And fast a-sleep the ba - by lies.

cres. *colla voce* *dim.*
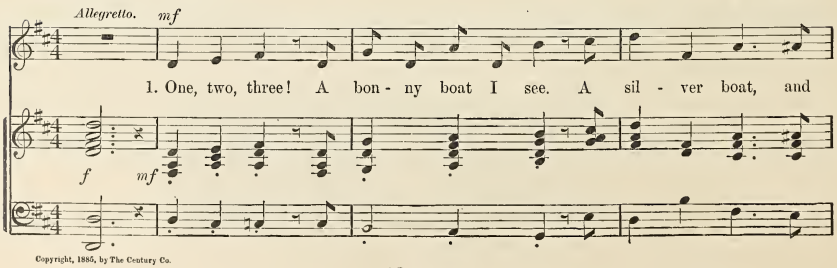
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One, two, three!

MARGARET JOHNSON. WALDO S. PRATT.



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all a - float, up - on a ro - sy sea.

p *cres.*

f *mf*

2. One, two, three! The rid - dle tell to me. The

f *mf*

moon a - float is the bou - ny boat, The sun - set is the sea.

dim.e *rall.*





The Cat and the Dog.

M. F. B. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto.

1. The cat and the dog re - solved to be good, Tru - ly kind, kind and for - giv - ing.

mp

rit. e dim.

"What's the use," they sweet-ly said, "Of such un-pleasant liv - ing, Of such un - pleasant liv - ing?" 2. So

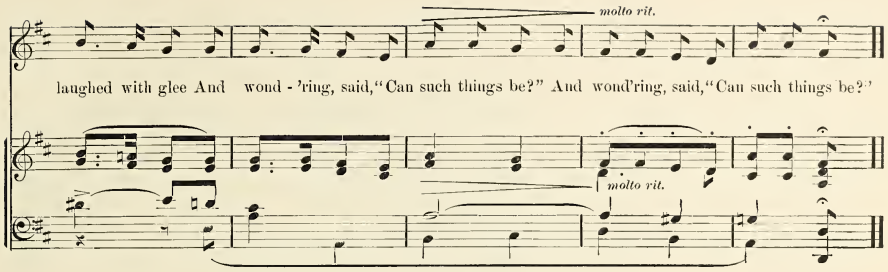
espress.

rit. e dim.

a tempo

Pus - sy took her dear Tray's arm, And out they sal - lied o - ver the farm; And all who saw them

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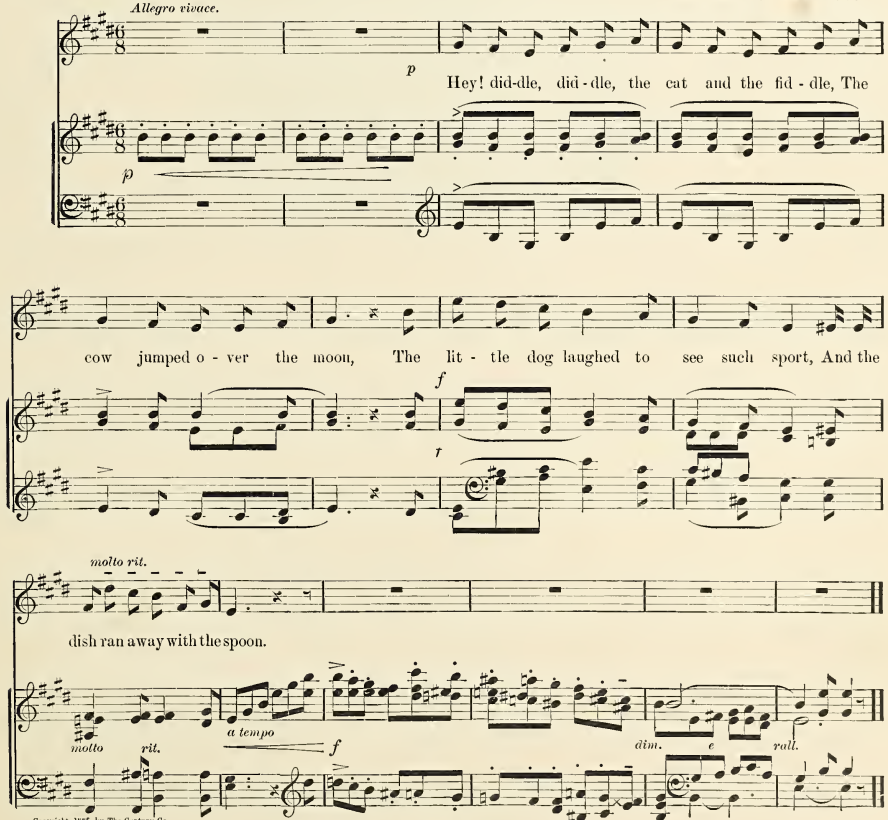


Hey! diddle, diddle.

OLD RHYME.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

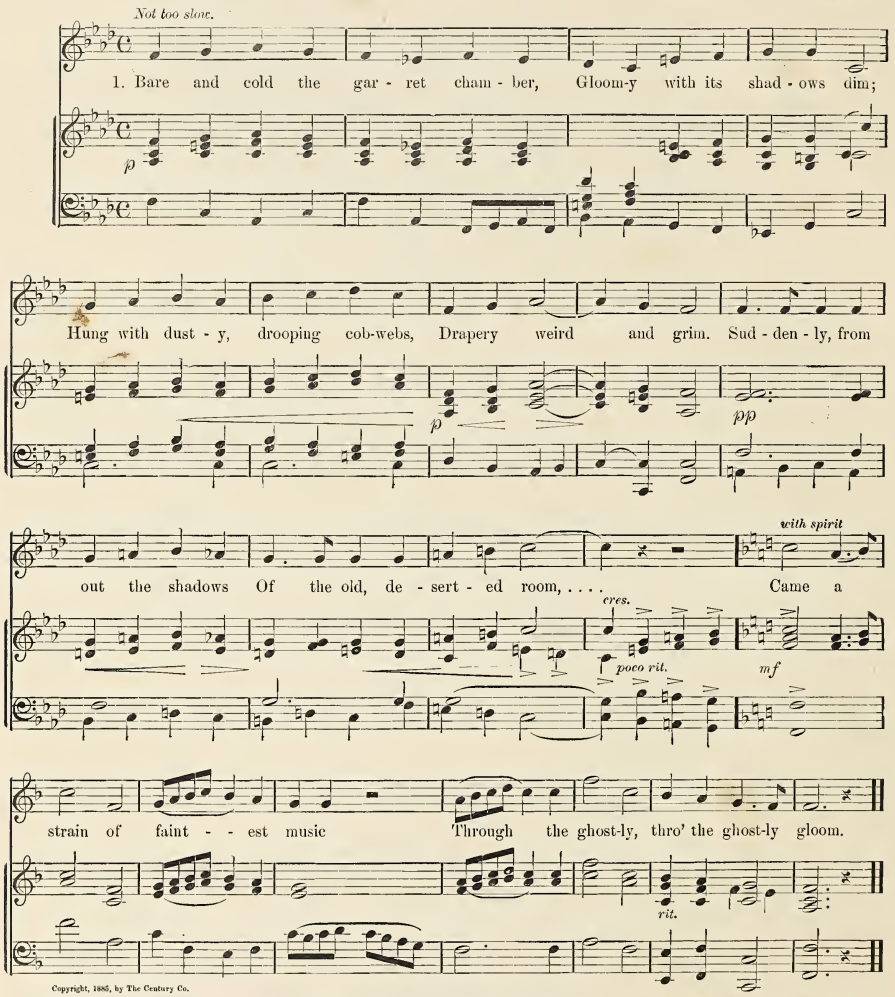
Allegro vivace.



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Handel.

MARGARET JOHNSON. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.



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2 While the night grew still to listen,
Soft and slow the music sighed,
And, in melting, minor measures,
Into silence died.
Say, what skillful, rapt musician,
In the lonely room apart,
Thus made glad the sombre midnight
With his wondrous art?

3 From the moon, now bright, now hid-
In the clouds that cross'd her way, [den
In the misty garret-window
Shot a slender ray,—
Glanced upon an ancient spinet,
O'er whose keys, with dust defiled,
Ran the eager, dainty fingers
Of a little child!

4 Boy, in after years the master
Of all mighty harmonies,
With a more than childish rapture
In thy lifted eyes,—
Surely, in the garret chamber,
Dim with shadowy mystery,
While the world slept in the midnight,
Angels talked with thee!



Going to London.

M. M. D. ARTHUR FOOTE.

mf *Moderately fast.*

1. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to Lon - don town— Here we go with
2. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to Lon - don town— See how fast we're
3. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to Lon - don town— Here we are this

mf *cres.*

p *cres.* *mf* *pp*

ba - by! I'm the pa-pa, You're the mamma, You're the pret - ty la - dy! la - dy! la - dy!
go - ing! Feel the jar Of the car? Feel the wind a - blow - ing? blow - ing? blow - ing?
min - ute! Rock a chair A - ny-where, When we two are in it! in it! in it!

cres.

p *mf* *pp*

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Kitty Cat.

W. W. GILCHRIST.



Allegretto.

p Kit-ty cat, kit-ty cat, I hear a mouse, Pit-ty pat,

p

pit - ty pat, run thro' the house! Kit - ty, hur - ry! kit - ty, run! Quick! or you will

accel. *e cresc.*

accel. *e cresc.*

lose the fun, Quick! or you will lose the fun! Kit - ty hears, and sly - ly creeps,

f *a tempo* *p* *recit. ad lib.*

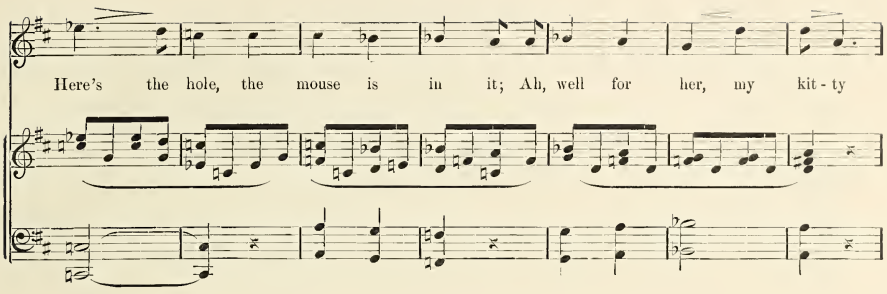
a tempo *p* *colla voce*
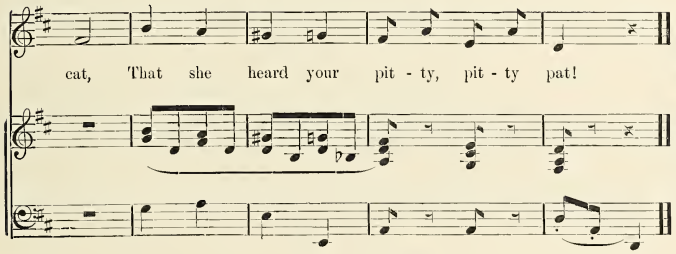
Now she lis - tens, now she leaps. Ah, too late! you can - not win it.

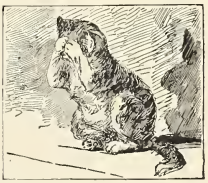
f *affettuoso*

f *legato*

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Here's the hole, the mouse is in it; Ah, well for her, my kit - ty

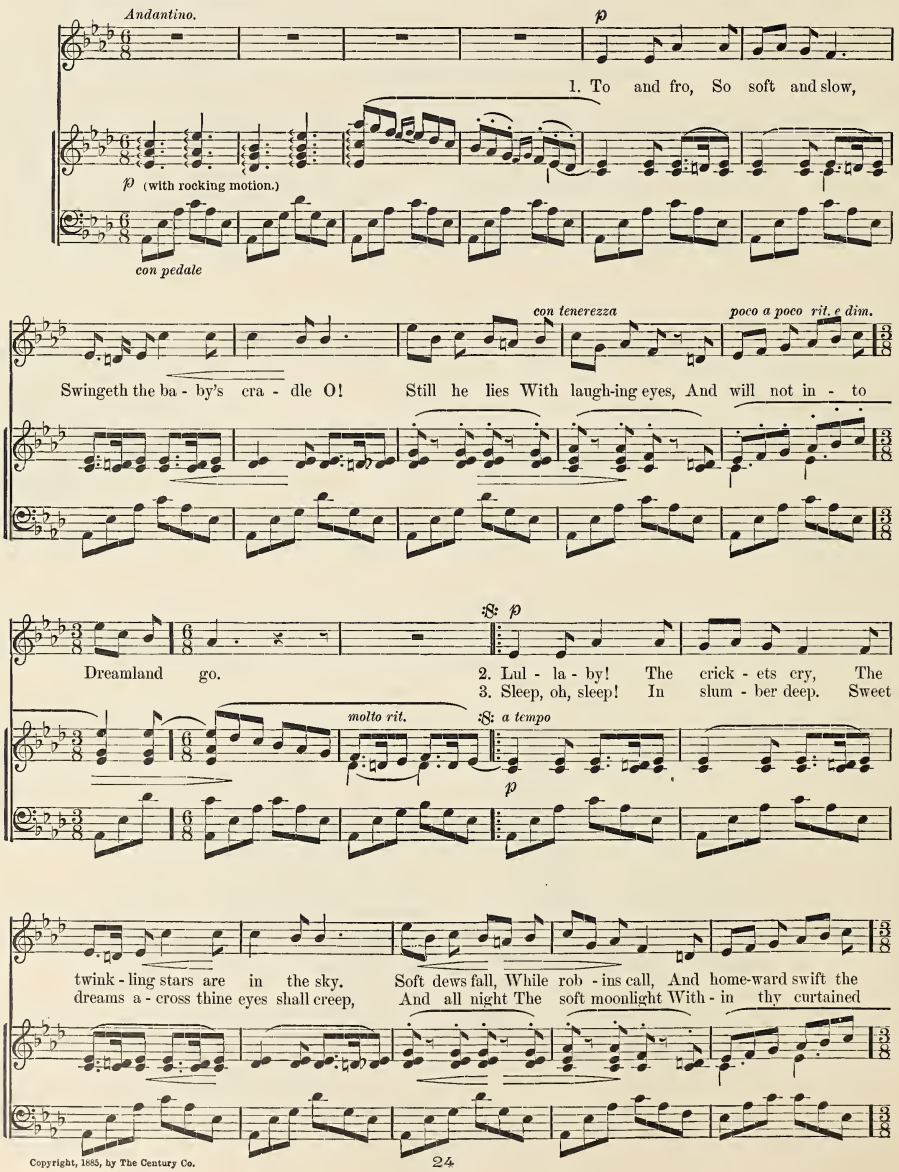

cat, That she heard your pit - ty, pit - ty pat!




Kitty cat, kitty cat, I hear a mouse!

Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON. ALBERT A. STANLEY.



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D.S. pp

swal - lows fly. 4. Hush! he sighs,
cra - dle peep.

poco adagio D.S. pp

Ped. *

ppp a tempo

Hush! he sighs, Hush! he sighs, The laughter flies All swift - ly from his

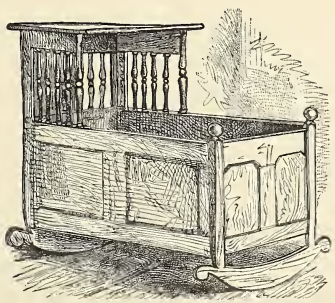
ppp a tempo

Ped. *

poco a poco rit. e dim.

drow-sy eyes. To and fro, More soft, more slow, And fast a - sleep the ba - by lies.

pp ppp



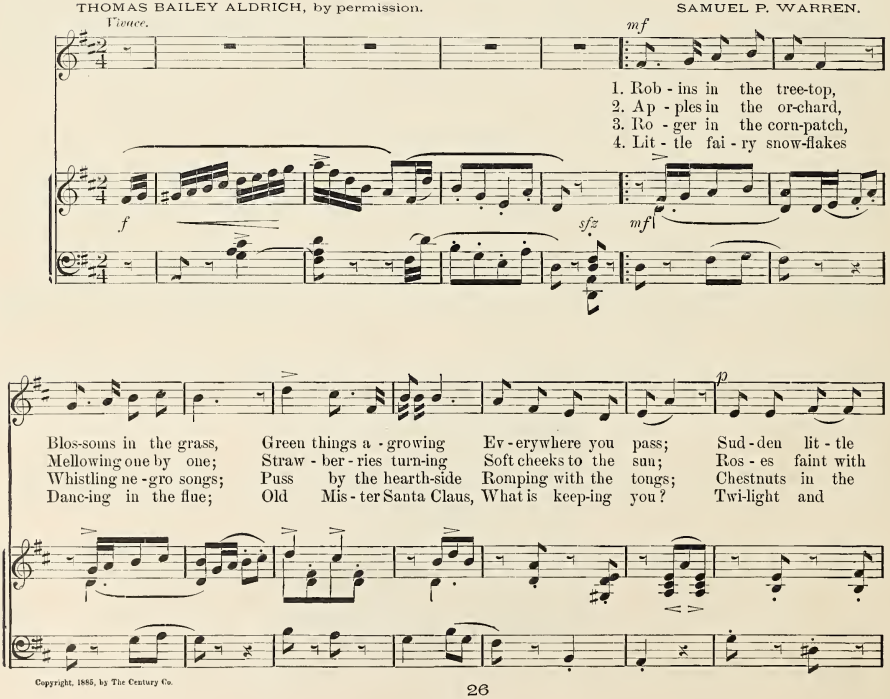
BABY'S AWAKE.



Marjorie's Almanac.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, by permission.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.



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breez-es, Showers of sil - ver dew, Black bough and bent twig Bud-ding out a - new;
sweetness, Lil - ies fair of face, Drowsy scents and mur-murs Haunting ev - 'ry place;
ash - es, Burst - ing thro' the rind; Red leaf and gold leaf Rustling down the wind;
fire-light; Shad - ows come and go; Merry chime of sleigh - bells, Tinkling thro' the snow;

p *poco rall.* *a tempo*

Pine - tree and wil - low - tree, Fring - ed elm, and larch— Don't you think that May - time's
Lengths of gold - en sun - shine, Moonlight bright as day— Don't you think that sum - mer's
Moth - er "do - in' peach - es" All the af - ter - noon— Don't you think that au - tumn's
Moth - er knit - ting stock - ings, (Pus - sy's got the ball)— Don't you think that win - ter's

poco rall. *a tempo*

f *poco rit.*

Pleas - ant - er than March? Don't you think that May - time's Pleas-ant - er than March?
Pleas - ant - er than May? Don't you think that sum - mer's Pleas-ant - er than May?
Pleas - ant - er than June? Don't you think that au - tumn's Pleas-ant - er than June?
Pleas - ant - er than all? Don't you think that win - ter's Pleas-ant - er than all?

f *poco rit.* *f* *a tempo*

1st, 2nd and 3d verses. *After last verse.*

f *ff* *sfz*

I had a little pony.

OLD RHYME. HOMER N. BARTLETT.



Allegretto affetuoso.

I had a lit - tle po - ny, His name was Dap-ple

mf

Gray; I lent him to a la - dy To

ride a mile a - way; She whipped him, she lashed him, She drove him through the

poco rall.

mire, I would not lend my po - ny now For all that la - dy's hire.

rit.
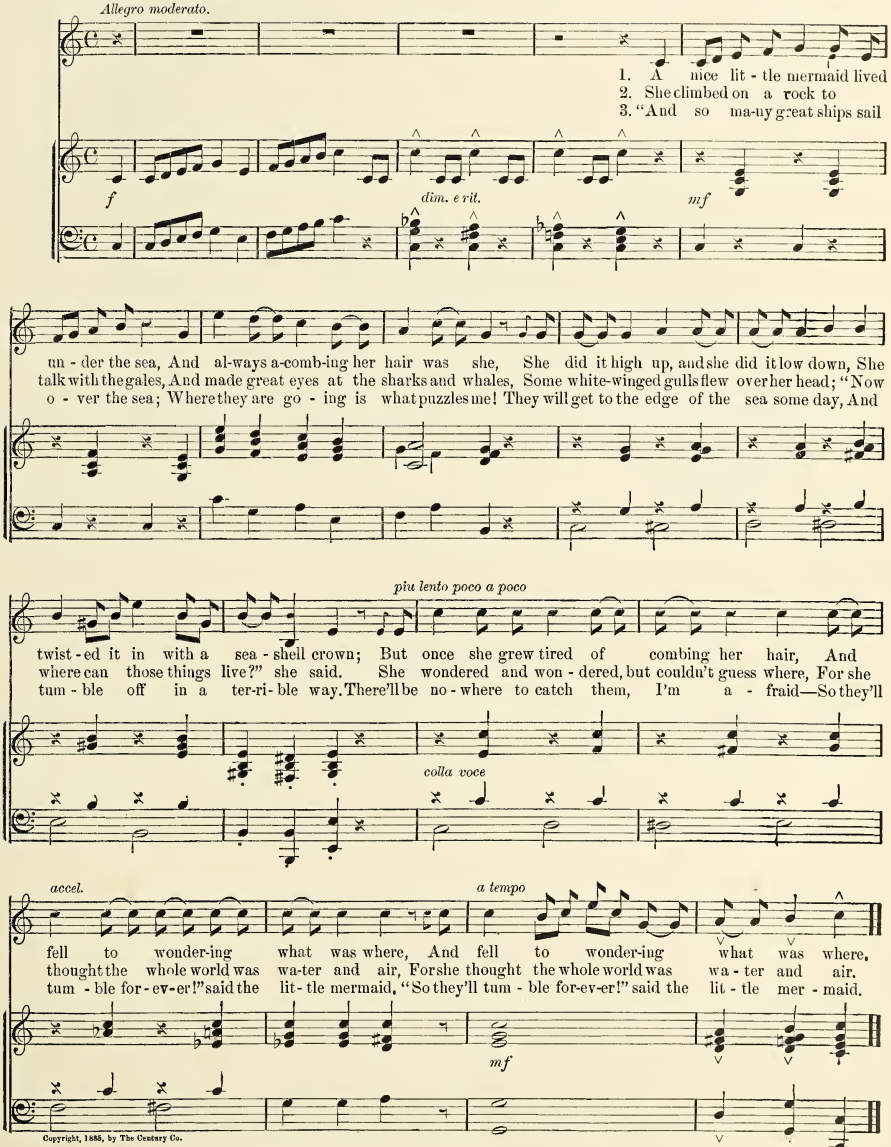
rit.

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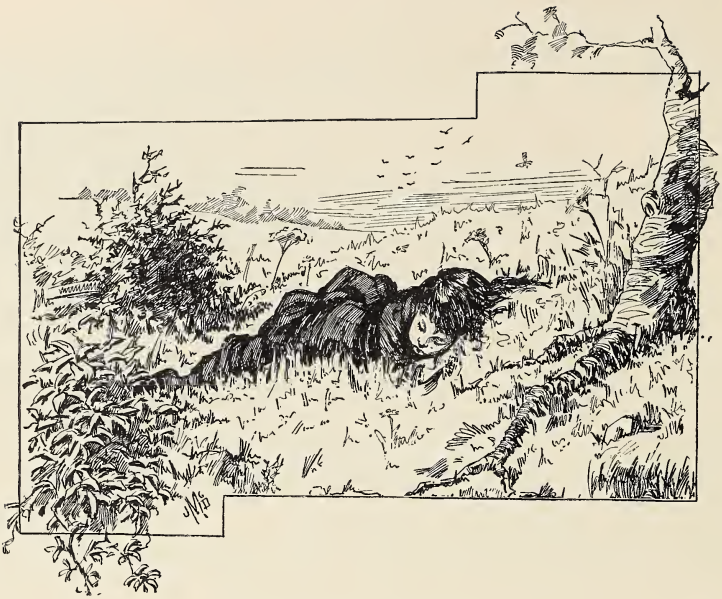
The Little Mermaid.

CARRIE W. THOMPSON. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegro moderato.



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Little Maid Margery.

MARGARET JOHNSON. J. W. PALMER.

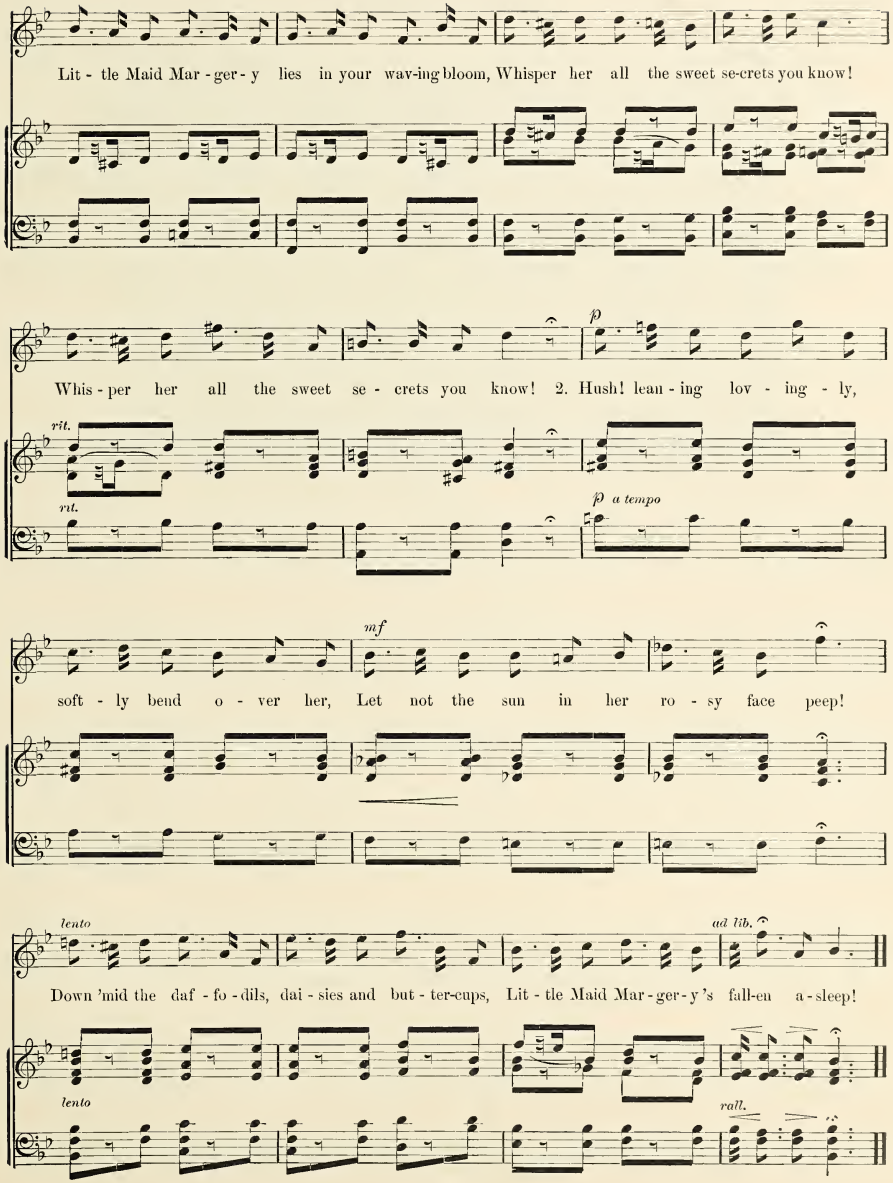
Allegretto.

mf

1. Daf - fo - dils, daf - fo - dils,

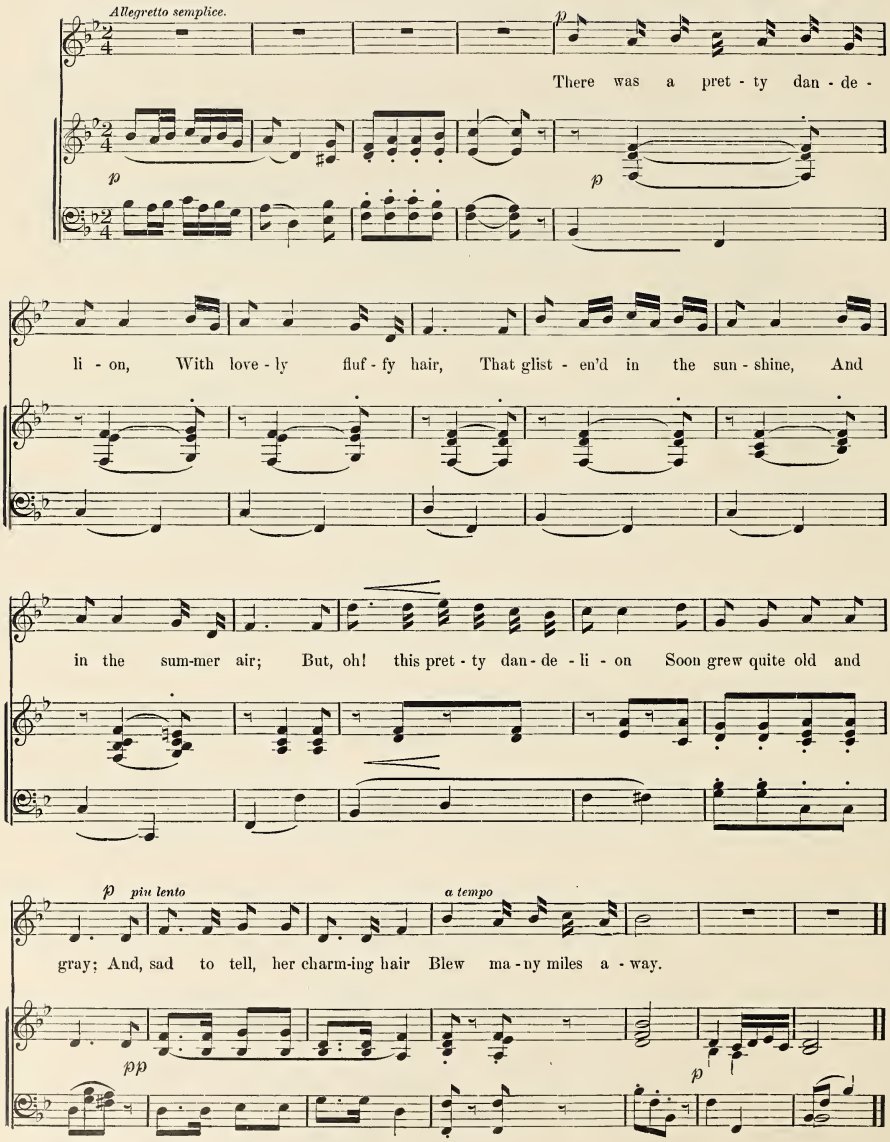
dai - sies and but - ter-cups! Dance now your pret - ti - est, blos - som and blow!

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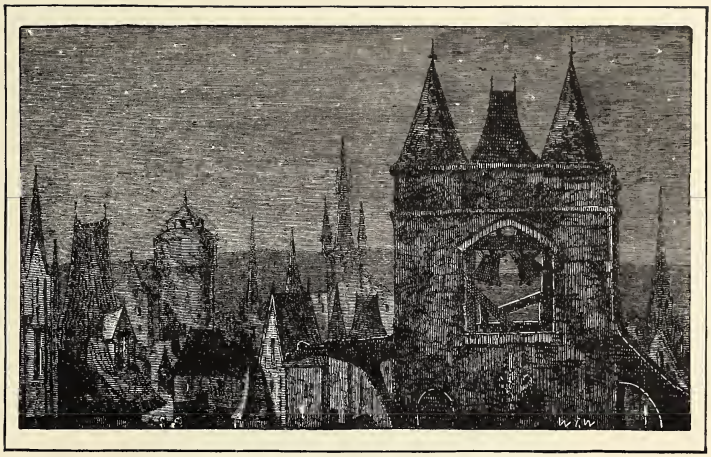

Lit - tle Maid Mar - ger - y lies in your wav-ing bloom, Whisper her all the sweet se-crets you know!
p
Whis - per her all the sweet se - crets you know! 2. Hush! lean - ing lov - ing - ly,
rit.
rit.
p a tempo
mf
soft - ly bend o - ver her, Let not the sun in her ro - sy face peep!
lento
ad lib.
Down 'mid the daf - fo - dils, dai - sies and but - ter-cups, Lit - tle Maid Mar - ger - y's fall-en a - sleep!
lento
rall.

The Dandelion.

G. W. CHADWICK.



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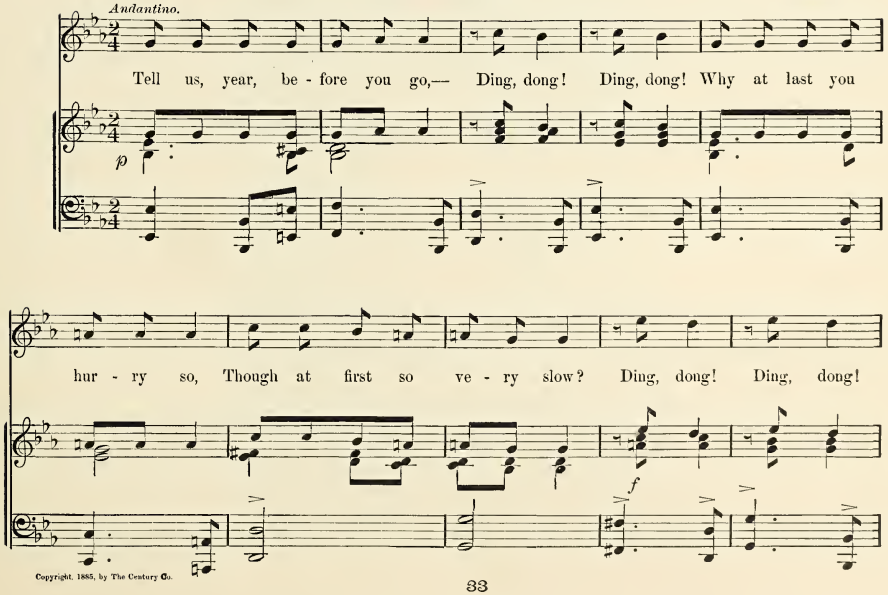


Ding, dong!

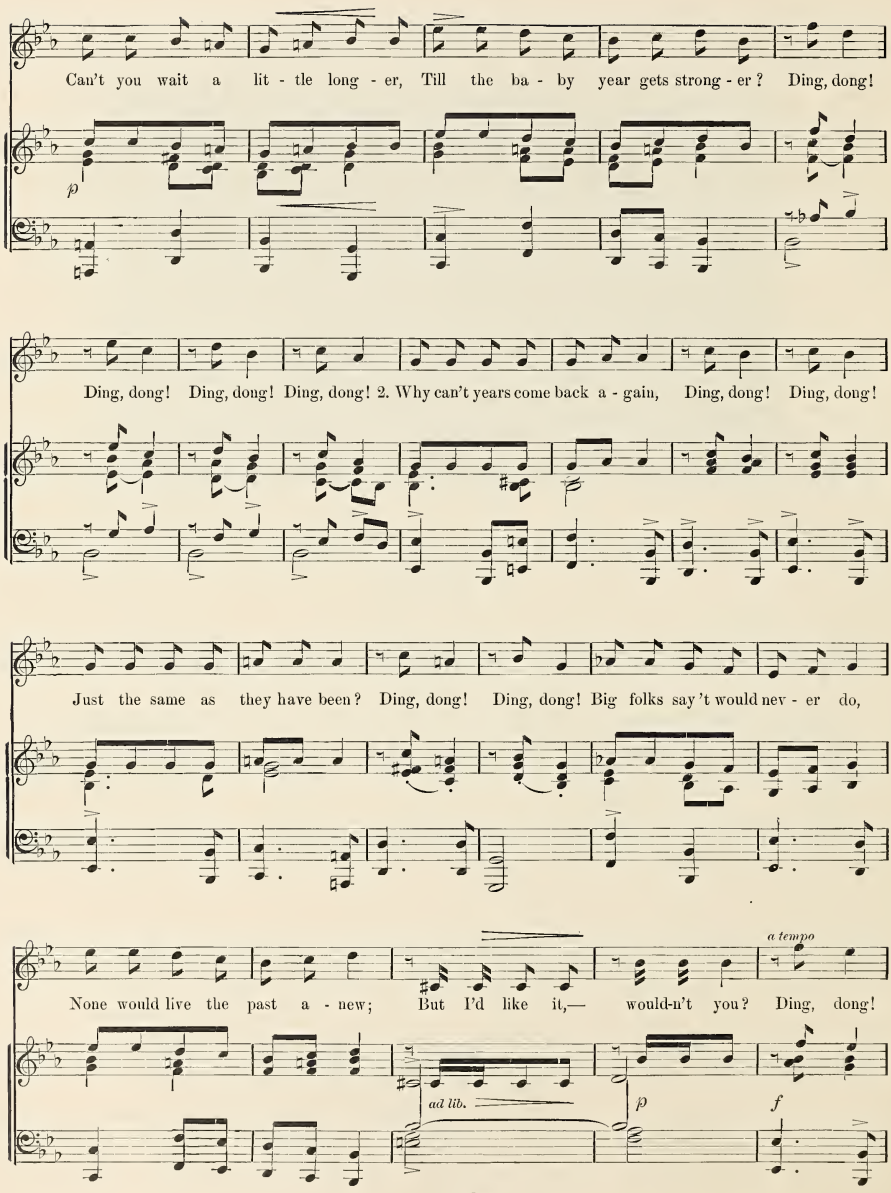
M. M. D.

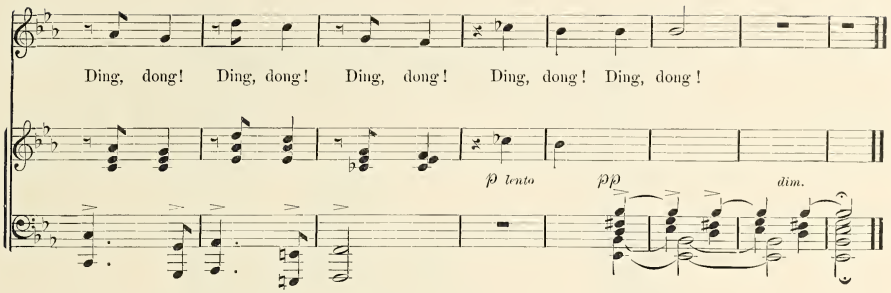
Andantino.

RICHARD HOFFMAN.



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Can't you wait a lit - tle long - er, Till the ba - by year gets strong - er? Ding, dong!
p
Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Ding, dong! 2. Why can't years come back a - gain, Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Just the same as they have been? Ding, dong! Ding, dong! Big folks say 't would nev - er do,
a tempo
None would live the past a - new; But I'd like it,— would-n't you? Ding, dong!
ad lib.
p
f





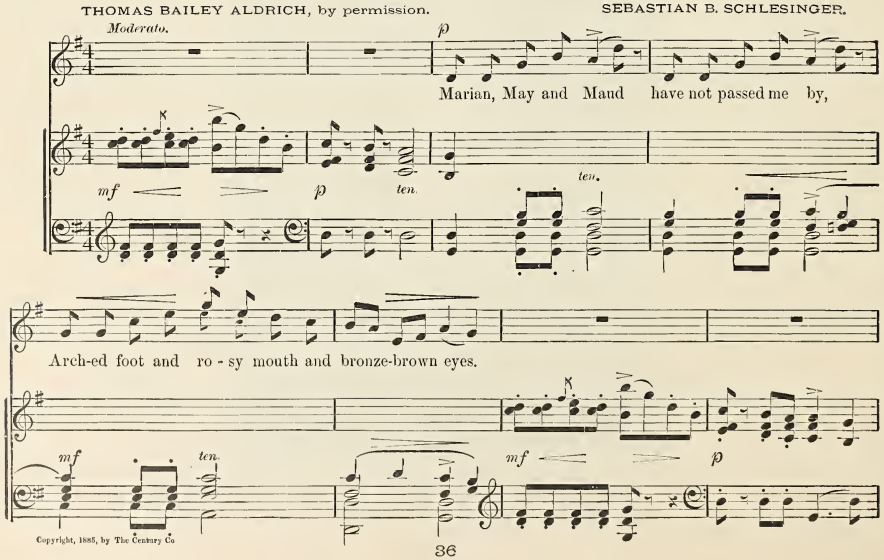
"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



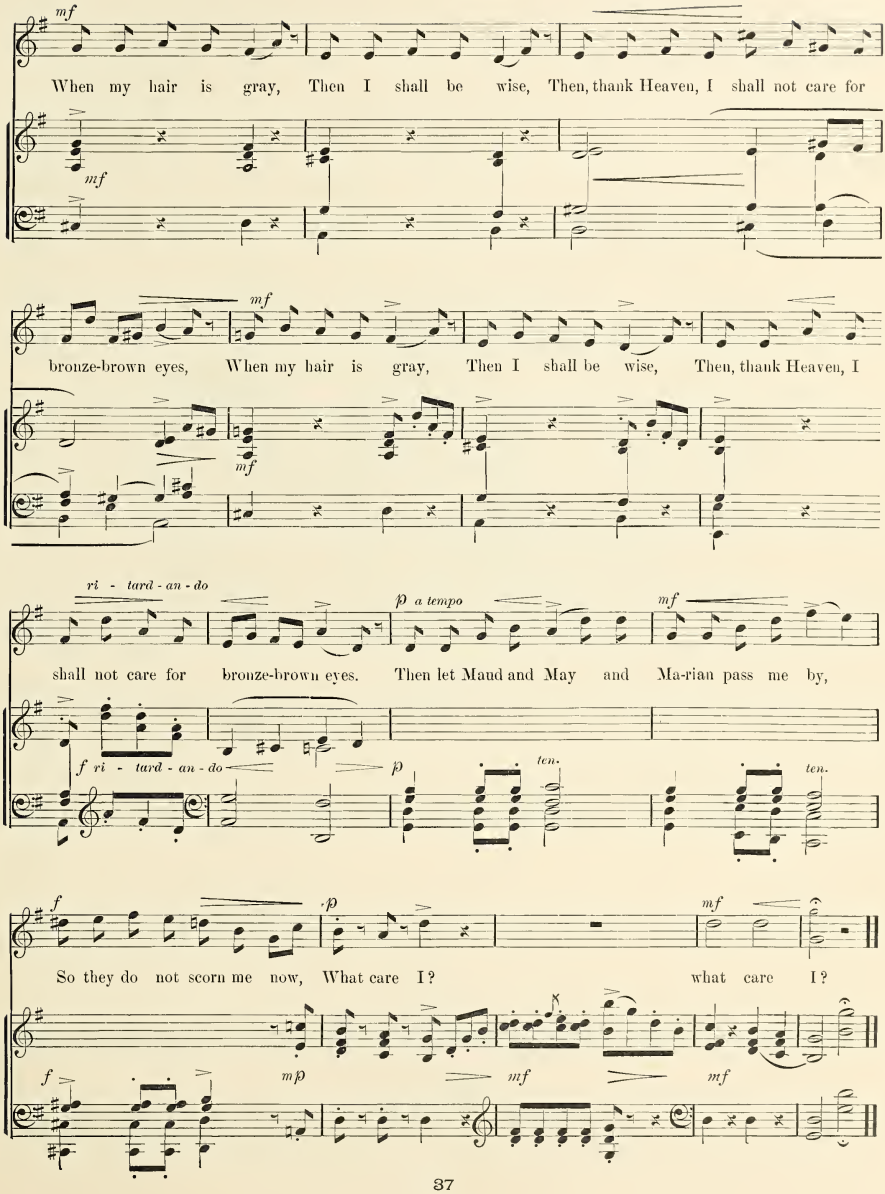
Bronze-Brown Eyes.

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SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER.



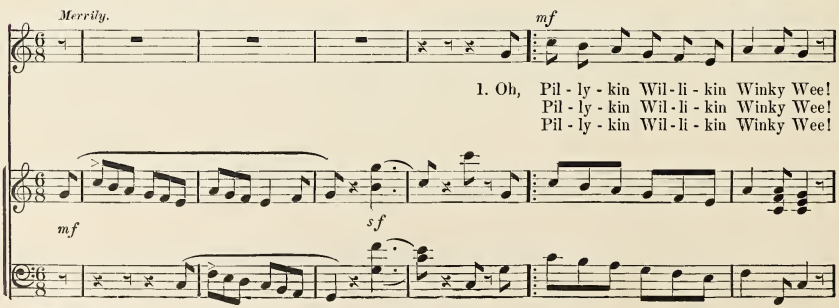
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mf
When my hair is gray, Then I shall be wise, Then, thank Heaven, I shall not care for
mf
mf
bronze-brown eyes, When my hair is gray, Then I shall be wise, Then, thank Heaven, I
mf
ri - tard - an - do
p a tempo
mf
shall not care for bronze-brown eyes. Then let Maud and May and Ma-rian pass me by,
f ri - tard - an - do
p
ten.
ten.
f
p
mf
So they do not scorn me now, What care I? what care I?
f
mp
mf
mf



Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. G. A. BURDETT.



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How does the Emper - or take his tea? He takes it with mel - ons, he takes it with milk, He
How does the Car-di - nal take his tea? He takes it in La - tin, he takes it in Greek, He
How does the Ad-mir - al take his tea? He takes it with spli - ces, he takes it with spars, He

takes it with syr - up and sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it with - out, he takes it with - in;
takes it just sev - en - ty times a week. He takes it so strong that it makes him grin;
takes it with jok - ers and jol - ly jack-tars: And he stirs it round with a dol - - phin's fin;

Oh, Punky-doo-dle and Jol - la-pin!
Oh, Punky-doo-dle and Jol - la-pin!
Oh, Punky-doo-dle and *(Omit.....)* Jol - la - pin!

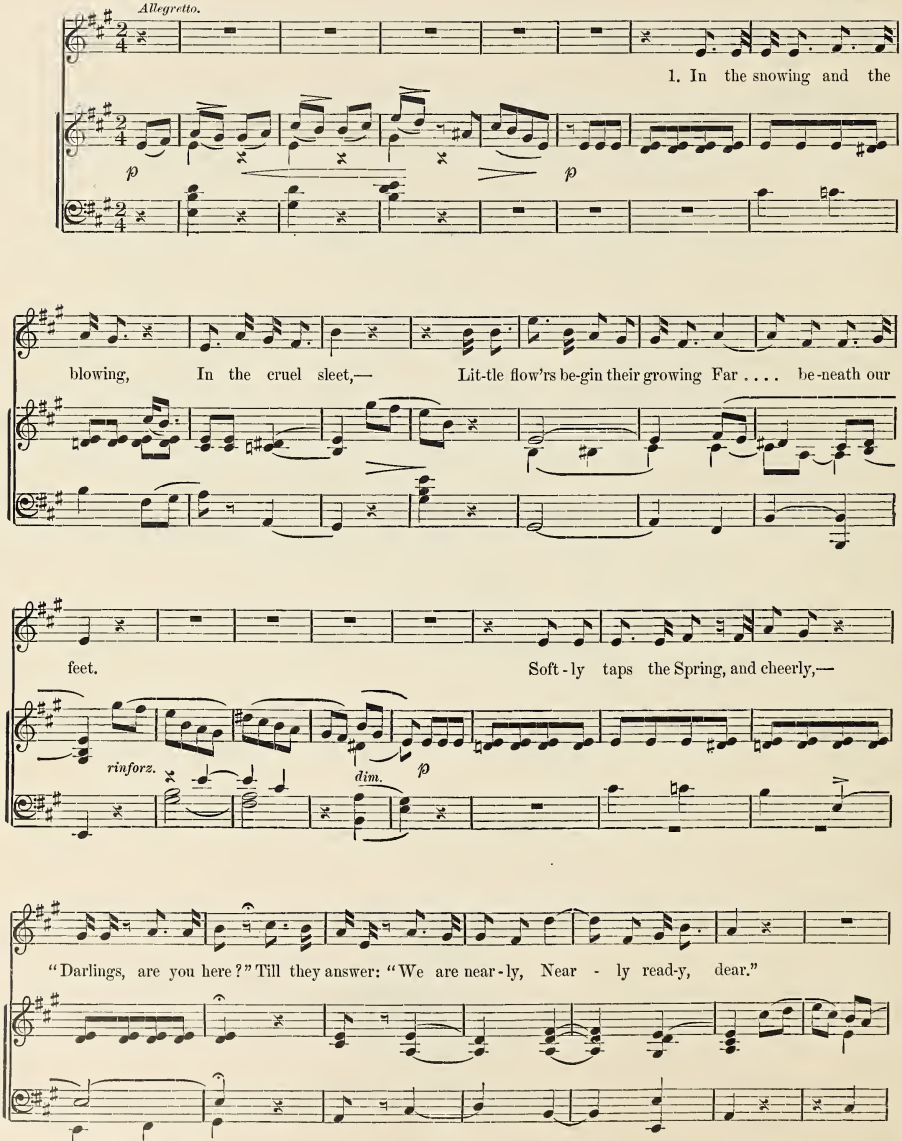
2. Oh,
3. Oh,



March.

M. M. D. J. H. CORNELL.

Allegretto.



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2. "Where is Win-ter, with his snowing? Tell us, Spring," they say;

p

Then she answers: "He is go-ing, Go - ing on his way.

rinforz.

Poor old Winter does not love you,— But his time is

dim. *p*

past; Soon my birds shall sing a - bove you,— Set . . . you free at last!"

accel. *f*

accel. *f*





There was a little girl.

SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Allegretto.

p *cresc.*

1. There was a lit - tle girl, And she had a lit - tle curl, Right

mf *p*

down in the mid-dle of her forehead; And when she was good, She was ver - y good in-deed, But

f

poco rit. *ff* *a tempo* (Sung or spoken.) *p* *cresc.*

when she was bad, She was hor - rid! 2. There was a lit - tle chap, And he

poco rit. *p* *cresc.*

f

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had a fur cap, Which came to the mid-dle of his forehead; And when he was cold, He was

poco rit.

poco rit.

a tempo
(Sung or spoken)

ve - ry, ve - ry cold, But when he was warm, He was tor - rid.

sfz.

Nikolina.

CELIA THAXTER.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

Rather fast. *mf*

1. O tell me, lit - tle children, have you seen her— The ti - ny maid from Norway, Ni - ko -
2. Ni - ko - li - na! swift she turns if a - ny call her, As she stands a - mong the pop-pies, hard - ly
3. In her lit - tle gar-den many a flow'r is grow-ing— Red, gold, and pur - ple in the soft wind

mf

p *cresc.* *f* *p*

li - na? O, her eyes are blue as cornflow'rs 'mid the corn, And her cheeks are ro-sy red as skies of morn!
tall - er, Breaking off their scar-let cups for you, With spikes of slender larkspur, burning blue.
blowing; But the child that stands a-mid the blossoms gay Is sweeter, quainter, brighter e'en than they.

p *cresc.* *f* *p*

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If blue-birds bloomed.

M. M. D. W. W. GILCHRIST.



Moderato.

1. If blue - birds bloomed like flowers in a row, And
2. And what would birds and butter - flies do, If the

grazioso

nev - er could make a sound, How
flow'rs had wings to fly?... Why,

would the dai - sies and vi - o - lets know When to come out of the ground,.... When to
birds and blos-soms, and but-ter-flies, too, Would stay far up in the sky..... Would

f

come out of the ground? They would wait,..... and wait, they would
stay far up in the sky, And then the peo - ple, the

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dim.

wait all the sea - son through ..... They would
peo - ple would droop and sigh..... ..... And

f f

wait and wait all the sea - son through; Nev - er a flow'r on earth could be found, Nev -
then the peo - ple would droop and sigh— And all the chil - dren on earth would cry, And

p pp

..... er a flow'r on earth could be found.....
..... all the chil - dren on earth would cry.....

p pp pp





Winter and Summer.

H. O. KNOWLTON. N. H. ALLEN.

A rollicking, frolicking breeze.

♩. = 92. *f* *accel.* *f*

1. O, I wish the winter would go, And I wish the summer would come. Then the big brown farmer will
2. Then the rob-in his fife will trill, And the woodpecker beat his drum, And out of their tents in the

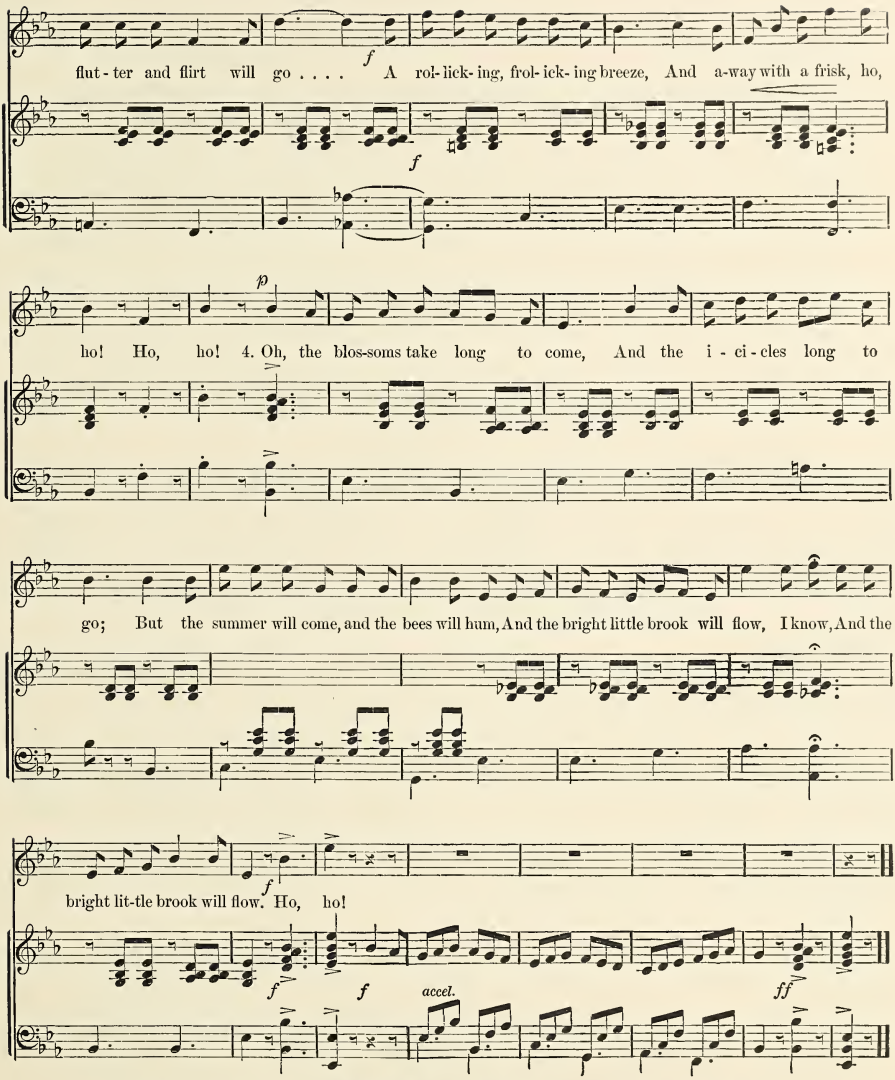
a tempo *p*

hoe, And the lit-tle brown bee will hum. Ho, hum!
hill, The lit-tle green troops will come. Ho, hum! 3. Then a-round and o- ver the trees, With a

p

p

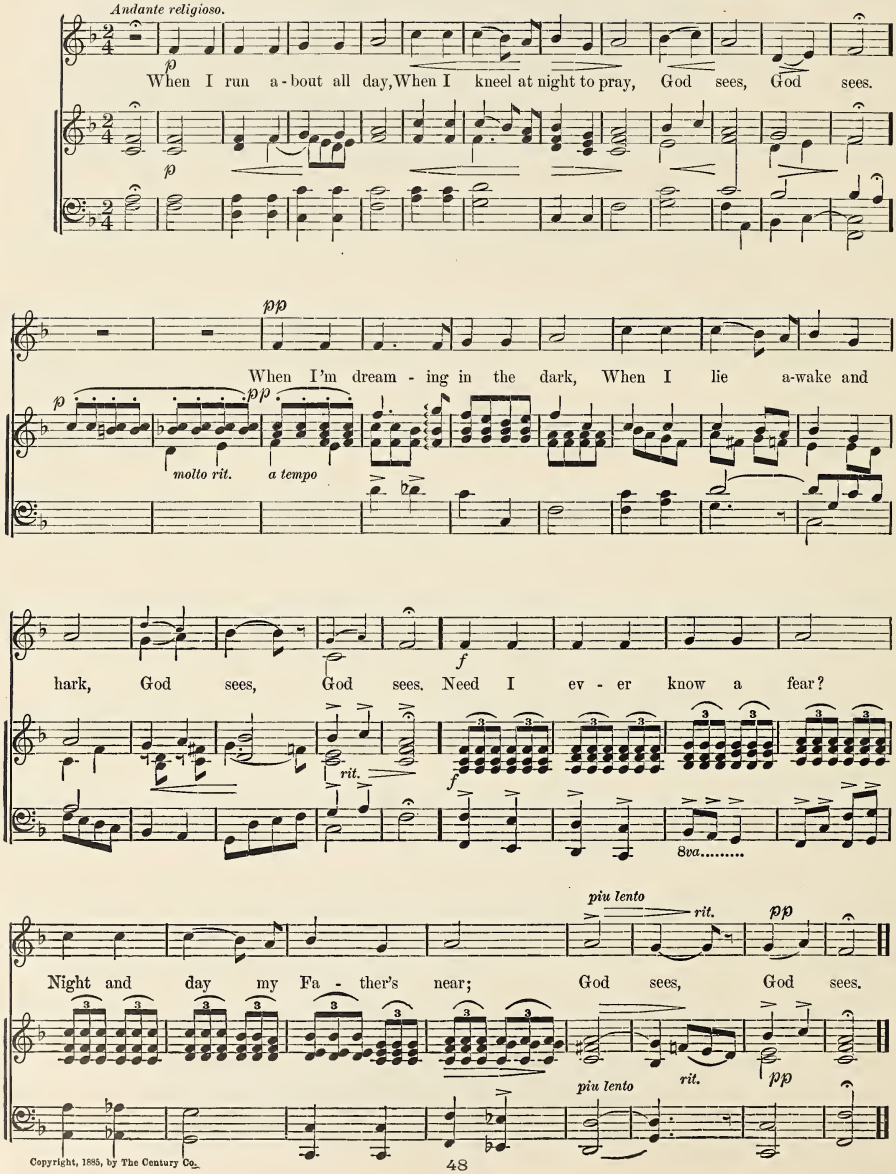
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flut - ter and flirt will go . . . . A rol- lick- ing, frol- ick- ing breeze, And a-way with a frisk, ho,
ho! Ho, ho! 4. Oh, the blos-soms take long to come, And the i - ci - cles long to
go; But the summer will come, and the bees will hum, And the bright little brook will flow, I know, And the
bright lit-tle brook will flow. Ho, ho!
accel.

Night and Day.

M. M. D. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Andante religioso.



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An Easter Carol.

EMILY D. CHAPMAN. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Sweetly the birds are sing-ing At Eas-ter dawn, Sweetly the bells are ring-ing
2. Birds! for-get not your sing-ing At Eas-ter dawn; Bells! be ye ev - er ring-ing

And the words that they say.....
In the spring of the year.....

On Eas-ter morn, And they say ..... On Eas-ter day Are—
On Eas-ter morn. In the spring .. When Eas-ter's here, Sing--
And the words that they say....
In the spring of the year....

And they say ..... On Eas-ter day Are—
In the spring.... When Eas-ter's here, Sing—

"Christ the Lord is ris-en! Christ the Lord is ris-en! Christ the Lord is ris - en!"

cres.

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3 Buds! ye will soon be flowers,
Cherry and white;
Snowstorms are changing to showers,
Darkness to light.
With the wakening of spring,
Alto & Bass.—With the spring,
Oh, sweetly sing—
"Lo! Christ the Lord is risen."

4 Easter buds were growing
Ages ago;
Easter lilies were blowing
By the water's flow.
All nature was glad,
Alto & Bass.—All was glad,
No creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord was risen.



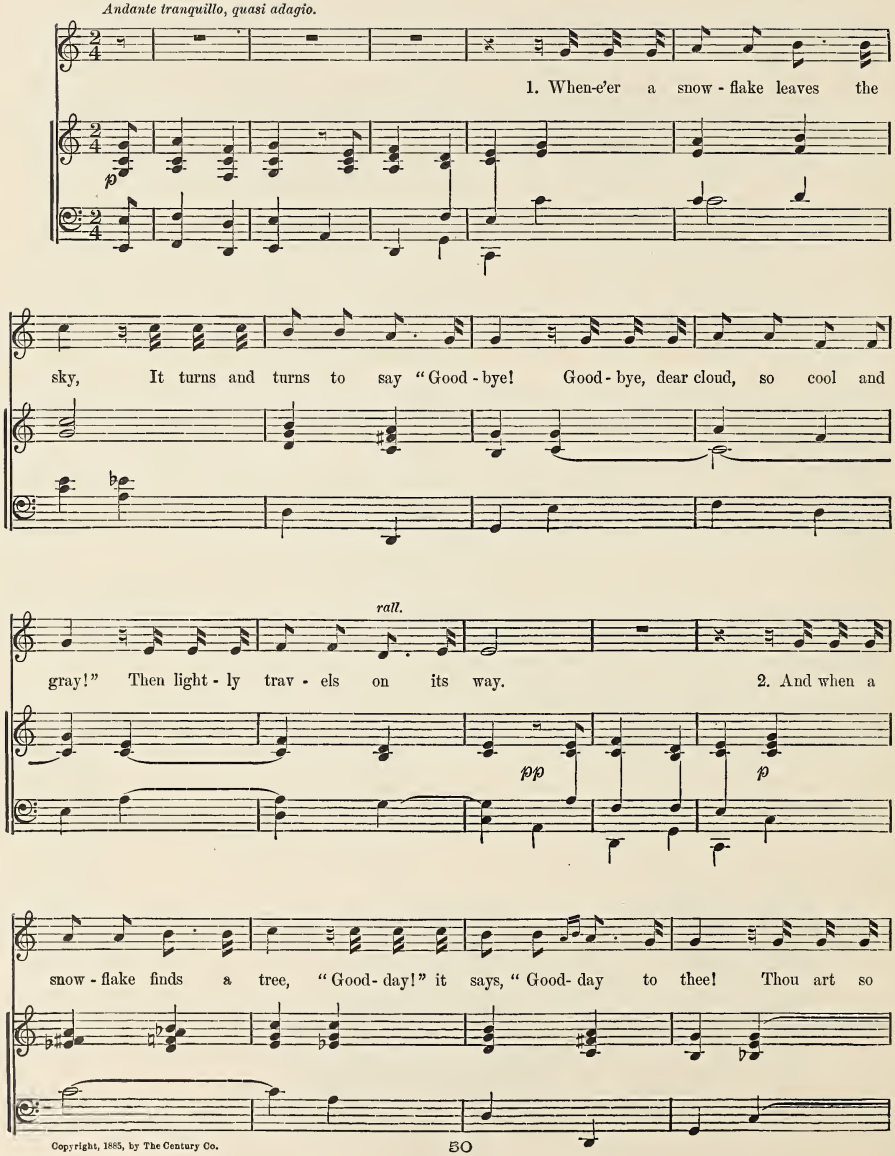


Snow-Flakes.

M. M. D.

Andante tranquillo, quasi adagio.

J. L. MOLLOY.



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bare and lone - ly, dear, I'll rest and call my com - rades here."

p *pp* *Ped.* *

3. But when a snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights on a maid-en's ro - sy

lento al fine

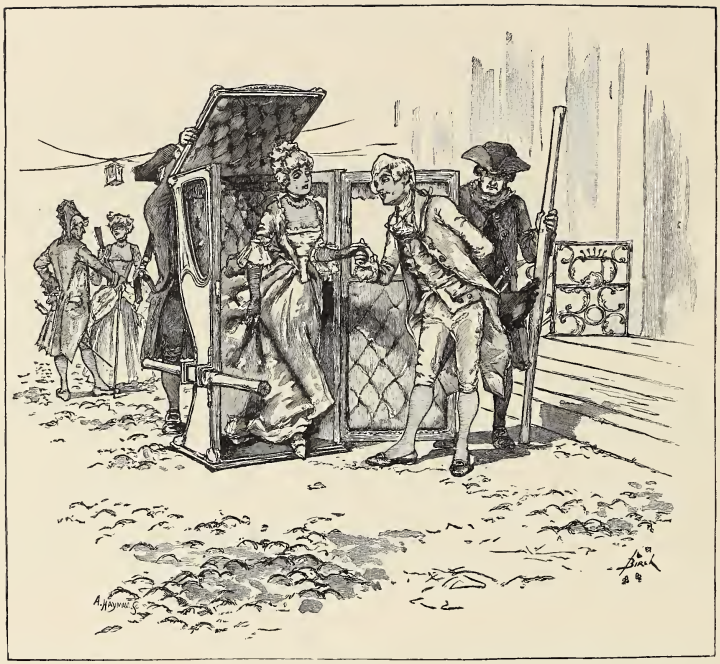
cheek, It starts, "How warm and soft the day! 'T is summer!"

p

and it melts a - way.

rall. *ppp* *Ped.* * *Ped.*





The Minuet.

M. M. D. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.
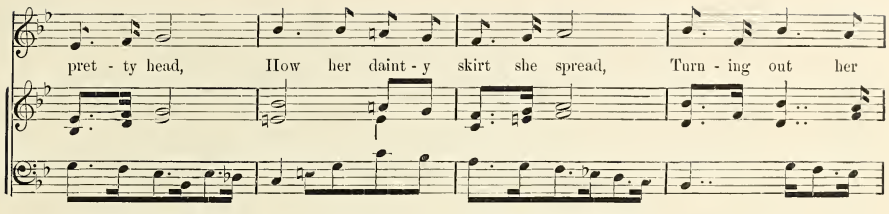
Un poco maestoso.

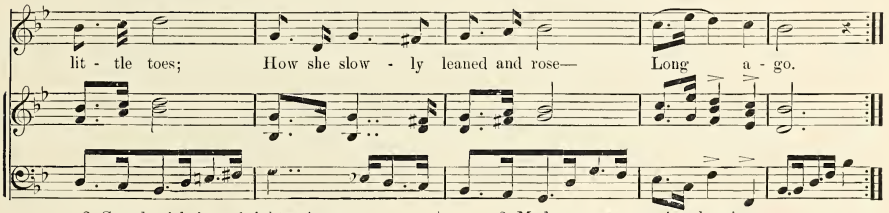
1. Grand - ma told me all a - bout it, Told me so I could not doubt it,

mf *p*

How she danced—my grand-ma danced!— Long a - go. How she held her

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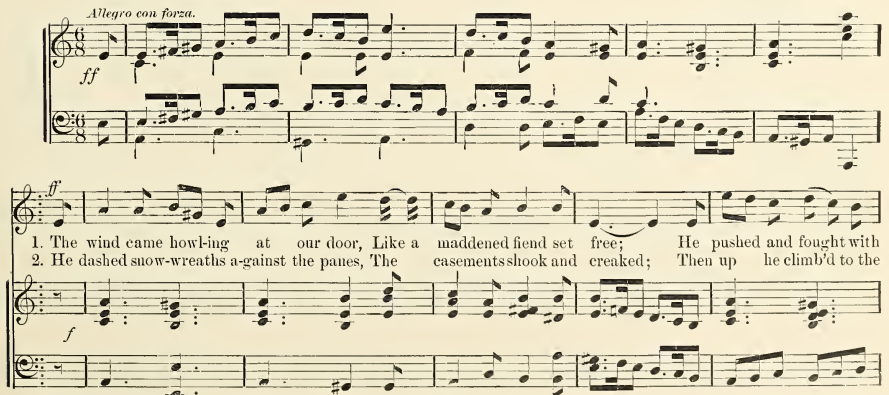
2 Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too,—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

3 Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Brave but modest, grandly shy—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.



The Wild Wind.

CLARA W. RAYMOND. ARTHUR E. FISHER.



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gasp and roar, For an an - gry wind was he!.... An an - gry wind was
chim-ney - top, And down the flues he shrieked, And down the flues he

piu lento

p

he! 3. And how he frightened lit - tle Nell, And made her trem-ble and
shrieked.

p

tranquillo *pp*

weep, Till moth - er came and soothed her fear, And lulled her with songs to sleep, with

p *pp*



smorz. e rall.

songs to sleep, And lulled her with songs to

smorz. e rall. *ppp*

sleep.....



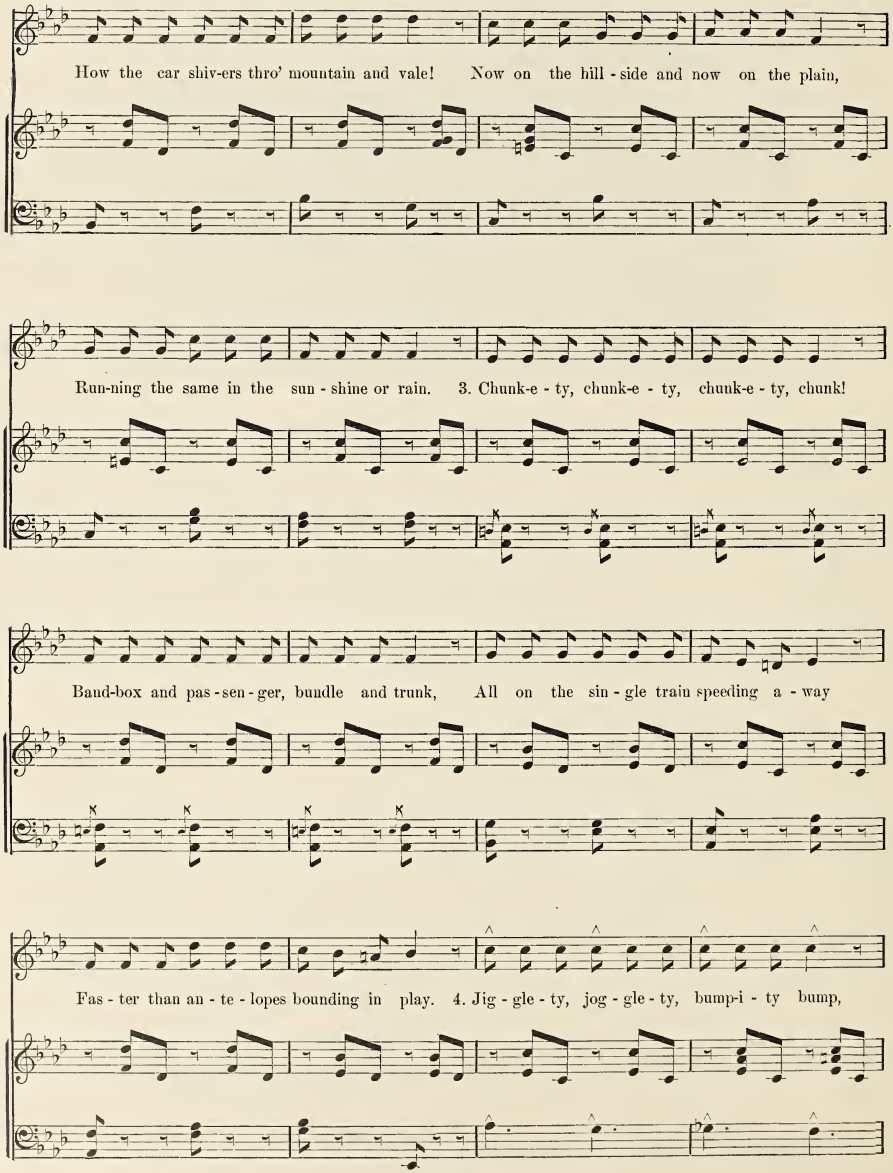
Riding on the Rail.

H. F. KING. GEORGE INGRAHAM.

Allegro.

1. Click-e-ty, clack-e-ty, how the wheels run!
Crick-e-ty, crack-e-ty, is-n't it fun? Rushing thro' bridges and o-ver the streams,
See-ing the country like so ma-ny dreams! 2. Bump-i-ty, bump-i-ty, bang, on each rail!

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How the car shiv-ers thro' mountain and vale! Now on the hill - side and now on the plain,
Run-ning the same in the sun - shine or rain. 3. Chunk-e - ty, chunk-e - ty, chunk-e - ty, chunk!
Band-box and pas - sen - ger, bundle and trunk, All on the sin - gle train speeding a - way
Fas - ter than an - te - lopes bounding in play. 4. Jig - gle - ty, jog - gle - ty, bump-i - ty bump,

Crick - e - ty, crack - e - ty, hump - i - ty, hump, Rat - tle - ty, bat - tle - ty, click - e - ty, clang,

ff

Whis-tle - ty, ring - e - ty, here we stop, bang!



The Sweet, Red Rose.

M. M. D. HOMER N. BARTLETT.



Allegretto.

p *scherz.*

1. "Good-morrow, lit - tle rose-bush, Now prithee tell me true, To

poco rall.

poco rall.

be as sweet, as a sweet, red rose, What must a bod - y do? What must a bod - y

poco rall. *sotto voce*

do?" 2. "To be as sweet as a

accel - er - an - do *tempo di valse* *dolce*

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sweet, red rose, A lit - tle girl like you Just grows, and

leggiero

grows, and grows, and grows— And that's what she must do.

La..... La..... La.....

un poco animato

..... La..... La.....

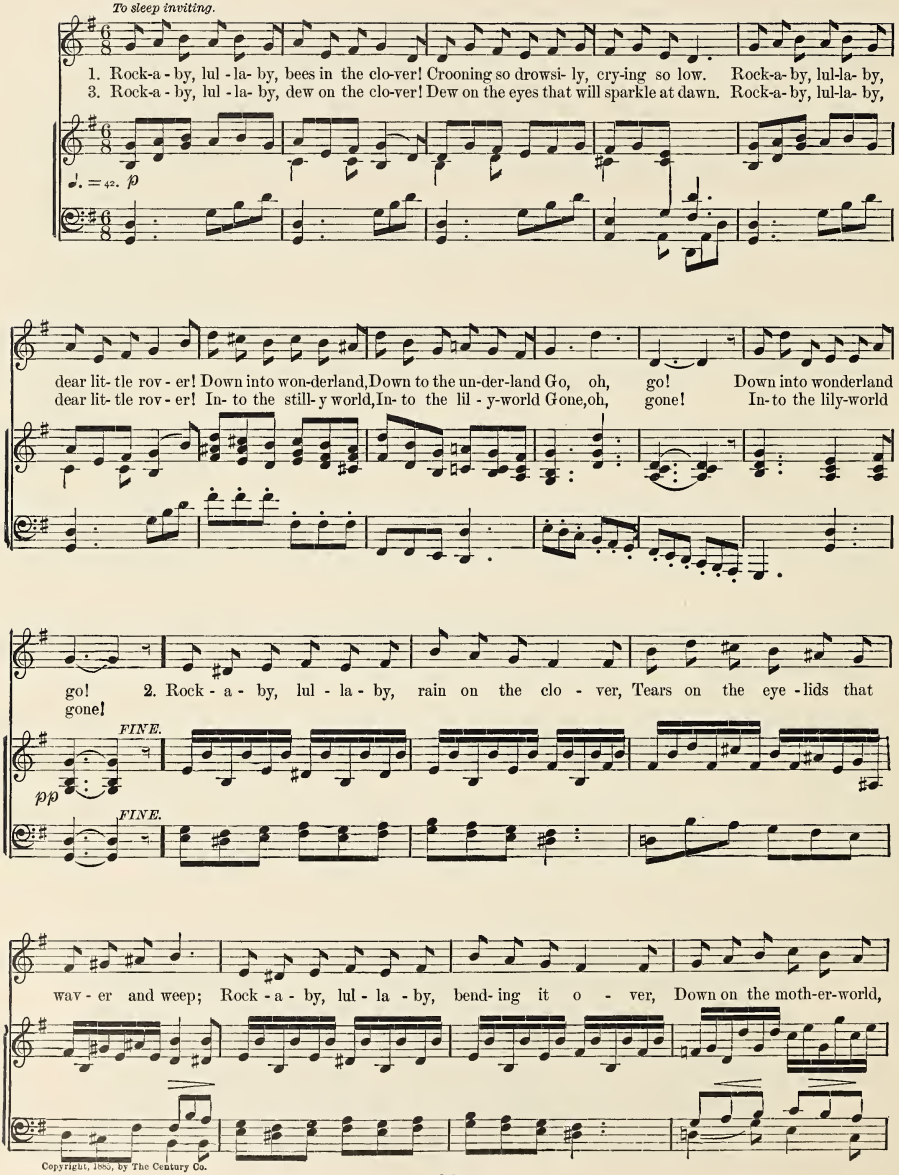
* The vocal part may be omitted here *ad libitum*.



A Lullaby.

J. G. HOLLAND. N. H. ALLEN.

To sleep inviting.



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dim. rall.

Down on the oth - er-world Sleep, oh, sleep! Down on the moth- er-world sleep! D.C.

D.C.



The Dandelion.

Rather slowly. ARTHUR FOOTE.

p

There was a pret - ty dan - de - li - on, With love - ly fluf - fy hair, That

p

mf

glis- tened in the sun-shine, And in the sum- mer air. But, oh, this pret- ty dan - de - li - on
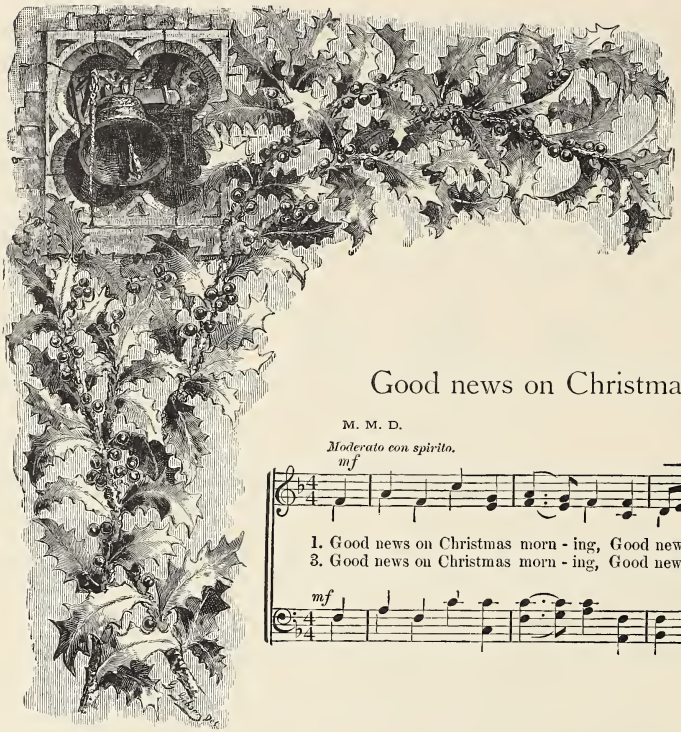
p mf dim.

rit. p a tempo pp

Soon grew quite old and gray; And, sad to tell! her charming hair Blew ma - ny miles a-way.

colla voce p pp

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Good news on Christmas morning.

M. M. D. F. J. HATTON.

Moderato con spirito.

mf
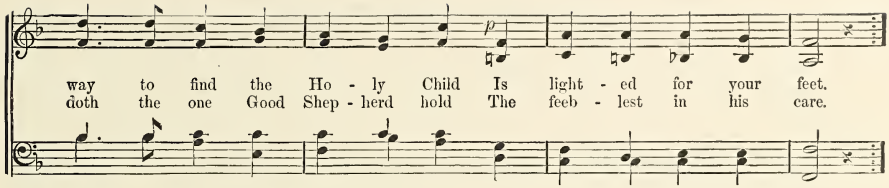
1. Good news on Christmas morn - ing, Good news, O children dear! For
3. Good news on Christmas morn - ing, Good news, O children glad! Rare

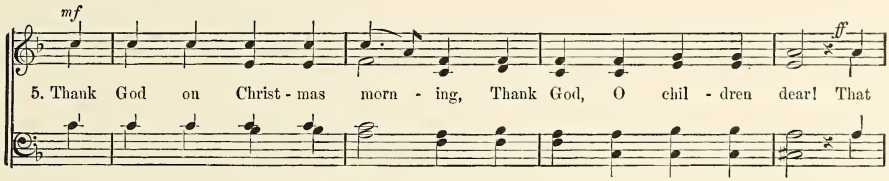
mf
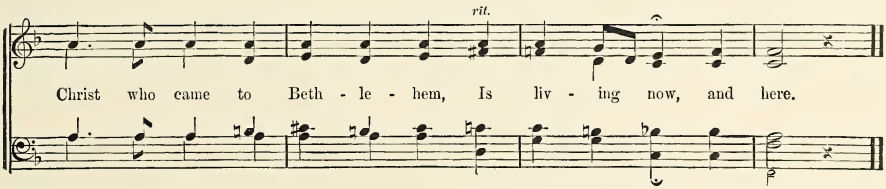
Christ, once born in Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here! 2. Good
gifts are yours to give the Lord As ev - er Wise Men had. 4. Good

news on Christ - mas morn - - ing, Good news, O chil - dren sweet! The
news on Christ - mas morn - - ing, Good news, O chil - dren fair! Still

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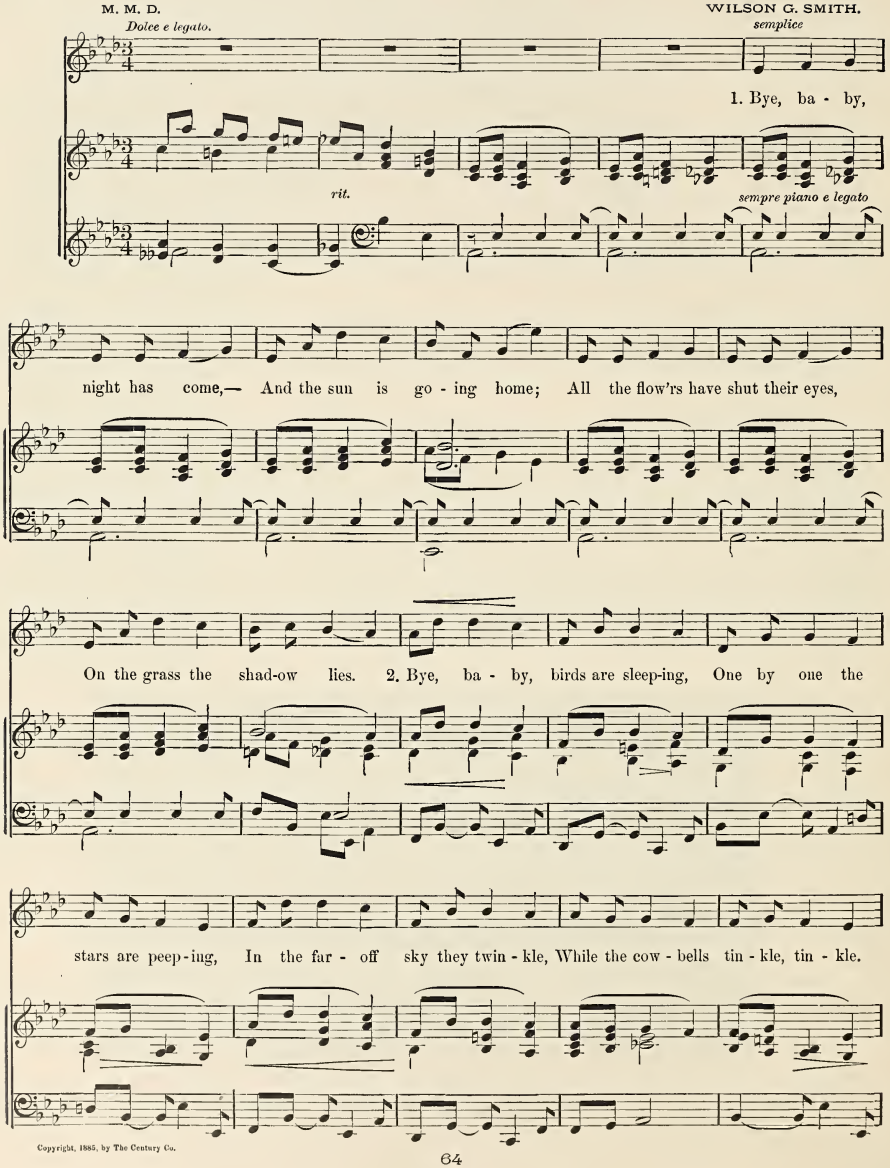






THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Bye, baby, night has come.



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3. Bye, ba - by, mother holds thee, Tender, lov - ing arms en - fold thee, An - gels in thy

dreams ca - ress thee, Thro' the darkness guard and bless thee.

Bye, ba - - by, Bye, ba - - - by, slum - - ber.

pp





An April Girl.

M. M. D. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto.

1. The girl that is born on an A - pril day Has a right to be mer - ry, lightsome, gay; And

mp

cres.

that is the rea - son I dance and play And frisk like a mote in a sun - ny ray,—Would-n't you

cres. *f*

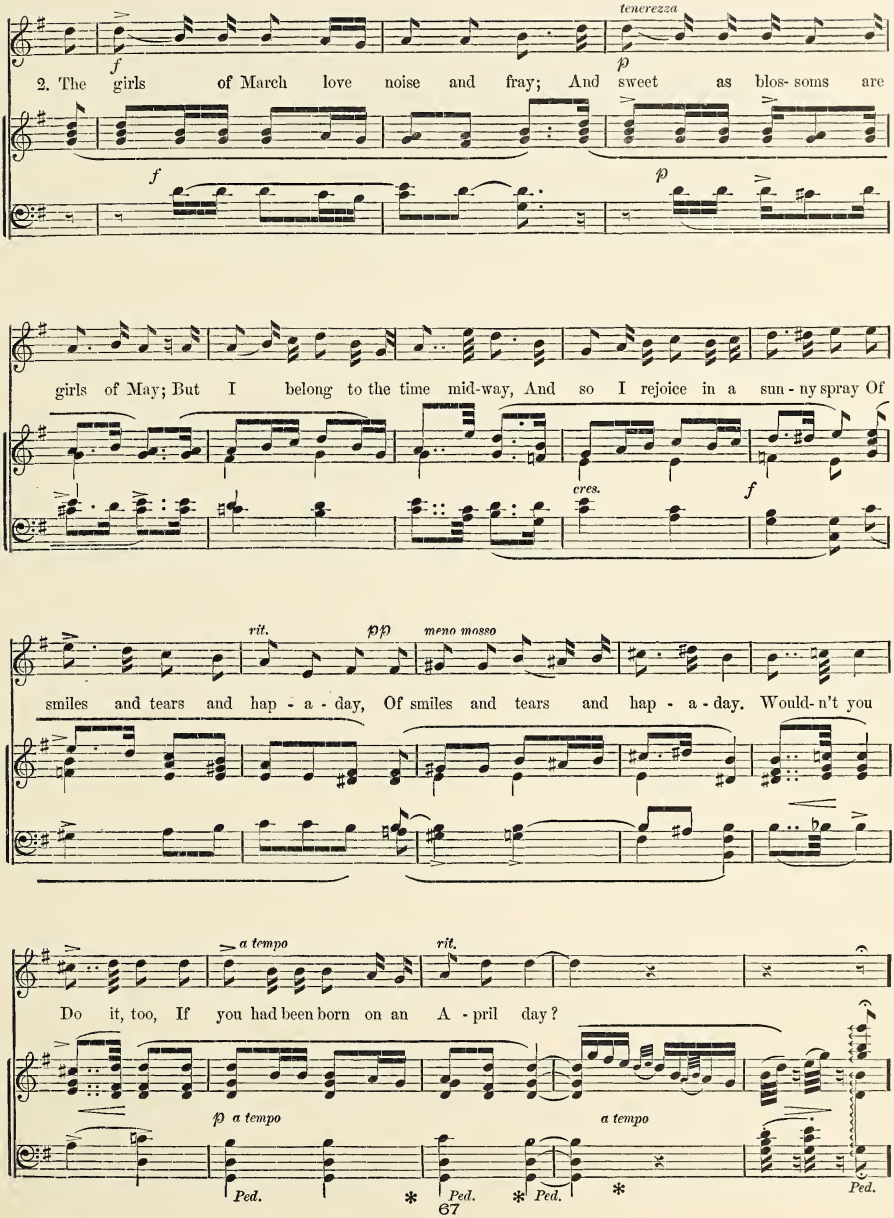
a tempo *rit.*

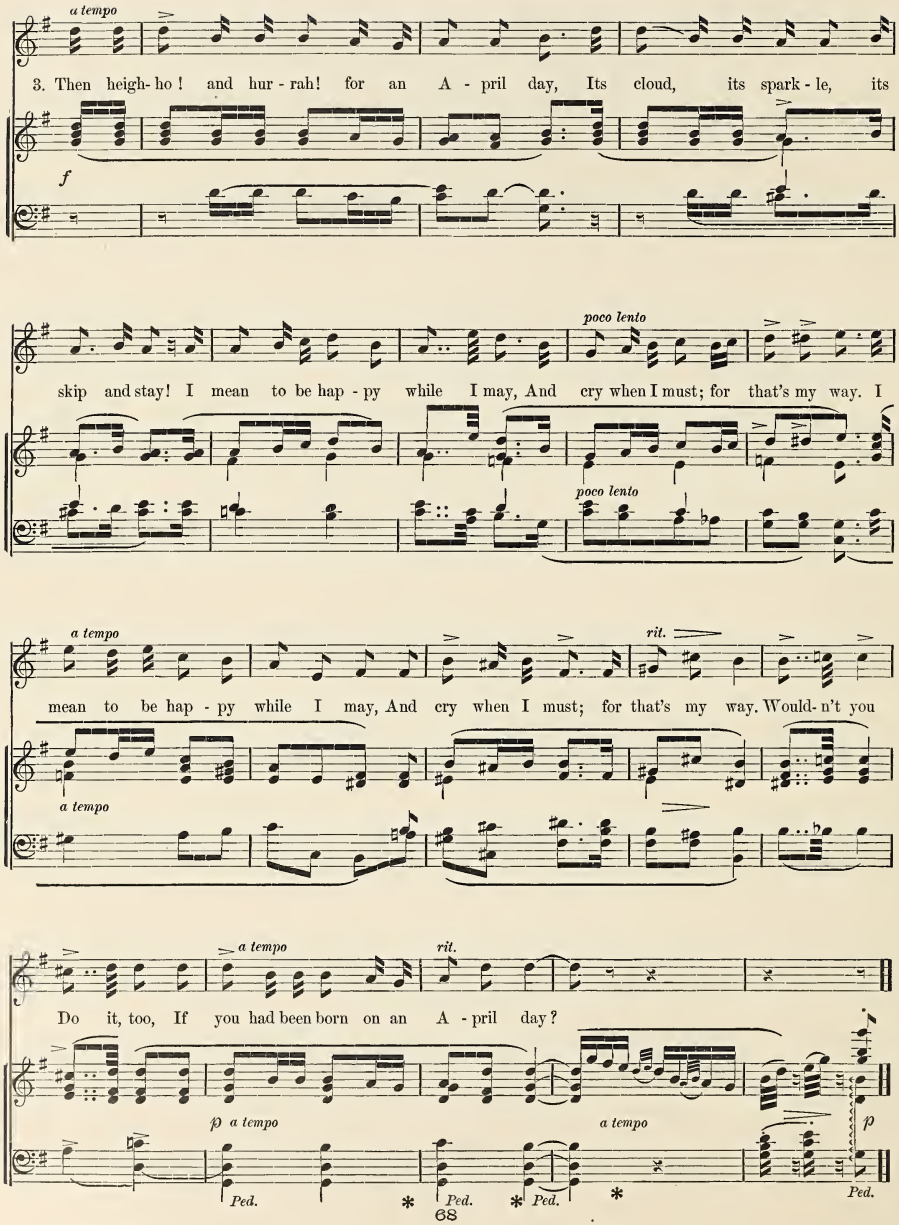
Do it, too, If you had been born on an A - pril day?

a tempo *p*

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Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *


tenerezza
2. The girls of March love noise and fray; And sweet as blos- soms are
girls of May; But I belong to the time mid-way, And so I rejoice in a sun - ny spray Of
cres.
rit.
meno mosso
smiles and tears and hap - a - day, Of smiles and tears and hap - a - day. Would- n't you
a tempo
rit.
Do it, too, If you had been born on an A - pril day?
a tempo
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


a tempo
3. Then heigh- ho ! and hur - rah! for an A - pril day, Its cloud, its spark - le, its
f
poco lento
skip and stay! I mean to be hap - py while I may, And cry when I must; for that's my way. I
poco lento
a tempo
rit.
mean to be hap - py while I may, And cry when I must; for that's my way. Would- n't you
a tempo
a tempo
rit.
Do it, too, If you had been born on an A - pril day?
p a tempo
a tempo
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



There's a ship on the sea.

M. M. D. N. H. ALLEN.

A slow swinging motion.

♩. = 65.

p *rall. e dim.*

There's a ship on the sea. It is sail-ing to-night, Sail - ing to - night; And fa-ther's a-board, and the

p *mp*

p a tempo

moon is all bright, Shin-ing and bright, Shining and bright! Dear moon! he'll be sailing for many a night,

eres. *f* *p*

f *p slower*

Sailing from mother and me. Oh! fol-low the ship with your silvery light, As fa-ther sails o-ver the sea.

f *p*

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Going to the Fair.

MARGARET JOHNSON. W. W. GILCHRIST.

Allegretto grazioso.

1. The birds are sing-ing, The bells are ring-ing, There's music in all the air, heigh-ho! As all to-geth-er, In gold - en weather, We mer-ri-ly go to the fair, heigh-ho! We have no mon-ey For rib - ands bon-ny, Our clothes are the worse for wear, heigh-ho! But lit - tle it mat-ters, In silk or in tat - ters, We

R. H.

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poco rall. a tempo

mer-ri-ly go to the fair, heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho! . . . . . .

poco rall. a tempo

Come, lads and lass-ies, The time it pass-es; Step out with a roy-al

air, heigh-ho! As all to-geth-er, In gold-en weath-er, We mer-ri-ly go to the

fair, heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho! . . . . . .

p *p* *pp*





A Valentine.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Slow waltz movement.

1. Oh! lit - tle love - li - est la - - dy mine, What shall I
2. I've searched the gar - dens all through and through, For a bud to

p dolce

send for your val - en - tine? Sum-mer and flowers are far a -
tell of my love so true. But buds were a - sleep and blos - soms were

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- way; Gloom - y old win - ter is king to - day. Buds will not
dead, And the fall - ing snow came down on my head. So, lit - tle

pp

Ped. *

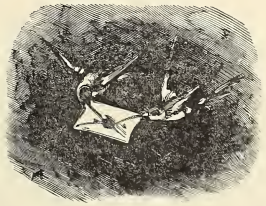
blow, and sun will not shine; What shall I do for a val - en -
love - liest la - dy mine, Here is my heart for your val - en -

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

- tine? What shall I do for a val - en - tine?
- tine! Here is my heart for your val - en - tine!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *



The Wren and the Hen.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Scherzando.

1. Said a ver - y small wren To a ver - y large hen, "Pray, why do you make such a

p

clat-ter? I nev - er could guess Why an egg more or less Should be thought so im - portant a

mat - ter." 2. Then answered the hen To the very small wren, "If I laid such small eggs as

you, madam, I would not cluck so loud, Nor would I feel proud. Look at these! How you'd crow if you had 'em!"

deliberately

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Snow-Flakes.

M. M. D.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante.

pp il piu leggiero possibile

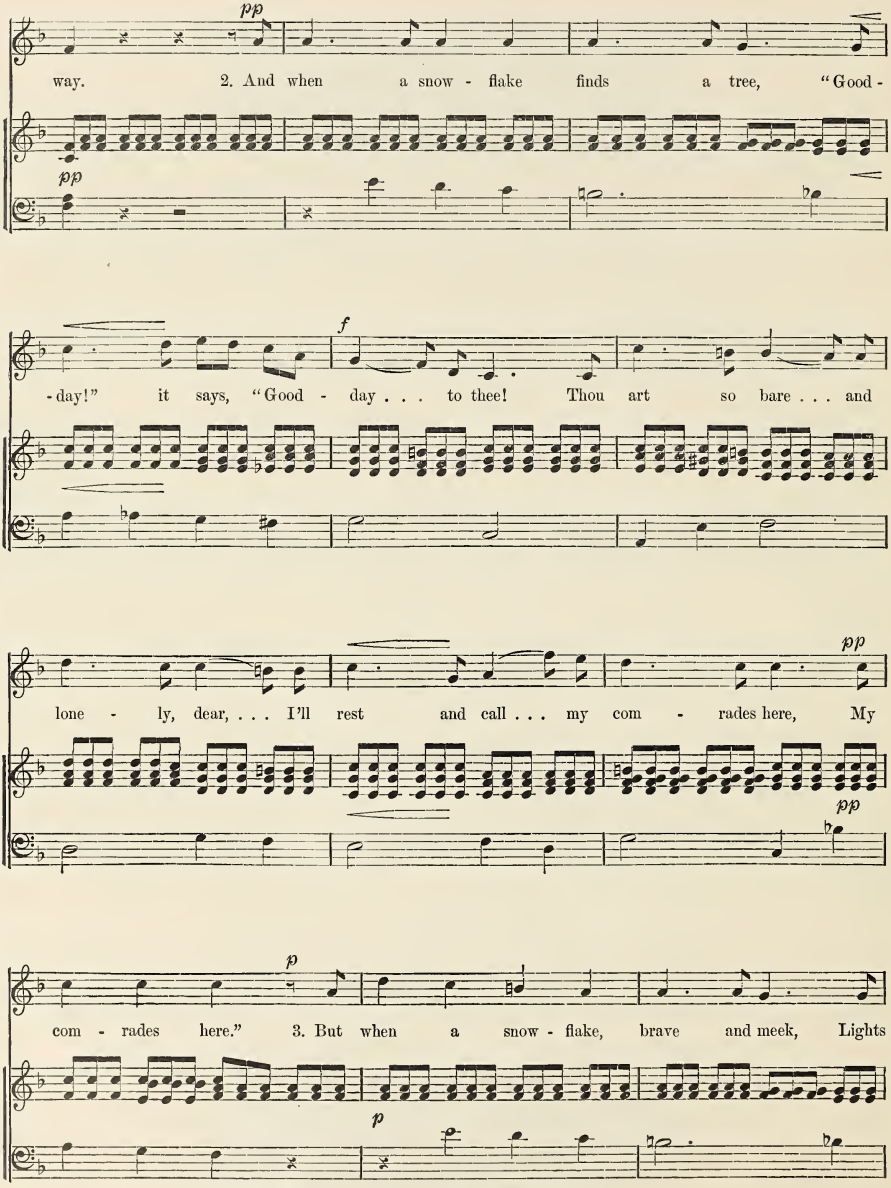
pp

1. When - e'er a snow - flake leaves the sky, It turns and turns to say "Good - bye! Good - bye, dear cloud, . . . so cool and gray!" Then light-ly trav - els, trav - els on its

p

sf

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pp
way. 2. And when a snow - flake finds a tree, "Good -
pp
f
- day!" it says, "Good - day . . . to thee! Thou art so bare . . . and
pp
lone - ly, dear, . . . I'll rest and call . . . my com - rades here, My
pp
p
com - rades here." 3. But when a snow - flake, brave and meek, Lights
p

on a maid - - en's



f

ro - - - sy cheek, It

largement

pp

starts— "How warm and soft the day! 'Tis sum - mer!"— and it

sf *sf* *sf*

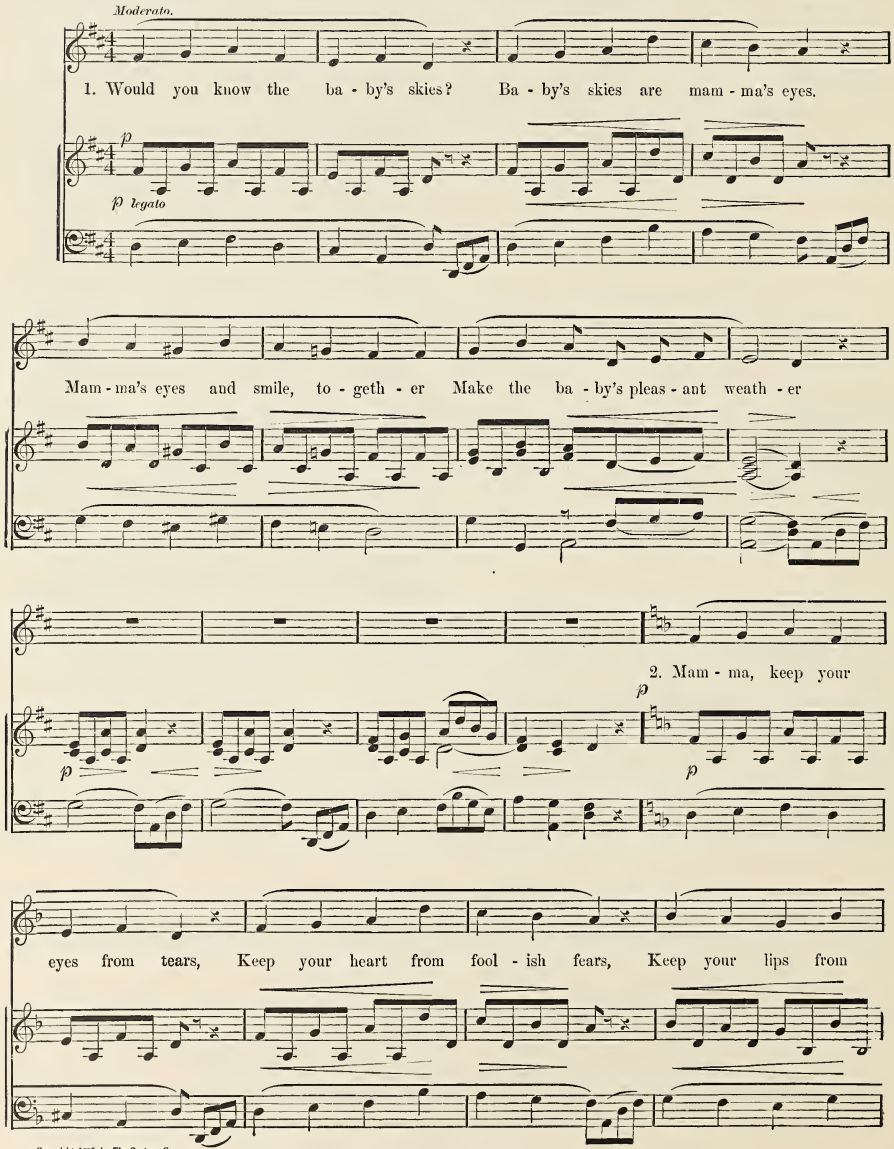
melts . . . . . a - way.

ppp *sf*
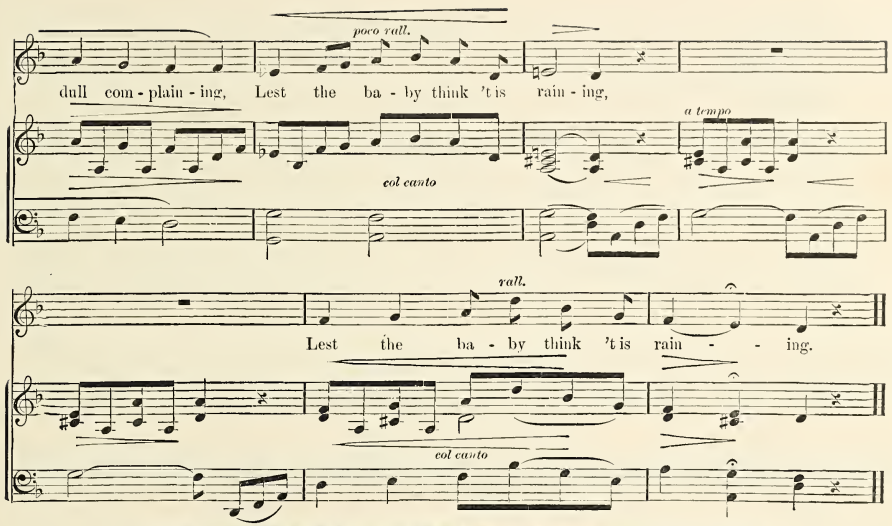
Baby's Skies.

M. C. BARTLETT. E. MARZO.

Moderato.



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poco rall.
dull com - plain - ing, Lest the ba - by think 't is rain - ing,
a tempo
col canto
rall.
Lest the ba - by think 't is rain - - - ing.
col canto



Little Squirrels.



M. M. D.

GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL.

mf

p

Lit - tle squir-rels, crack your nuts; Chip your bu - sy tune; Sound your mer - ry rut - a - tuts—

Boys are com - ing soon! Hide to - day, and pile to - day, Hoard a good - ly store;

poco rit.

When the boys are gone a - way, You may find no more.

poco rit.

a tempo

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Hear you not their mer-ry shout, Song, and hap-py

laugh-ter? Sure as leap-ing, boys are out! Girls are com-ing af - ter. Hide and pile, then,

while you may, Hoard a good-ly store; If the chil-dren come this way, You may find no more.





The Merry Rain.

FLETA FORRESTER. HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegretto con moto.

p (sprinkling) *ac - cel - er - an - do* (shower)

p

1. Sprink-le, sprink-le, comes the rain, Tap - ping on the win - dow-pane;

poco rall. *p*

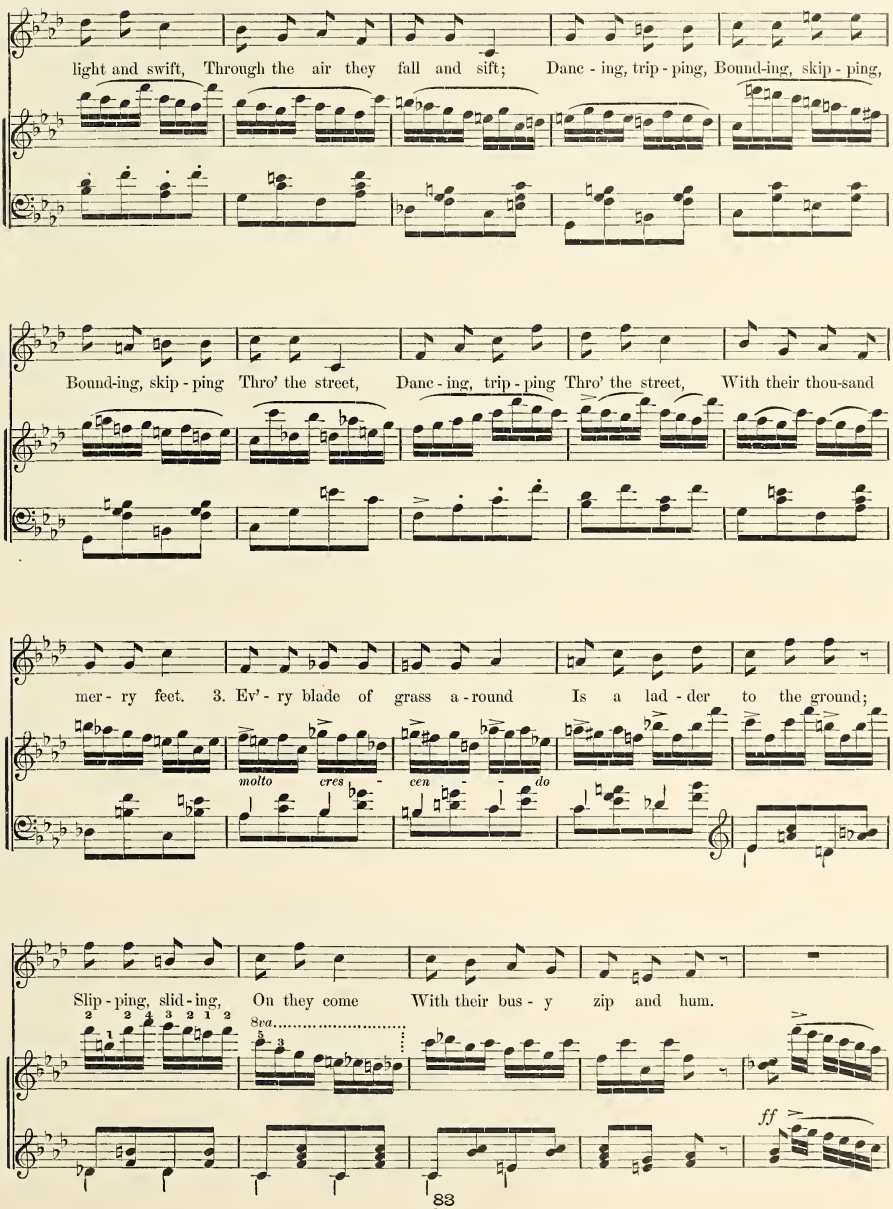
Trick-ling, coursing, Crowd-ing, forc- ing, Crowd-ing, forc - ing Ti - ny rills,

rall.

Crowd-ing, forc - ing Ti - ny rills To the drip - ping win - dow - sills. 2. Laughing rain-drops

poco rall. *p scherz.*

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light and swift, Through the air they fall and sift; Danc - ing, trip - ping, Bound-ing, skip - ping,
Bound-ing, skip - ping Thro' the street, Danc - ing, trip - ping Thro' the street, With their thou-sand
mer - ry feet. 3. Ev' - ry blade of grass a - round Is a lad - der to the ground;
molto cres - cen - do
Slip - ping, slid - ing, On they come With their bus - y zip and hum.
8va
ff

4. Oh, the brisk and mer - ry rain, Bring-ing glad - ness in its train!

dim. e rit. *p a tempo*

Fall - ing, glanc-ing, Tink - ling, danc-ing, Tink - ling, danc - ing All a - round, Fall - ing, glanc-ing

All a - round. List - en to its cheer - y sound, List - en to its cheer - y sound,

8va

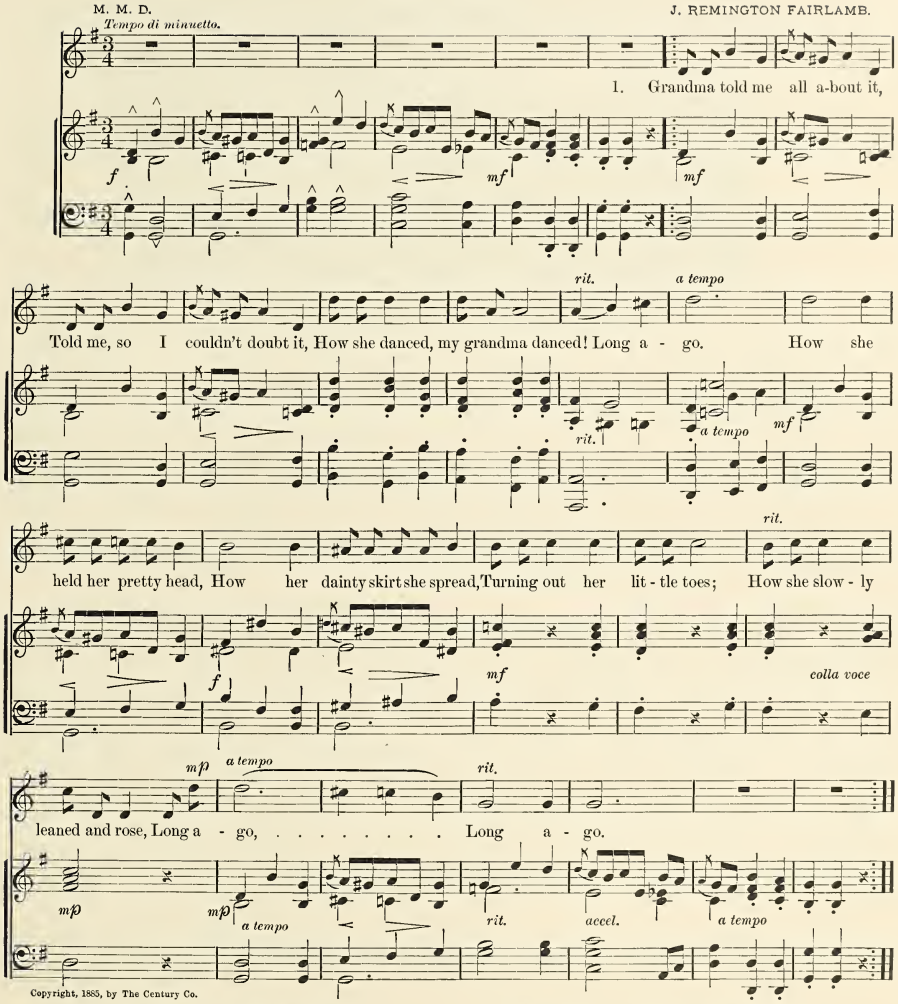
To its cheer - y sound.

8va

p di - min - u - en - do *pp*



The Minuet.



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2. Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too,—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet,
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

3. Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Brave but modest, grandly shy—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.



Sleep, sleep, the south wind blows.

LUCY M. BLINN. WALDO S. PRATT.

Andante.

mp

1. Sleep, sleep, the south wind blows,
2. Hush, hush, thy rest - less cries,

mp *p*

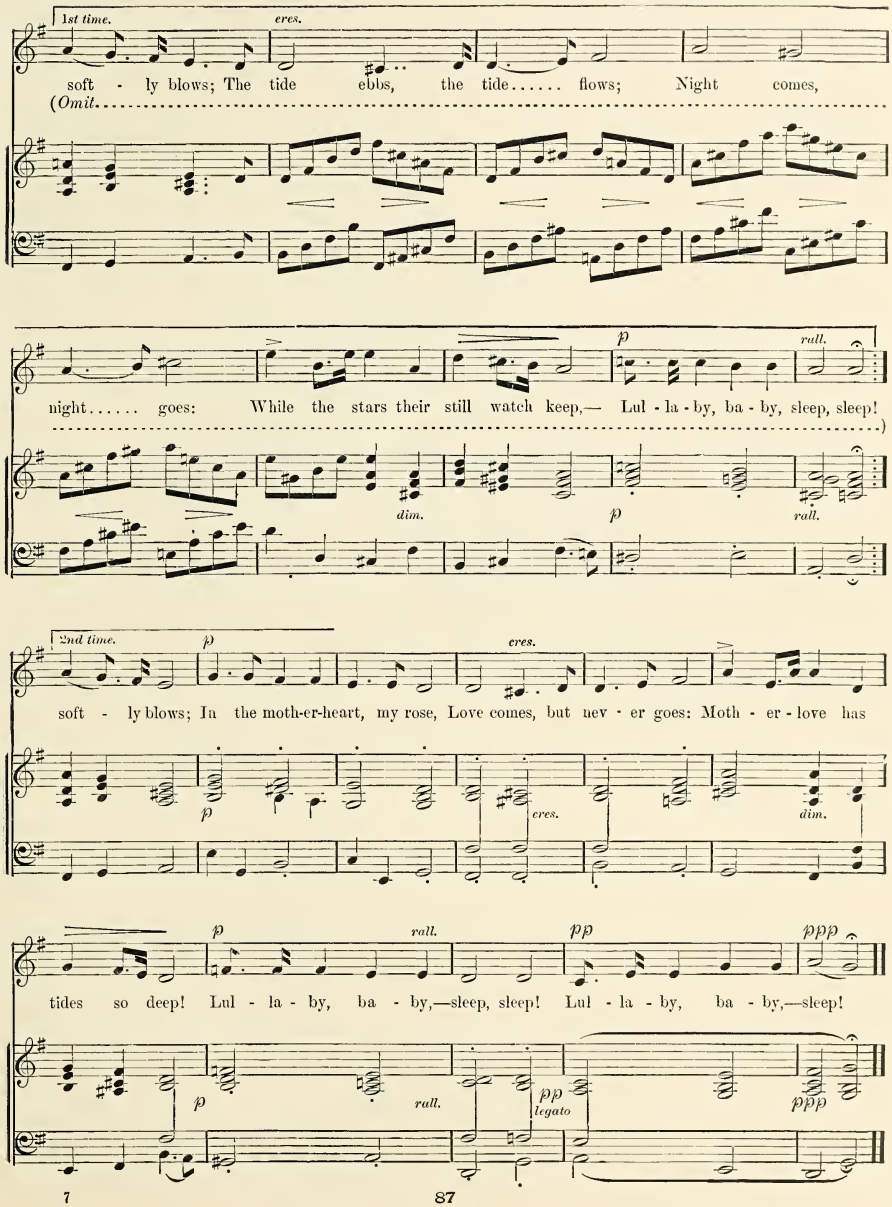
Rock - ing the bee in the thorn - less rose; The ba - by birds have gone to bed, The
Clos - ing the drow - sy blue - bell eyes; On thy moth - er's love - warm breast Fold

dim. *mf* *dim.*

drow - sy blue - bell hangs her head. Blue - bell and ba - by, bee and rose, Sleep, the south wind
close thy hid - den wings and rest. Till the blos - som eye un - close, Sleep, the south wind

dim. *dim.*
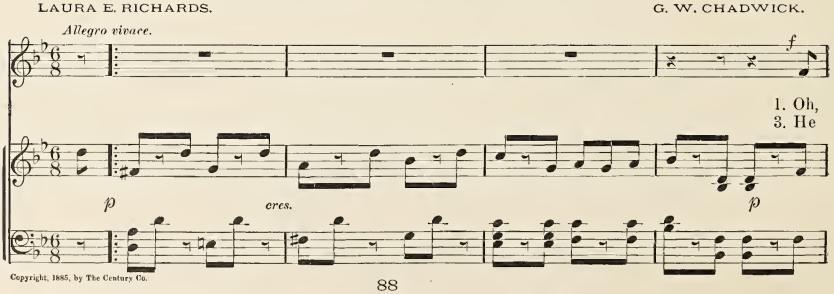
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1st time.
cres.
soft - ly blows; The tide ebbs, the tide..... flows; Night comes,
(Omit.....
p
rall.
night..... goes: While the stars their still watch keep,— Lul - la - by, ba - by, sleep, sleep!
dim.
p
rall.
2nd time.
p
cres.
soft - ly blows; In the moth-er-heart, my rose, Love comes, but nev - er goes: Moth - er - love has
p
cres.
dim.
p
rall.
pp
ppp
tides so deep! Lul - la - by, ba - by,—sleep, sleep! Lul - la - by, ba - by,—sleep!
p
rall.
pp
legato
ppp



The Song of the Shark.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. G. W. CHADWICK.



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blithe and mer - ri - ly sang the shark, As he sat on the house-top high,..... A -
sang of the whales who'd have giv'n their tails For a glance of his rav - en eye;..... The

cleaning his boots, and smoking che-roots, With a sin - gle glass in his eye..... 2. He
sword - fish, too, who their weap - ons drew, And vowed for his sake they'd die..... 4. He

sang of the ships he'd eat - en like chips, In the palm - y days of his youth;... And he
car - olled a - way by night and by day, Un - - til he made ev'-ry one ill; ..... I'll . . .

1st. 2nd.

ad - ded, "If you don't be - lieve it is true, Just look at my wis - dom tooth!"
wa - ger a crown that un - less he's come down He's prob - a - bly carolling (*Omit.....*) still.



The Queen o' May.

M. M. D.

ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto.

p *f* *ff* *pp*

con grazia

mp

1. The Queen o' May held court one day,—The fields had naught to give her; All

con grazia

mp

in their best her maids were dress'd, And they be - gan to shiv - er.

crescendo

scherzando

p

2. "Now, nev - er sneeze, but warm your knees, And look for dai - sies grow - ing; You'll

ff

p

scherzando

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rit. a tempo

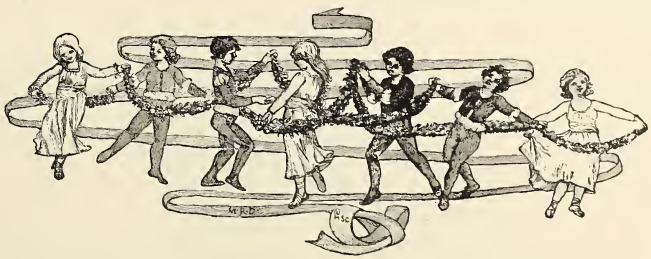
find the air quite soft and fair, Un - less it fall a-snowing." "Quite soft!" they said, each loy - al maid; "So

a tempo

fair!" the boys went chaff - ing; But soon the May came down that way, And set them all a -

espress. espress.

laugh - ing.



There's a ship on the sea.

M. M. D. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.



Very soft, not too slow. *p*

There's a ship on the

p

con ped.

sea. It is sail - ing to-night, Sail - ing to -

night!.... And fa-ther's a - board, and the

moon is all bright, Shin - ing and bright!..... Dear

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moon! he'll be sail - ing for ma - ny a night, Sail - ing from moth - er and

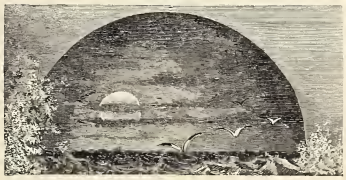
me..... Oh! fol - low the ship with your sil - ver - y light, As fa - ther

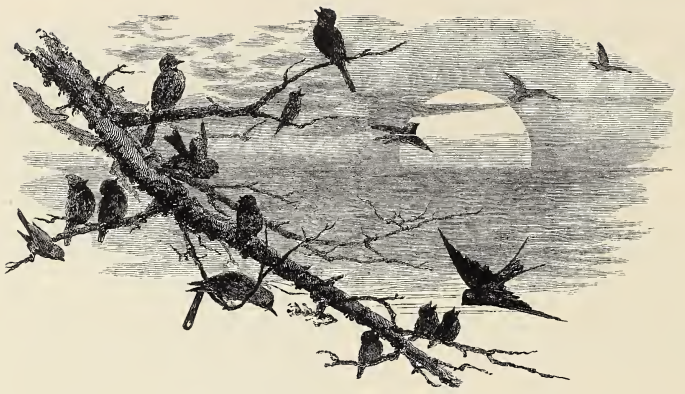
Ped.

sails o - ver the sea, o - - - ver the sea, As fa - - - - ther.....

sails o - - - ver the sea.....

pp *rit.*





Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON. F. G. ILSLEY.

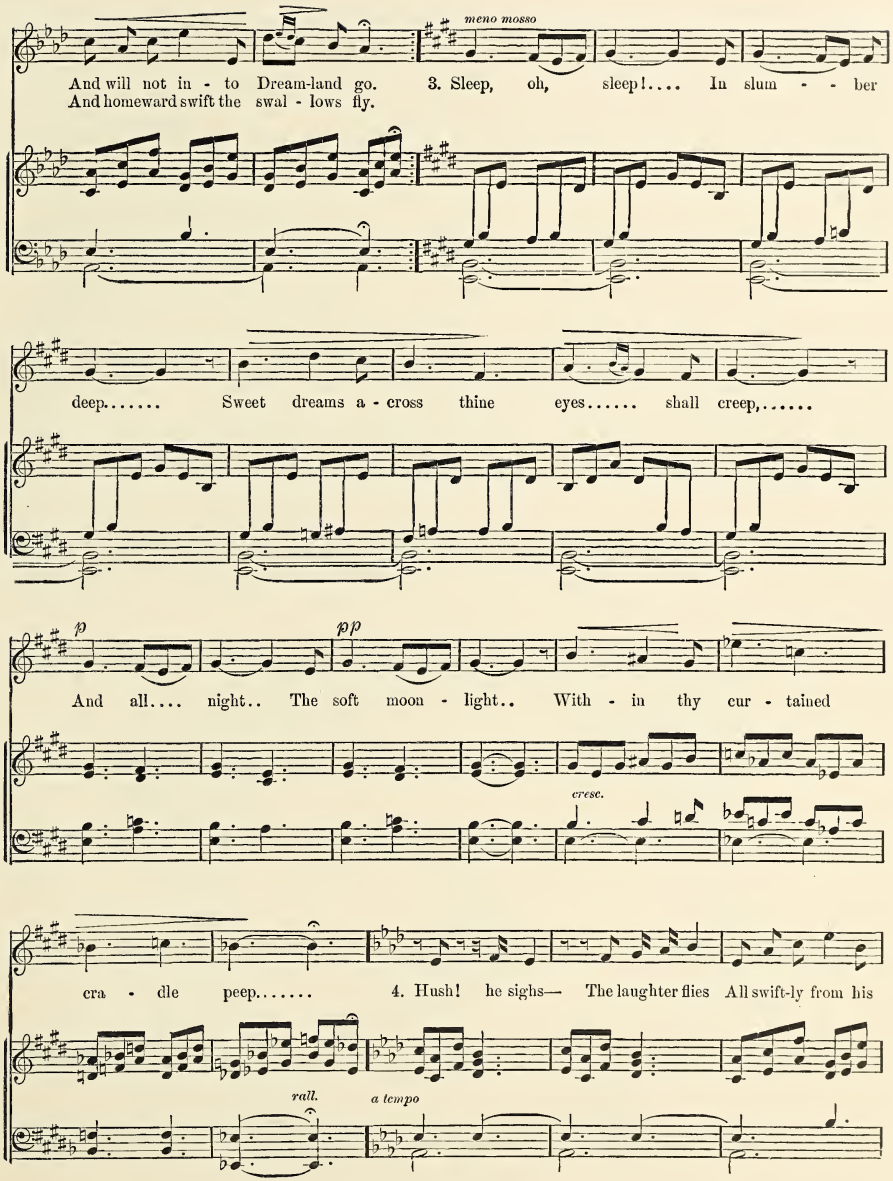
Andante.
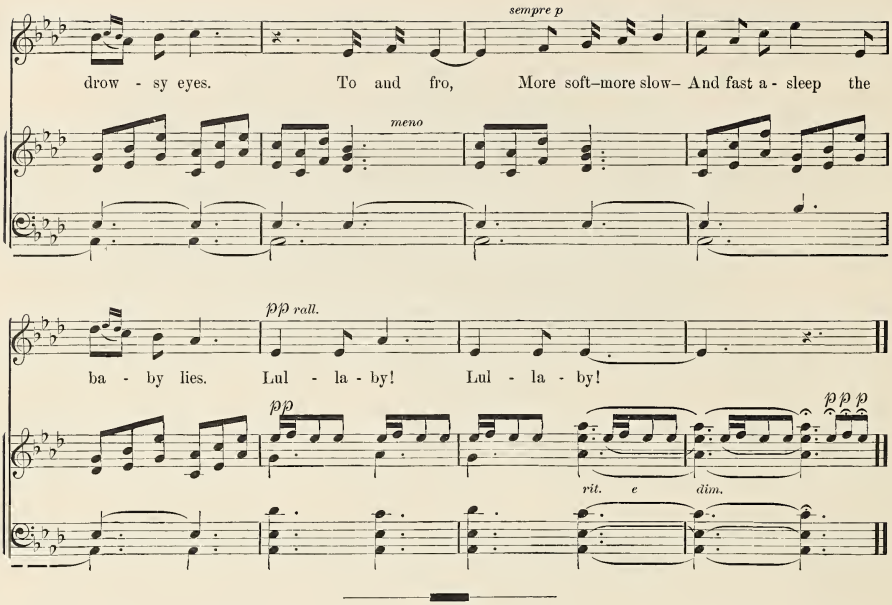
p

1. To and fro, So soft and slow,
2. Lul - la - by! The crick - ets cry,

Swingeth the ba - by's cra - dle O! Still he lies With laugh-ing eyes,
The twink-ling stars are in the sky. Soft dews fall, While rob - ins call,

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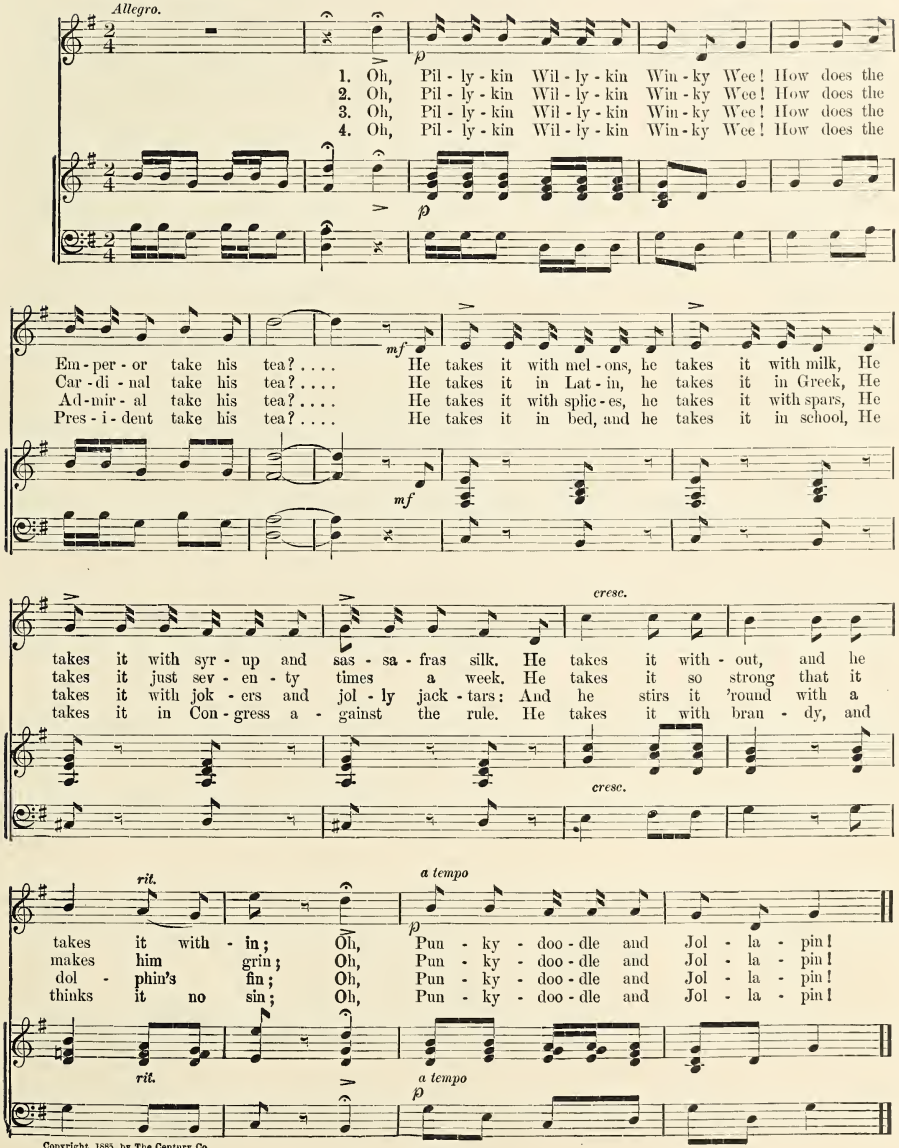

meno mosso
And will not in - to Dream-land go. 3. Sleep, oh, sleep!.... In slum - - ber
And homeward swift the swal - lows fly.
deep..... Sweet dreams a - cross thine eyes..... shall creep,.....
p
pp
And all.... night.. The soft moon - light.. With - in thy cur - tained
cresc.
cra - dle peep..... 4. Hush! he sighs— The laughter flies All swift-ly from his
rall.
a tempo


sempre p
drow - sy eyes. To and fro, More soft–more slow– And fast a - sleep the
meno
pp rall.
ba - by lies. Lul - la - by! Lul - la - by!
pp
ppp
rit. e dim.


"Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the Sheep,
The little Stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the fair Moon is the Shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.



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The Sweet, Red Rose.

M. M. D. GEORGE INGRAHAM.

Tempo di valse.



1. "Good mor - row, lit - - tle rose - - bush, Now pry - - thee tell me true..... To be as sweet, as a sweet, red rose What must a bod - - y do? What must a bod - y do?"..... 2. "To

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be as sweet as a sweet, red rose, A lit - tle girl like you..... Just

grows and grows and grows and grows— And that's what she must do,..... Just

grows and grows and grows and grows—And that's what she must do.".....





Ironing Song.

BESSIE HILL. SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Allegretto.

Solo. *Chorus in unison.*

p *f*

First your i - ron smooth must be, *Rub a - way!*

♩=92. *pp* *f*

Solo. *Cho.*

p *f*

Rub a - way! Rust and i - ron dis - a - gree, *Rub a - way! Rub a - way!*

pp *f*

Solo. *Cho.* *Solo.*

mp *f* *p*

Tho' your i - ron must be hot, *Glide a - way! Slide a - way!* It must nev - er scorch or spot,

f *p*

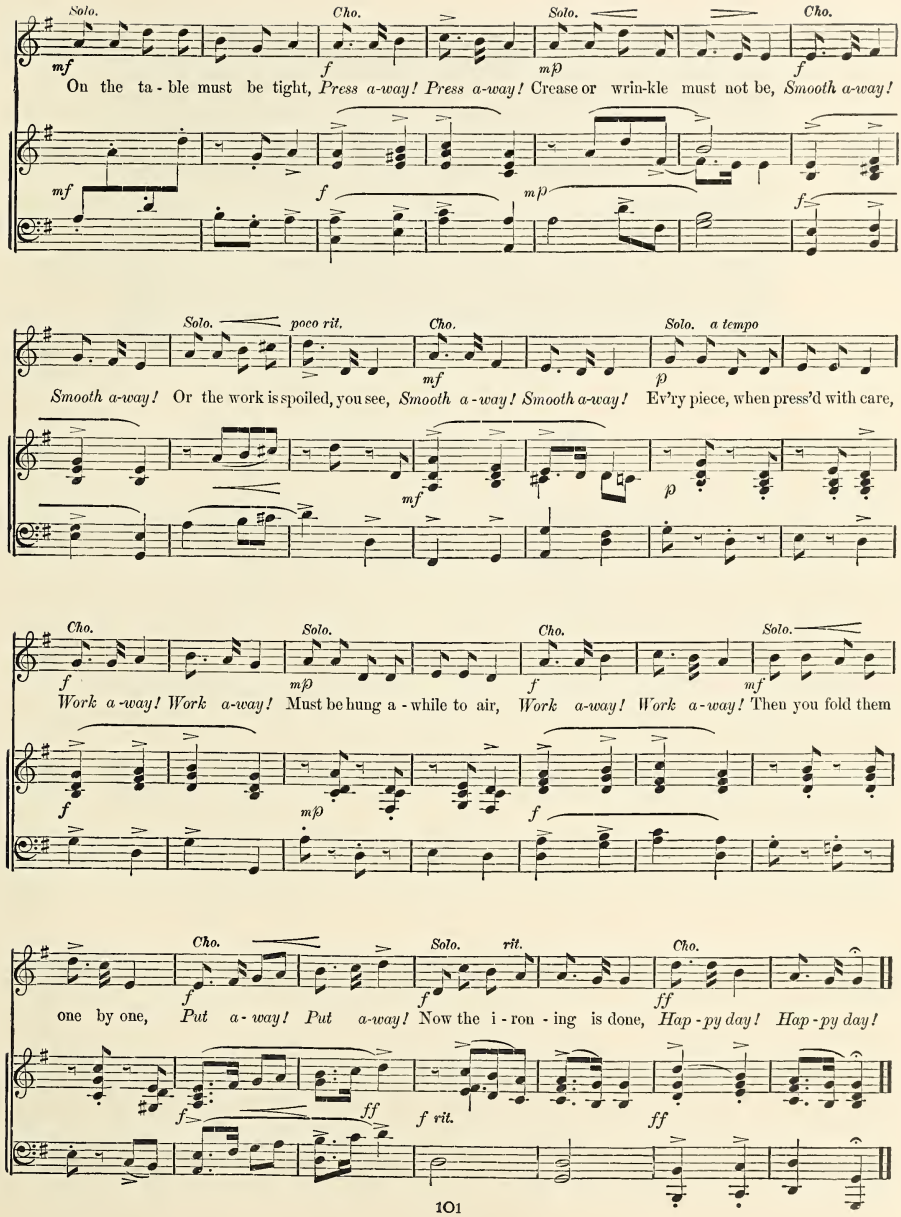
Cho. *Solo.* *Cho.*

mf *mf* *f*

Glide a - way! Slide a - way! Then the cloth, so soft and white, *Press a - way! Press a - way!*

mf *mf* *f*

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Solo.
Cho.
Solo.
Cho.
mf
f
mp
f
On the ta - ble must be tight, Press a-way! Press a-way! Crease or wrin-kle must not be, Smooth a-way!
mf
f
mp
f
Solo.
poco rit.
Cho.
Solo. a tempo
mf
p
Smooth a-way! Or the work is spoiled, you see, Smooth a - way! Smooth a-way! Ev'ry piece, when press'd with care,
mf
p
Cho.
Solo.
Cho.
Solo.
f
mp
f
mf
Work a-way! Work a-way! Must be hung a - while to air, Work a-way! Work a - way! Then you fold them
f
mp
f
Cho.
Solo.
rit.
Cho.
f
f
ff
one by one, Put a - way! Put a-way! Now the i - ron - ing is done, Hap - py day! Hap - py day!
f
ff
f rit.
ff



Childhood's Gold.

LUCY LARCOM. J. W. PALMER.

Allegretto.

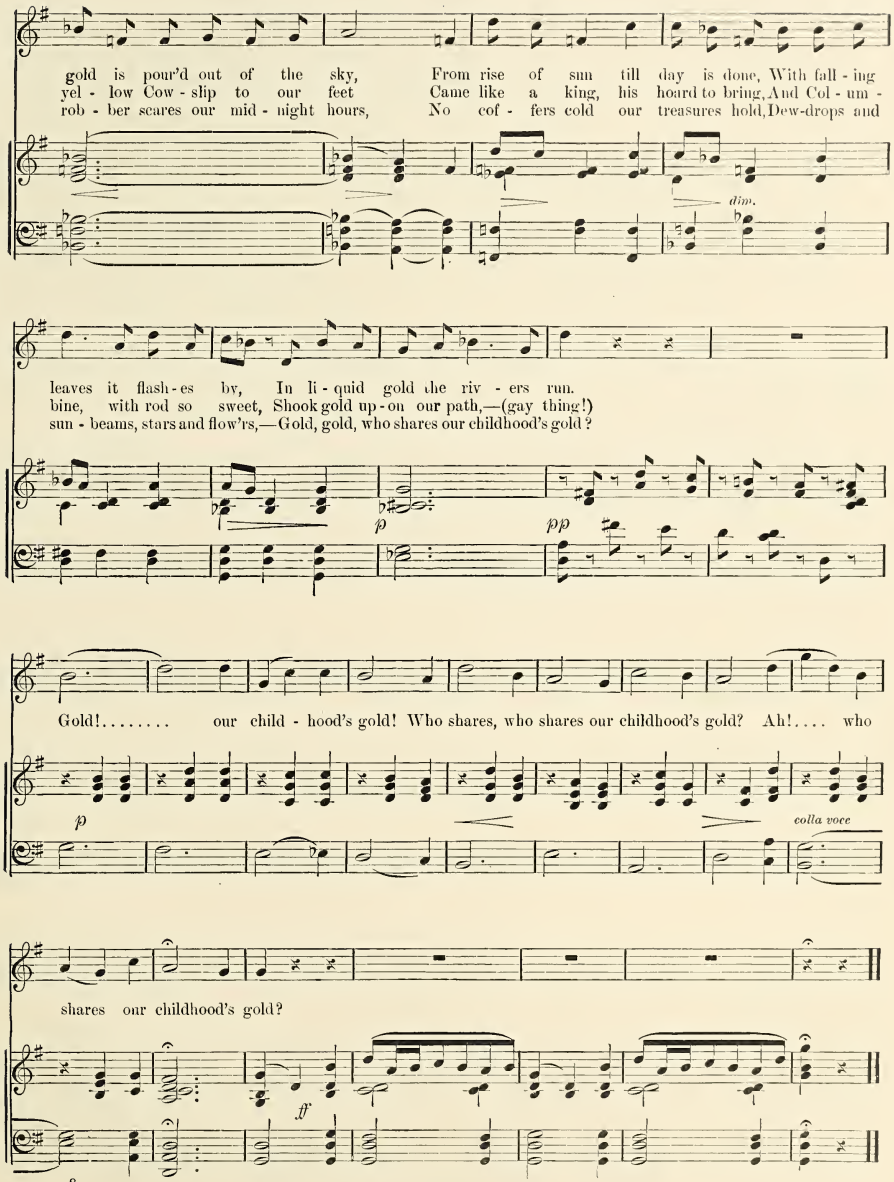
ff *con spirito*

1. They need not go so far a - way, Thro' heat and cold to hunt for gold; They might be - side us sit or stray, Our hands are full as they can hold. Gold,
2. T' was scat - tered all the way from school, In stars and bells a - down the dells, We chil - dren gath - ered ap - rons full Where lit - tle Dan - de - li - - on dwells; And
3. Our homes are sweet a - down the hills, Where love is sure and life is pure, And sun - shine ev - 'ry sea - son fills, How can a coun - try child be poor? No

p

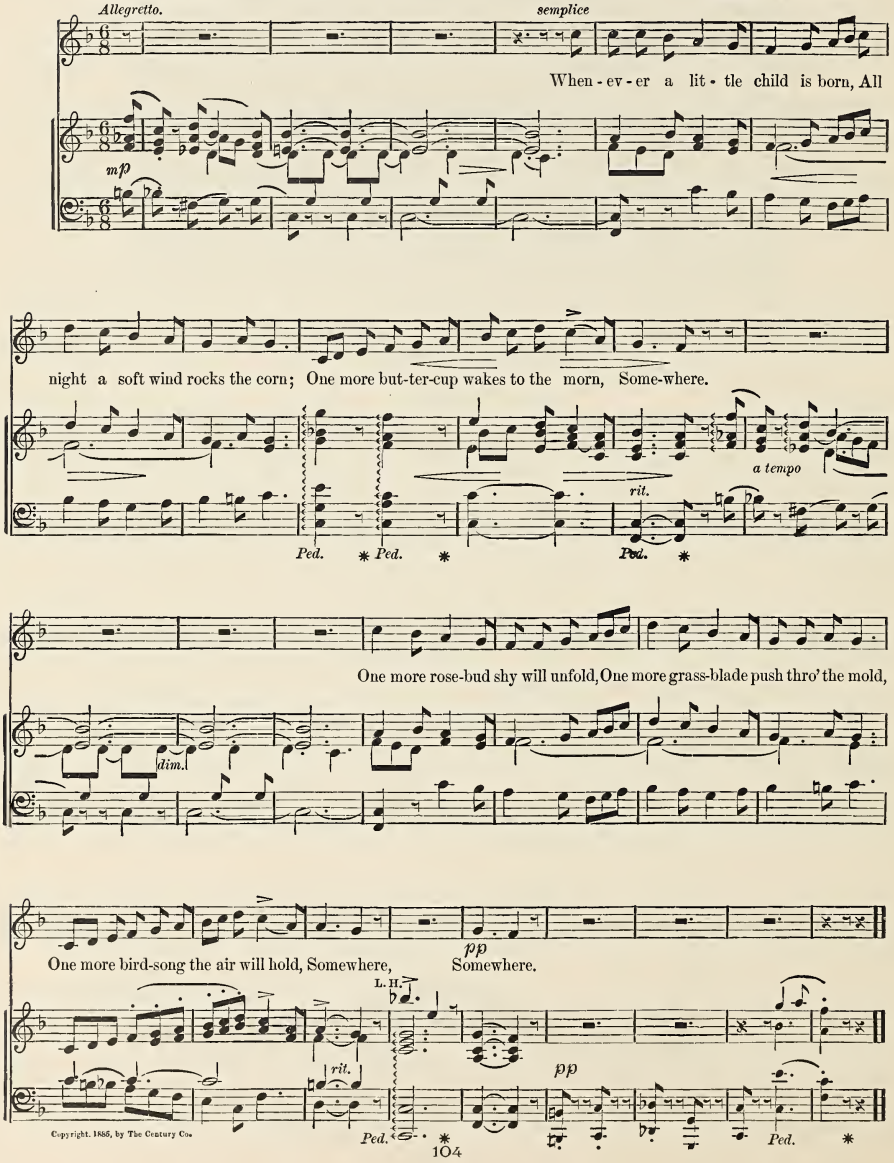
lento *sfz* *a tempo*

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gold is pour'd out of the sky, From rise of sun till day is done, With fall - ing
yel - low Cow - slip to our feet Came like a king, his hoard to bring, And Col - um -
rob - ber scares our mid - night hours, No cof - fers cold our treasures hold, Dew-drops and
dim.
leaves it flash - es by, In li - quid gold the riv - ers run.
bine, with rod so sweet, Shook gold up - on our path,—(gay thing!)
sun - beams, stars and flow'rs,—Gold, gold, who shares our childhood's gold?
p
pp
Gold!..... our child - hood's gold! Who shares, who shares our childhood's gold? Ah!.... who
p
colla voce
shares our childhood's gold?
ff
8

Whenever a little child is born.

AGNES L. CARTER. ALBERT A. STANLEY.



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The Boy and the Toot.

M. S.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegro.

f risoluto

f

p

There was a small boy with a toot, Whom the neighbors all threatened to shoot: But the

ff (GUN)

toot the next day Was filled full of clay, Which stopped all the toot of the toot.

rit.

f



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Dandelions.

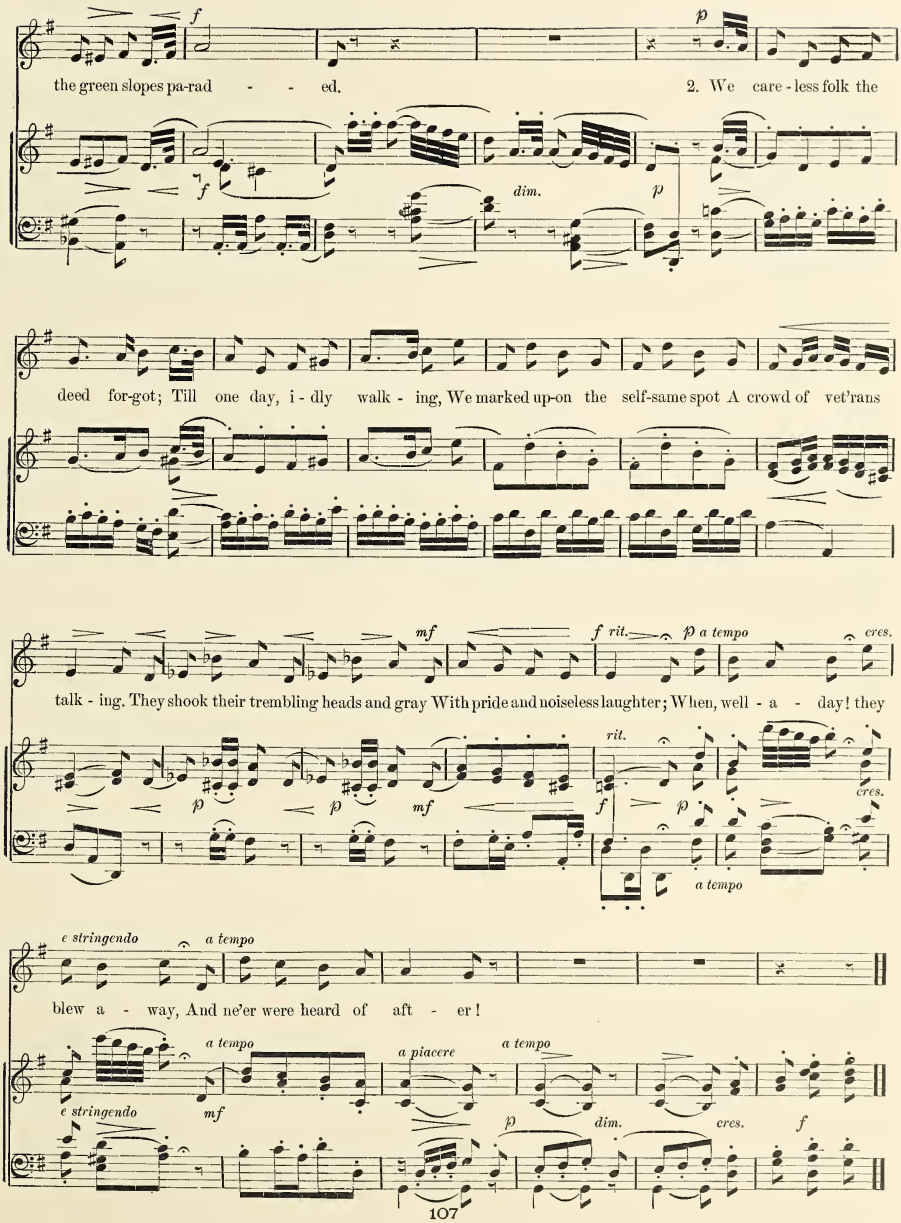
HELEN GRAY CONE. G. F. SUCK.

Andante quasi allegretto.

1. Up - on a showery night and still, With - out a sound of warn - ing, A troop - er band sur - prised the hill, And held it in the morn - ing. We were not waked by bu - gle notes, No cheer our dreams in - vad - ed, And yet, at dawn their yel - low coats On

parlando *mf* *p* *pp* *p* *p* *cres* - - - - *f* *p* *p* *cres* - - - - *f* *p*

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f
p
the green slopes pa-rad - - ed.
2. We care - less folk the
f
dim.
p
deed for-got; Till one day, i - dly walk - ing, We marked up-on the self-same spot A crowd of vet'rans
mf
f rit.
p a tempo
cres.
talk - ing. They shook their trembling heads and gray With pride and noiseless laughter; When, well - a - day! they
p
p
mf
rit.
f
p
cres.
a tempo
e stringendo
a tempo
blew a - way, And ne'er were heard of aft - er!
a tempo
a piacere
a tempo
e stringendo
mf
p
dim.
cres.
f

Ding, dong!

M. M. D. J. L. MOLLOY.

Andante con moto.

1. Tell us, year, be - fore you go,—
2. Why can't years come back a-gain,

rall.

Ding, ding, dong! Why at last you hur - ry so, Though at first so ve - ry slow?
Ding, ding, dong! Just the same as they have been? Big folks say 't would nev - er do,

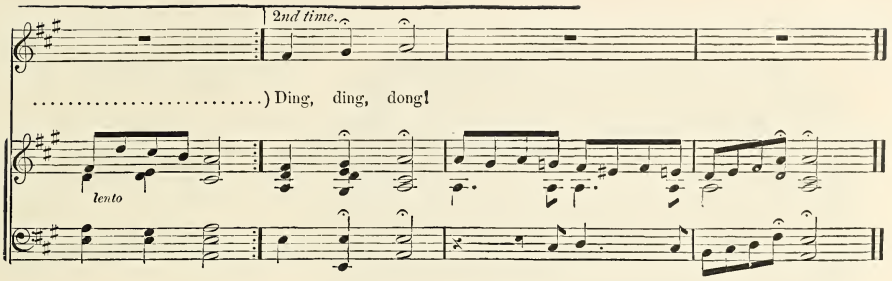
Ding, ding, dong! Can't you wait a lit - tle long - er, Till the ba - by year gets stronger,
Ding, ding, dong! None would live the past a - new; But I'd like it,— would-n't you?

Ped. *

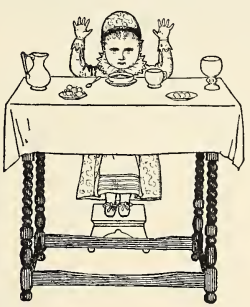
1st time.

Till the ba - by year gets strong - er? Ding, ding, dong!
But I'd like it,— would - n't you? *(Omit.....*

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GRACE FOR A CHILD
by
Robert Herrick



"HERE A LITTLE CHILD I STAND.
HEAVING UP MY EITHER HAND:
COLD AS PADDOCKS THOUGH THEY BE,
HERE I LIFT THEM UP TO THEE,
FOR A BENISON TO FALL
ON OUR MEAT AND ON OUR ALL. AMEN".



The Sing-away Bird.

LUCY LARCOM. HARRISON MILLARD.



Moderato.

mf

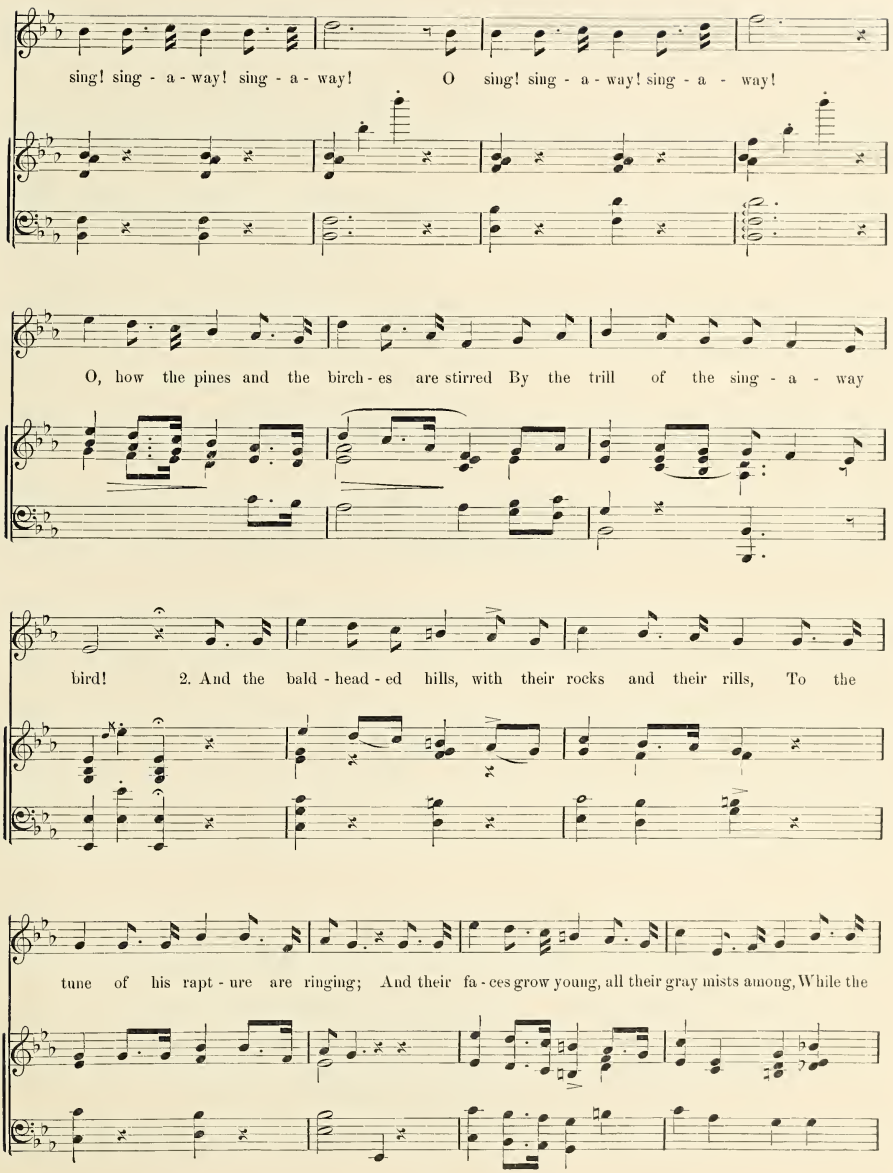
1. O say, have you heard of the

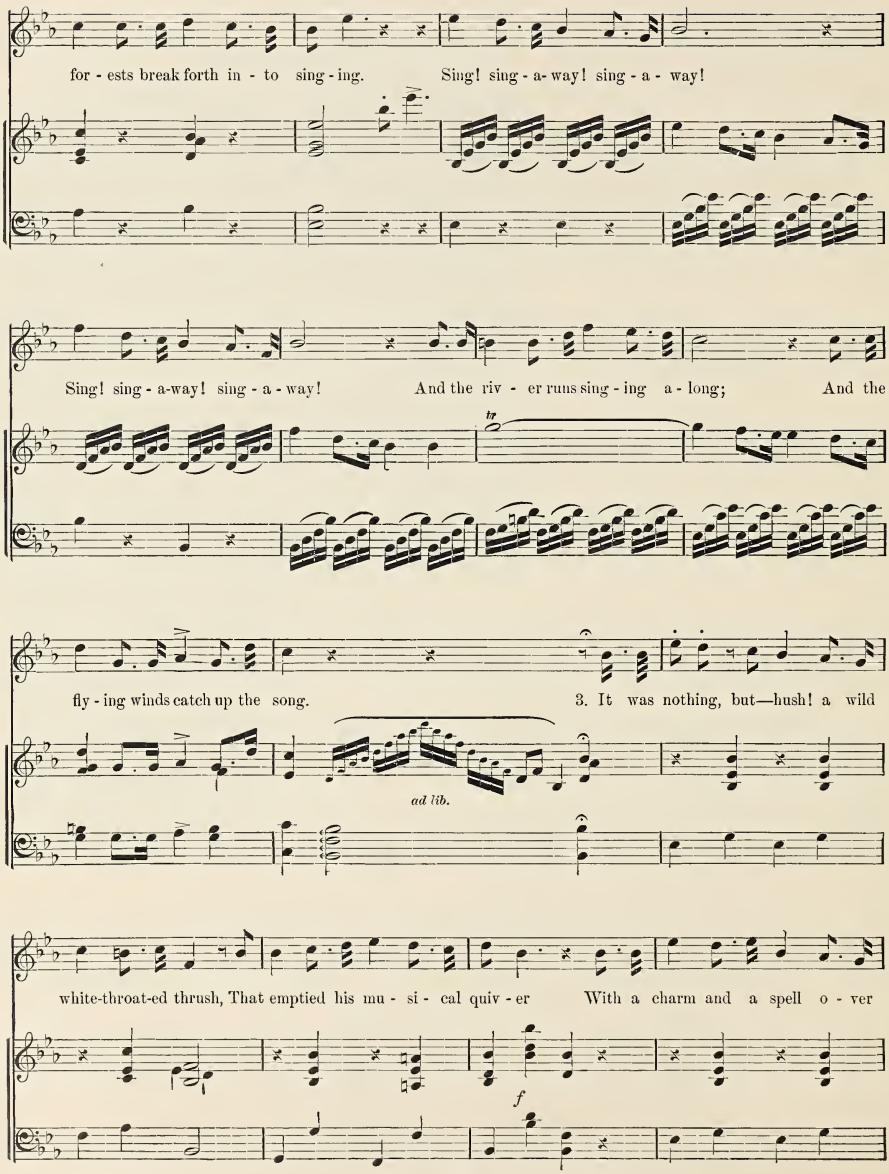
sing - a - way bird, That sings where the Run-a - way River Runs

f

down with its rills from the bald-head-ed hills That stand in the sun-shine and shiv - er? O

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sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way! O sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way!
O, how the pines and the birch - es are stirred By the trill of the sing - a - way
bird! 2. And the bald - head - ed hills, with their rocks and their rills, To the
tune of his rapt - ure are ringing; And their fa - ces grow young, all their gray mists among, While the


for - ests break forth in - to sing - ing.
Sing! sing - a- way! sing - a - way!
Sing! sing - a-way! sing - a - way!
And the riv - er runs sing - ing a - long;
And the
tr
fly - ing winds catch up the song.
3. It was nothing, but—hush! a wild
ad lib.
white-throat-ed thrush, That emptied his mu - si - cal quiv - er
With a charm and a spell o - ver
f

val - ley and dell On the banks of the Run - a - way Riv - er. O sing! sing - a - way! sing - a -

way, O sing! sing - a - way! sing - a - way! And yet the song of the wild sing - er had The

sound of a soul, of a soul that is glad.....





Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegro moderato.

p *misterioso* *poco - - a poco* *cres - - cen*

1. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Wink - y Wee! How
2. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Wink - y Wee! How

do *ff* *dim. e rall.* *p*

does the Em - pe - ror take his tea? He takes it with mel - ons, he takes it with milk, He
does the Car - di - nal take his tea? He takes it in La - tin, he takes it in Greek, He

takes it with sy - rup and sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it with - out, he
takes it just sev - en - ty times a week. He takes it so strong that it

f *poco rall.*

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takes it with - in; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!
makes him grin; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!

scherz.

a tempo

f *con spirito*

1st, 2d & 3rd. *4th.*

Oh,

3 Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the Admiral take his tea?
He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,
He takes it with jokers and jolly jack-tars,
And stirs it round with a dolphin's fin;
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

4 Oh, Pillykin Willikin Winky Wee!
How does the President take his tea?
He takes it in bed, and he takes it in school,
He takes it in Congress against the rule.
He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin;
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!





A Lullaby.

J. G. HOLLAND. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Andantino.

1. Rock-a - by, lul - la - by,
2. Rock-a - by, lul - la - by,
3. Rock-a - by, lul - la - by,

mp *mp*

bees in the clo - ver! Croon-ing so drow - si - ly, cry-ing so low— Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
rain on the clo - ver! Tears on the eye - lids that wa-ver and weep; Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
dew on the clo - ver! Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn! Rock - a - by, lul - la - by,
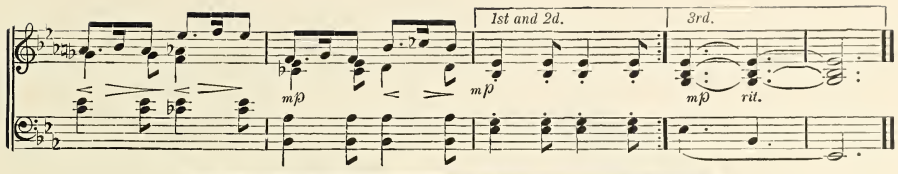
dear lit - tle rov - er! Down in - to won - der-land— Down to the un - der-land— Go, oh go! . . .
bend - ing it o - ver Down on the mo - ther-world, Down on the oth - er world! Sleep, oh sleep! . .
dear lit - tle rov - er! In - to the still - y world, In - to the lil - y-world, Gone, oh gone! . .

mp *cres.* *dim.* *mf*

. . oh go! Down in - to won - der-land Go, oh go! . . . . oh go! . . . .
. . oh sleep! Down on the mo-ther-world, Sleep, oh sleep! . . . oh sleep! . . . .
. . oh gone! In - to the lil - y-world, Gone, oh gone! . . . oh gone! . . . .

p *cres.* *mf* *mp* *rit.* *mf*
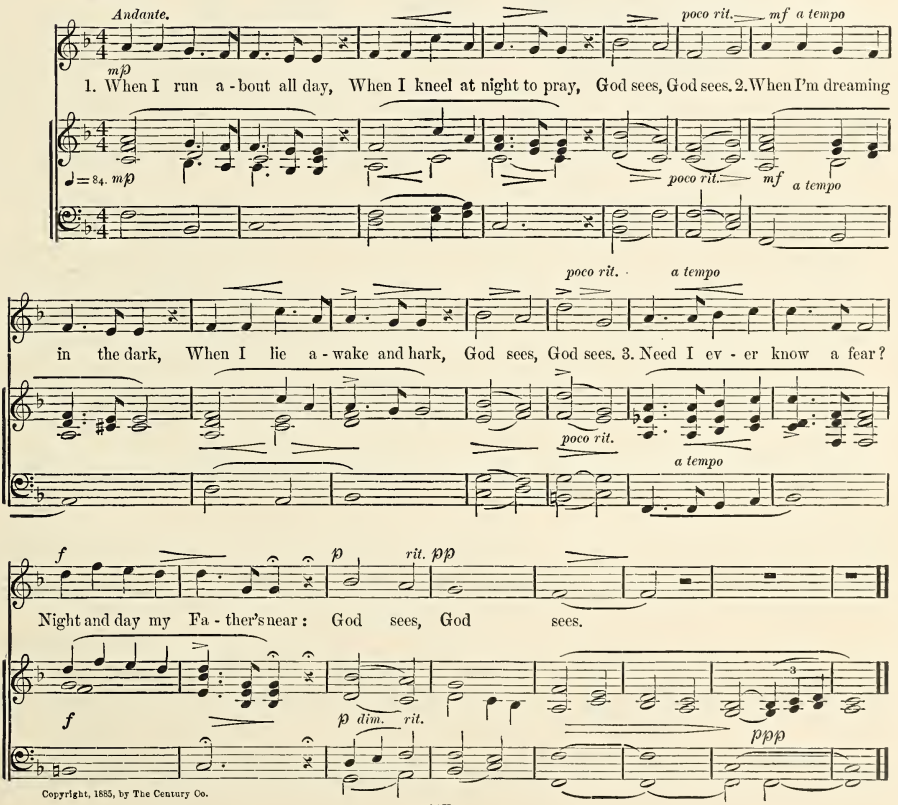
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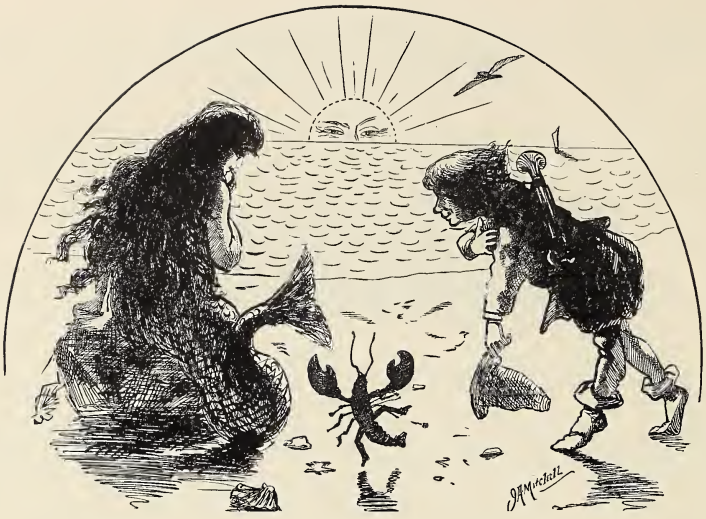


Night and Day.

M. M. D. SAMUEL P. WARREN.



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Little John Bottlejohn.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegretto giocoso.
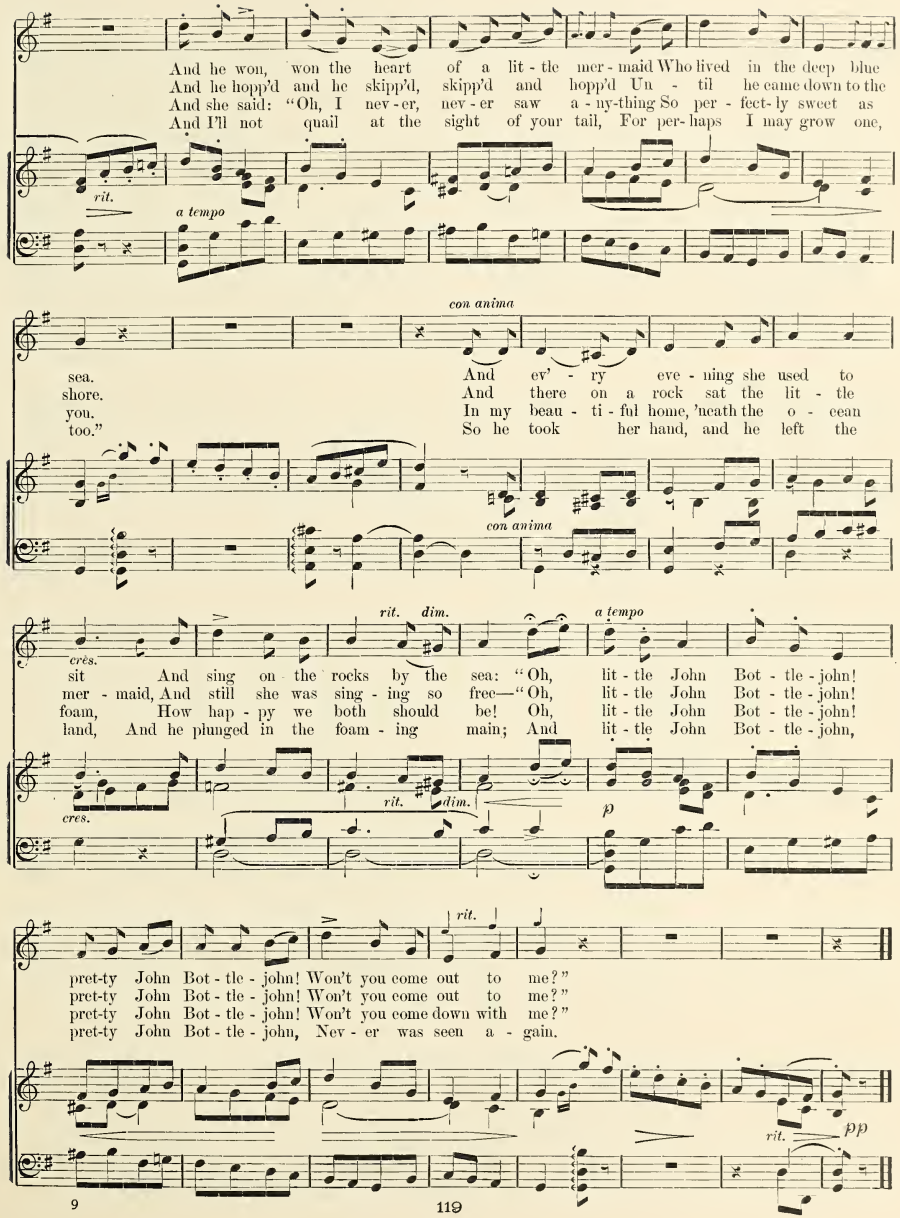
mp

1. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john
2. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john
3. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john
4. Lit - tle John Bot - tle- john

mf *sf* *mp*

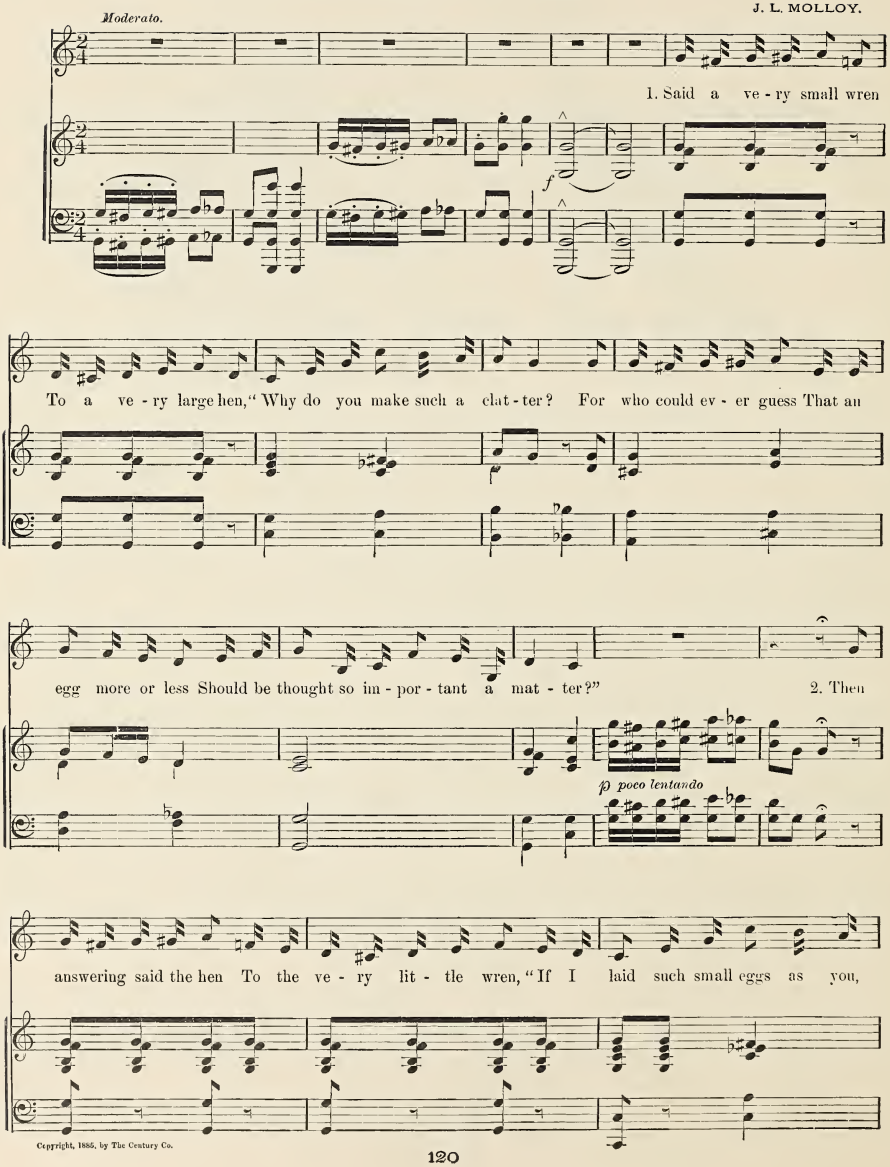
lived on the hill, And a blithe lit - tle man was he;
heard her song, And he o - pen'd his lit - tle door,
made a bow, And the mer - maid she made one, too,
said; "Oh, yes, I'll will - ing - ly go with you;

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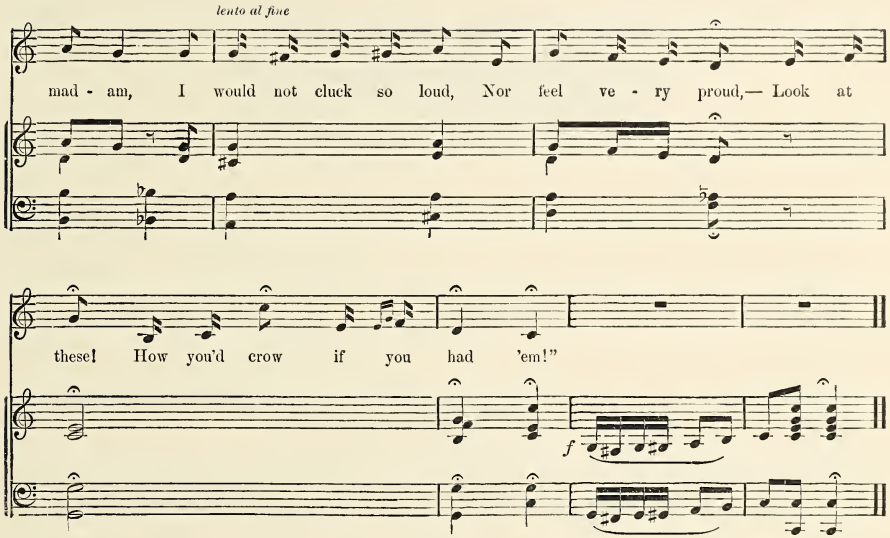

And he won, won the heart of a lit - tle mer - maid Who lived in the deep blue
And he hopp'd and he skipp'd, skipp'd and hopp'd Un - til he came down to the
And she said: "Oh, I nev - er, nev - er saw a - ny-thing So per - fect- ly sweet as
And I'll not quail at the sight of your tail, For per- haps I may grow one,
rit.
a tempo
con anima
sea.
shore.
you.
too."
And ev' - ry eve - ning she used to
And there on a rock sat the lit - tle
In my beau - ti - ful home, 'neath the o - cean
So he took her hand, and he left the
con anima
rit. dim.
a tempo
crès.
sit And sing on the rocks by the sea: "Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john!
mer - maid, And still she was sing - ing so free—"Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john!
foam, How hap - py we both should be! Oh, lit - tle John Bot - tle - john!
land, And he plunged in the foam - ing main; And lit - tle John Bot - tle - john,
rit. dim.
cres.
p
rit.
pret-ty John Bot - tle - john! Won't you come out to me?"
pret-ty John Bot - tle - john! Won't you come out to me?"
pret-ty John Bot - tle - john! Won't you come down with me?"
pret-ty John Bot - tle - john, Nev - er was seen a - gain.
rit.
pp

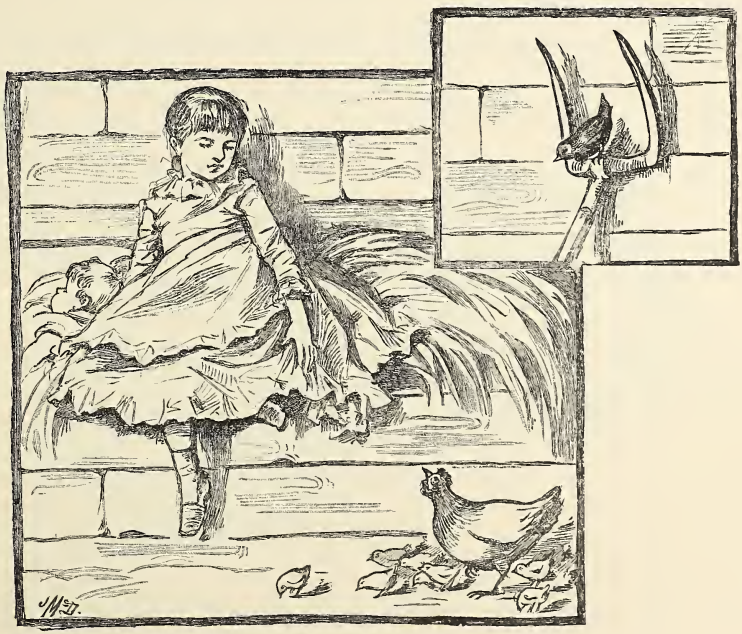
The Wren and the Hen.

J. L. MOLLOY.



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lento al fine
mad - am, I would not cluck so loud, Nor feel ve - ry proud,— Look at
these! How you'd crow if you had 'em!"
f





Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON. ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante. *p*

1. To and fro, So soft and
2. Lul - la - by! The crick - ets
3. Sleep, oh, sleep! In slum - ber
4. Hush! he sighs— The laugh-ter

cres - - cen - - - do

slow, Swingeth the ba - by's cra-dle O! Still he lies With laughing eyes, And will not
cry, The twinkling stars are in the sky. Soft dews fall, While rob-ins call, And homeward
deep, Sweet dreams a - cross thine eyes shall creep, And all night The soft moon-light With-in thy
flies All swift - ly from his drowsy eyes. To and fro, More soft—more slow—And fast a -

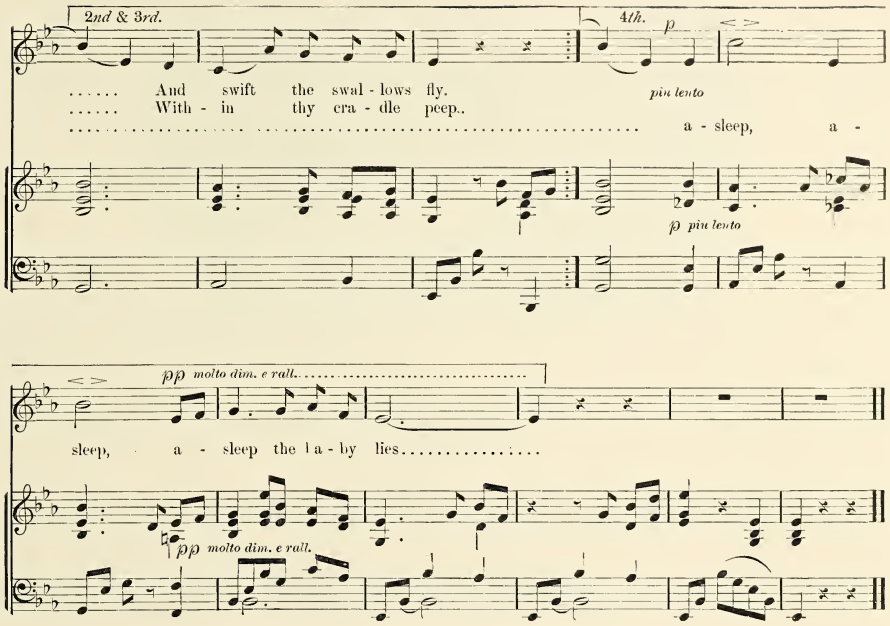
cres.

1st time.

in - - to dream-land go.....in - to dream-land go.
swift the swallows fly.....(*Omit*.....
cur - tain'd cradle peep.....(*Omit*.....
sleep the ba - by lies.....(*Omit*.....

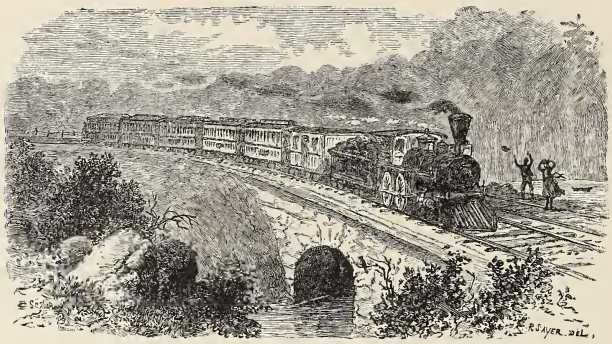
p

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CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



Riding on the Rail.

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

H. F. KING. HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegro vivace.

L.H. L.H.

f (bell) *p* (the wheels move) *dim.*

Ped.

RECITATION.*

1. Click-et - y, clack-et - y, how the wheels run! Crick-et - y, crack-et - y, is n't it fun?

pp bien rhythmé
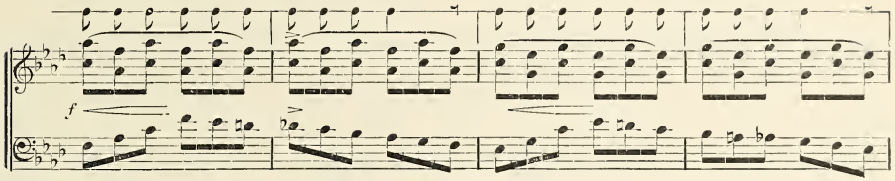
Rush-ing thro' bridges and o - ver the streams, See- ing the coun-try like so ma- ny dreams!

un poco staccato
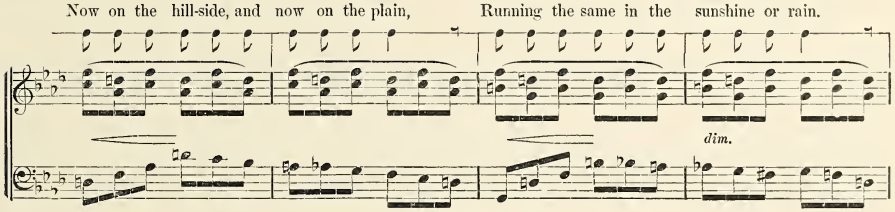
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* This piece is to be *recited;* and, as the piano-forte part is descriptive, it must be played with a careful observance of all marks of expression, and in *perfect* rhythm.
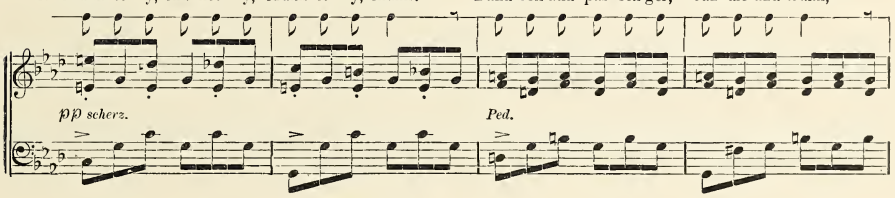
2. Bump - it - y, bump-it - y, bang, on each rail! How the car shiv-ers thro' mountain and vale!
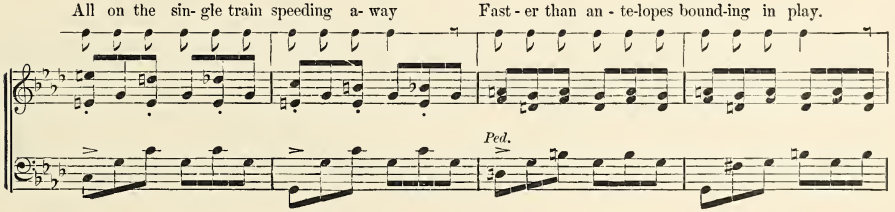


Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain, Running the same in the sunshine or rain.
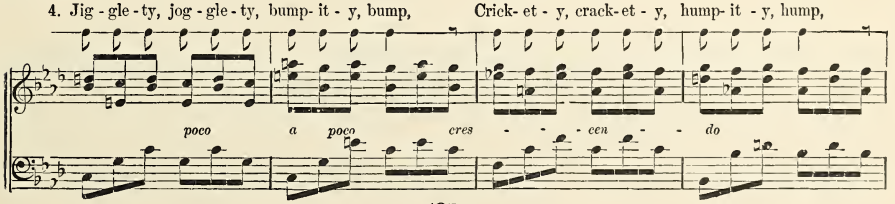


3. Chunk-et - y, chunket - y, chunk-et - y, chunk! Band-box and pas- sen-ger, bun- dle and trunk,

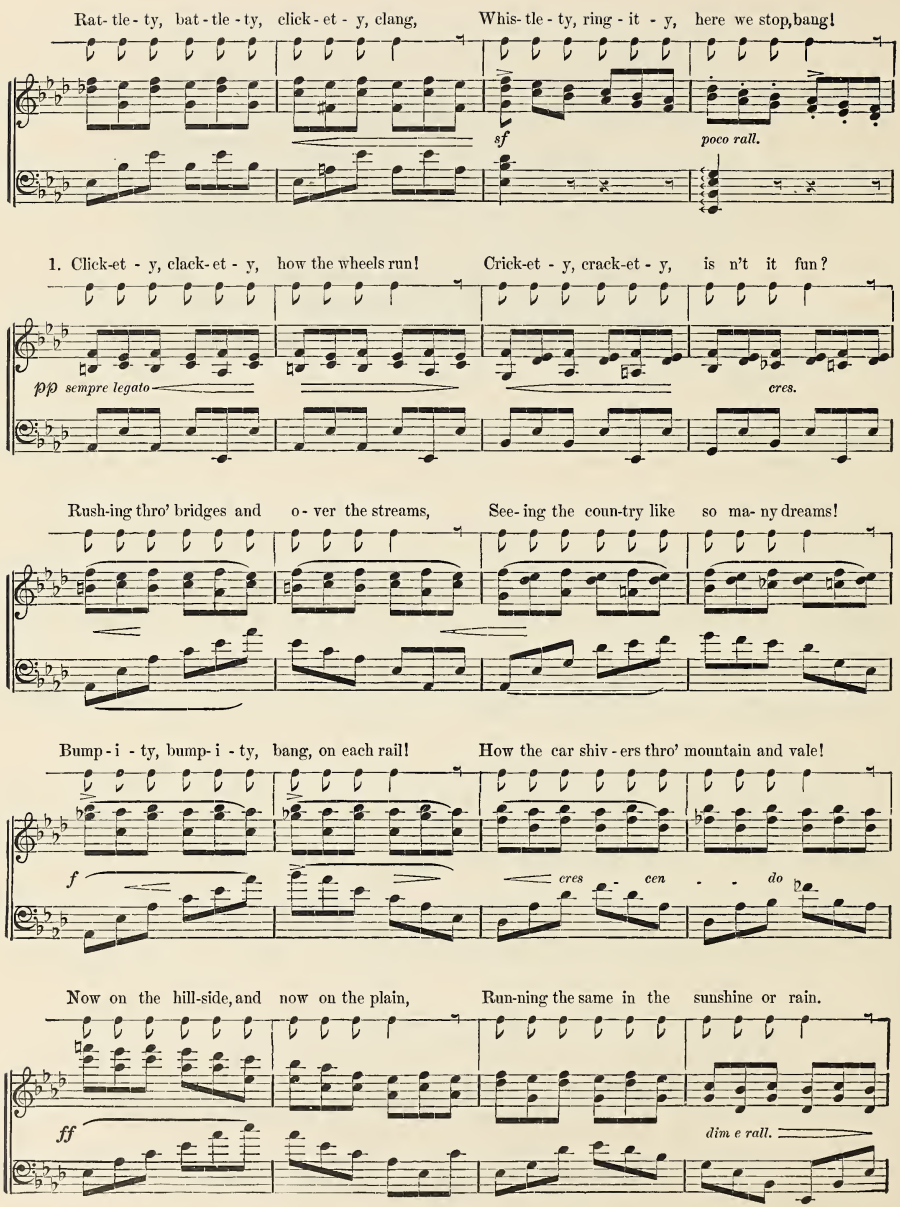


All on the sin- gle train speeding a- way Fast - er than an - te-lopes bound-ing in play.



4. Jig - gle - ty, jog - gle - ty, bump- it - y, bump, Crick- et - y, crack-et - y, hump- it - y, hump,




Rat- tle - ty, bat - tle - ty, click - et - y, clang,
Whis- tle - ty, ring - it - y, here we stop, bang!
sf
poco rall.
1. Click-et - y, clack-et - y, how the wheels run!
Crick-et - y, crack-et - y, is n't it fun?
pp sempre legato
cres.
Rush-ing thro' bridges and o - ver the streams,
See- ing the coun-try like so ma- ny dreams!
Bump - i - ty, bump- i - ty, bang, on each rail!
How the car shiv - ers thro' mountain and vale!
f
cres - cen - - do
Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain,
Run-ning the same in the sunshine or rain.
ff
dim e rall.

Jig - gle - ty, jog - gle - ty, bump- it - y, bump, Crick- et - y, crack- et - y, hump- it - y, hump,

dolce

Rat - tle - ty, bat - tle - ty, click- et - y, clang, Whis- tle - ty, ring - it - y, here we stop, bang!

8va

Rat - tle - ty, bat - tle - ty, click - et - y, clang, Whis - tle - ty, ring - it - y,

8va

ff 8va *dim.*

here we stop, bang!

sfz *pp* *ppp*



There was a little girl.

G. W. CHADWICK.



Allegro.

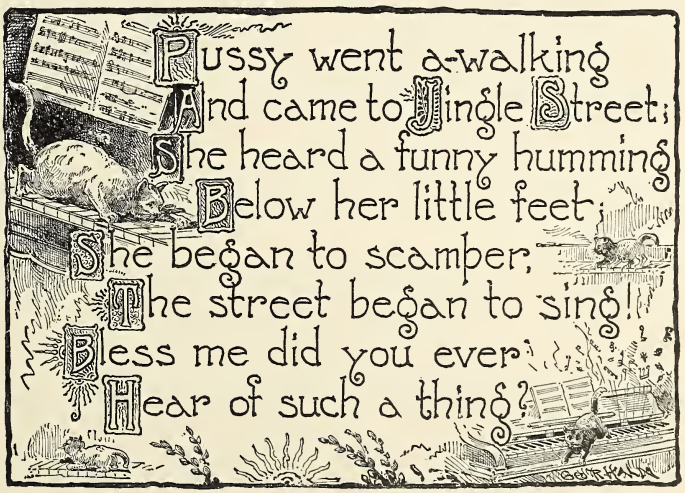
1. There was a lit - tle girl, And she had a lit - tle curl Right down in the mid-dle of her fore - head, And when she was good, She was ve - ry, ve - ry good, But when she was bad, she was hor - rid. 2. There was a lit - tle chap, And he

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had a fur cap, Which came to the mid - dle of his fore - head, And

when he was cold, He was ve - ry, ve - ry cold, But when he was warm, he was tor - rid.

ff



The Sweet, Red Rose.

M. M. D. JOSEPH MOSENTHAL.



Allegretto. *mf*

1. "Good mor - row, lit - tle rose - bush, Now pry - thee tell me true: To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose What must a bod - y do?" .... 2. "To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose A lit - tle girl like you Just grows and grows and grows and grows—And that's what she must do."

mf

♩ = 100.

rit. *p* *a tempo*

rit. *p* *a tempo*

cres. *p*

cres. *p*

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Handel.

MARGARET JOHNSON. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Andante sostenuto.

1. Bare and cold the gar - ret cham-ber, Gloom - y with its shad- ows dim;
2. While the night grew still to list - en, Soft and slow the mu - sic sigh'd,
3. From the moon, now bright, now hid-den In the clouds that crossed her way,

p

Hung with dust- y, droop-ing cob-webs, Drap'-ry weird and grim, Drap'-ry weird and grim.
And, in melt - ing, mi - nor meas-ures, In - to si - lence died, In - to si- lence died.
Through the mist-y gar - ret win-dow Shot a slen - der ray, Shot a slen - der ray,—

rit.

p molto espressivo

Sud - den-ly, from out the shad-ows Of the old, de- sert - ed room, Came a strain of faint- est mu - sic
Say, what skillful, rapt mu-si - cian, In the lone-ly room a - part, Thus made glad the som - bre mid-night
Glanced up-on an ancient spin-et, O'er whose keys, with dust defiled, Ran the ea - ger, daint- y fin - gers

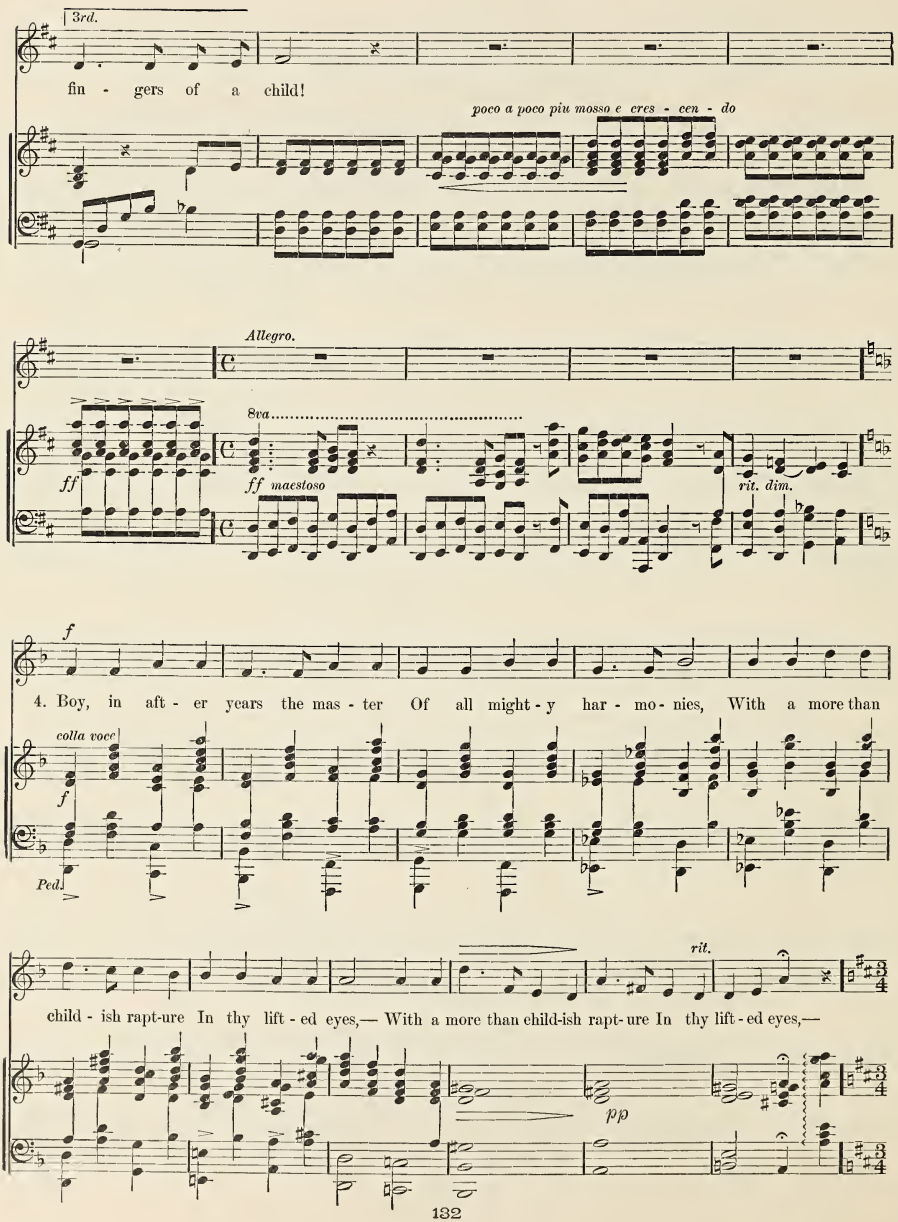
* *a tempo*

1st and 2nd.

Thro' the ghost-ly gloom, Came a strain of faintest mu - sic Thro' the ghost - ly gloom.
With his wondrous art? Thus made glad the sombre midnight With his won - drous art?
Of a lit - tle child! Ran the ea - ger, dainty fin - gers, Ea - ger (*Omit.* . .

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* *The accompaniment consists of one of the most celebrated of Handel's melodies.*


3rd.
fin - gers of a child!
poco a poco più mosso e cres - cen - do
Allegro.
8va
ff
ff maestoso
rit. dim.
f
4. Boy, in aft - er years the mas - ter Of all might - y har - mo - nies, With a more than
colla voce
f
Ped.
rit.
child - ish rapt-ure In thy lift - ed eyes,— With a more than child-ish rapt-ure In thy lift - ed eyes,—
pp

pp a tempo

Sure - ly, in the gar - ret cham - ber, Dim with shad - 'wy mys - ter -

armonioso pp

una corda con pedale

- - y, While the world slept in the mid - night,

An - gels talk'd with thee! While the world slept in the mid - night, An -

- - - gels talk'd with thee!

pp *rit.* *ppp*





In the Tree-top.

LUCY LARCOM. H. A. CLARKE.

Andante.

1. "Rock - a - by, ba - by, up in the tree - top!"
2. Weave him a beau - ti - ful dream, lit - tle breeze!

pp

Moth-er his blank-et is spin - ning; And a light lit-tle rus-tle that nev - er will stop,
Lit-tle leaves, nes-tle a - round . . . . him! He will re-mem-ber the song of the trees,

Breez-es and boughs are be - gin - ning. Rock-a - by, ba - by, swinging so high! Rock - a - by!
When age with sil - ver has crown'd him. Rock-a - by, ba - by, wake by and by, Rock - a - by!

1st. 2d.

Rock-a - by! Rock-a - by, ba-by, swing-ing so high! Rock-a - by, Rock-a - by!
Rock-a - by! Rock-a - by, ba- by, wake by and by! Rock-a - by, Rock-a - by!

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A Valentine.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegretto. *a tempo*

1. Oh! lit- tle loveliest la - dy mine,
2. I've search'd the gardens thro' and thro', For

mf *rit.* *mf*

What shall I send for your val - en- tine? Sum- mer and flow - ers are far a - way; Gloom- y old
flow'rs to tell of my love so true. But buds were a- sleep and blossoms were dead, And fall - ing

cres.

a piacere

Win- ter is king to - day. Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine; What shall I do for a
snow came down on my head. So, lit - tle love - liest la - dy mine, Here is my heart for your

cres. *colla voce*

a tempo *rit.*

val - en- tine? Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine; What shall I do for a val - en - tine?
val - en- tine! So, lit- tle love - liest la - dy mine, Here is my heart for your val - en - tine!

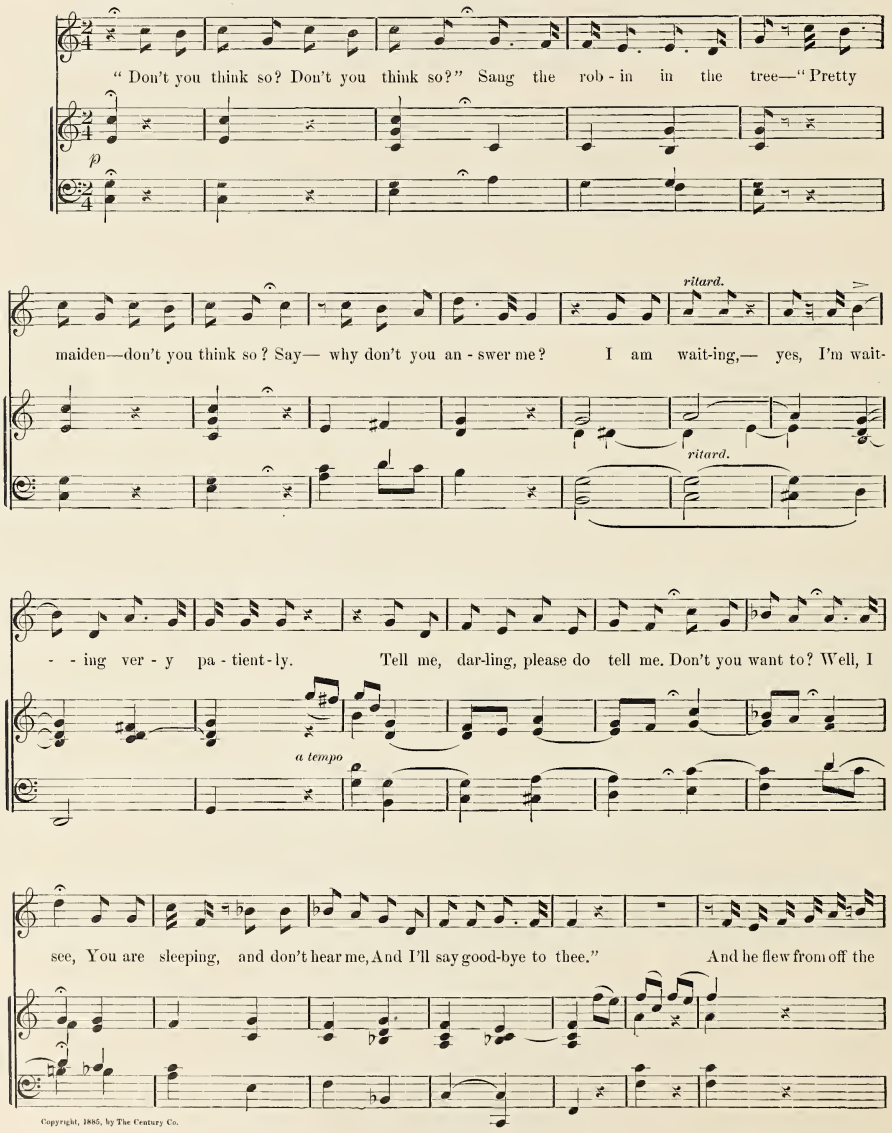
mf *rit.*



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The Song of the Robin.

LIBBIE HAWES. J. H. CORNELL.



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tree, Singing gai-ly, "Don't you think so? Don't you think so? Darling, please to answer me."

mf *p*

mf *p*

Sud-den - ly the ba - by wakened, Coo - ing soft - ly with de -

p

light, And the rob - in thought he heard her Say, as from her

sight Thro' the air..... he flew, "Oh, yes! Robin— yes, I do!"

p





An Easter Carol.

EMILY D. CHAPMAN. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

With spirit.

1. Sweet-ly the birds are sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn, Sweet - ly the bells are ring - ing On Eas - ter morn, And the words that they say On Eas - ter day Are—
2. Birds! for-get not your sing - ing At Eas - ter dawn; Bells! be ye ev - er ring - ing On Eas - ter morn. In the spring of the year, When Eas - ter is here, Sing—
3. Buds! ye will soon be flow - ers, Cher - ry and white; Snow-storms are chang-ing to show - ers, Dark-ness to light. With wak-ning of spring, Oh, sweet - ly sing—"Lo!
4. Eas - ter buds were grow - ing A - ges a - go; Eas - ter lil-ies were blow - ing By wa - ter's flow. All na - ture was glad, No creat - ure was sad, For

p *rit.* *cres.* *f* *rit.* *mf*

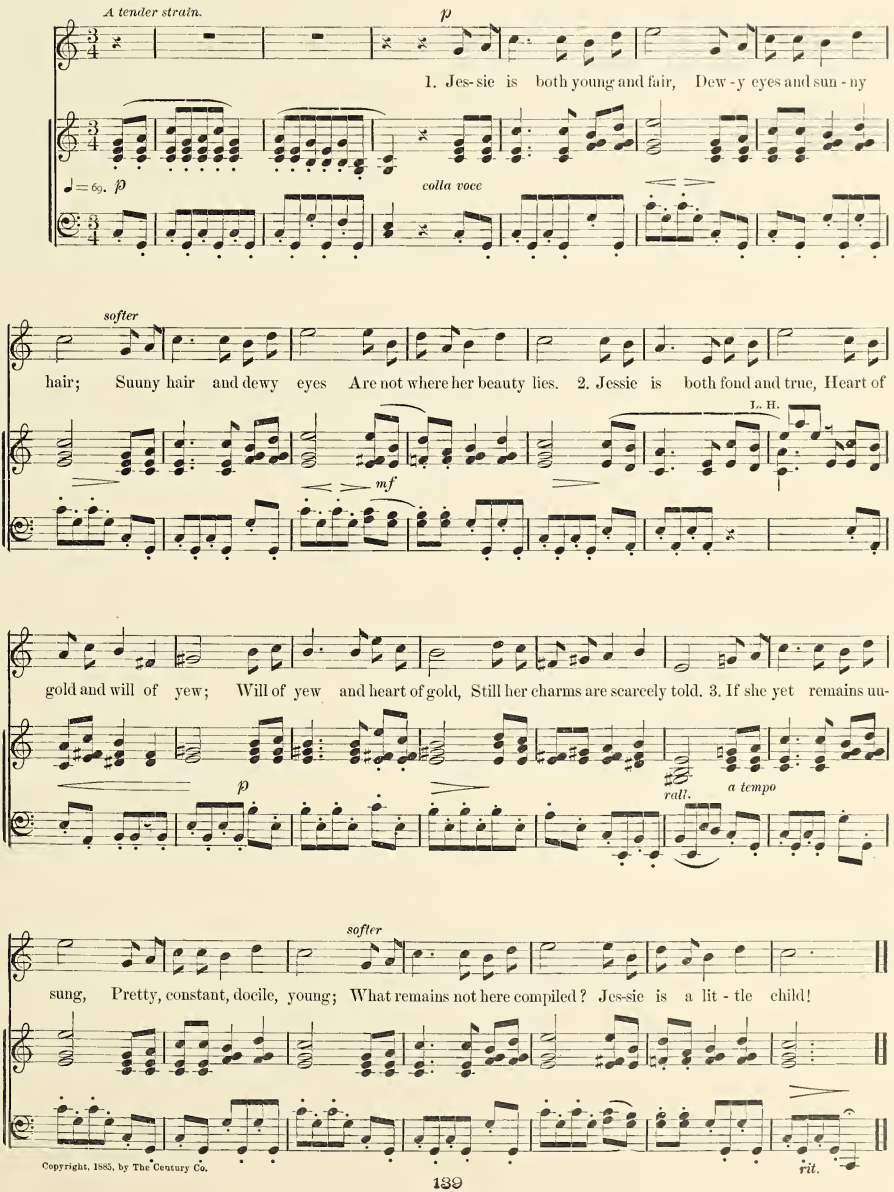
"Christ . . the Lord . . . is ris - - - - en."
"Christ . . the Lord . . . is ris - - - - en."
Christ . . the Lord . . . is ris - - - - en."
Christ . . the Lord . . . was ris - - - - en.

f *f* *rit.*

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Jessie.

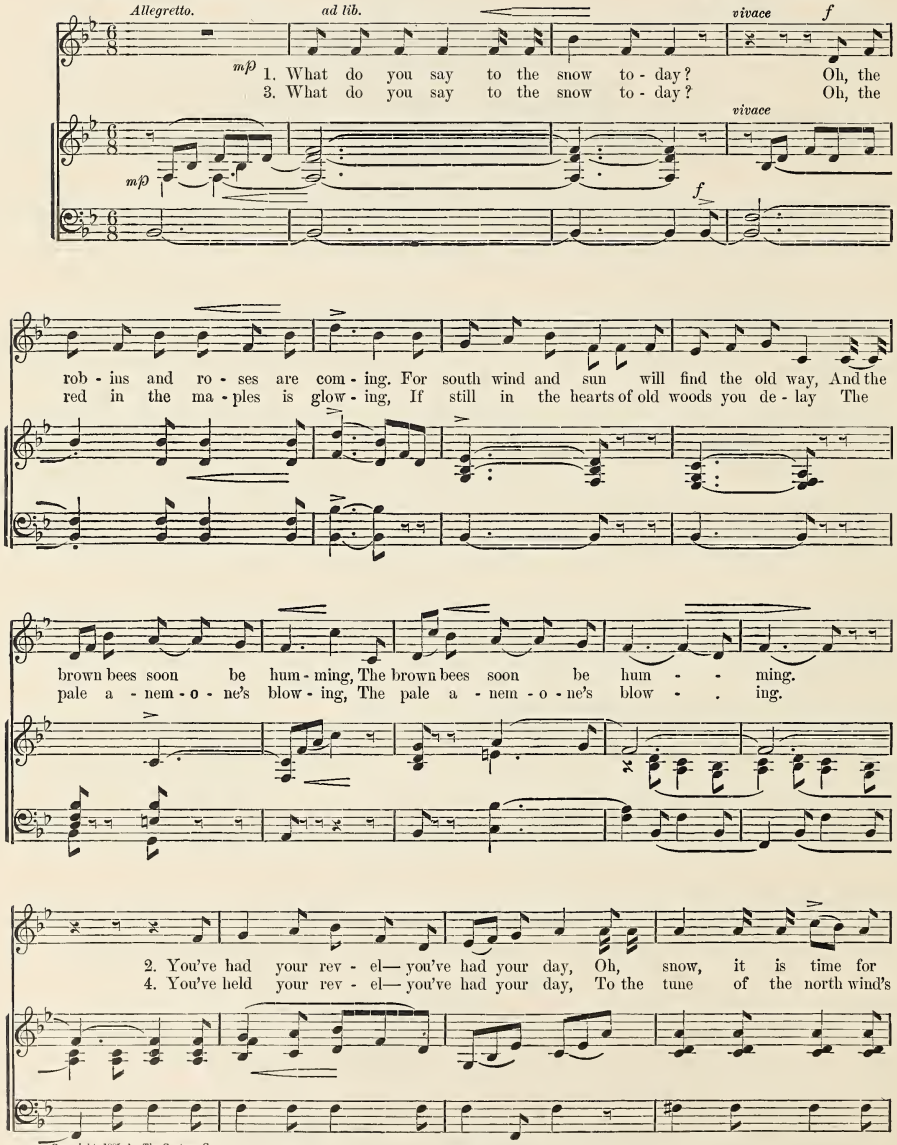
BRET HARTE. N. H. ALLEN.



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April Snow.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. SAMUEL P. WARREN.



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leav - - - - ing! . . For nev - er 'round paths of warm, sweet May Should the
hum - - - - ming; But there nev - er was June yet that lost her way, And the

f

win - ter's ghost be griev - ing! For nev - er 'round paths of warm, sweet May Should the
rob - ins and ro - ses are com - ing! But there nev - er was June that lost her way, And the

f

p

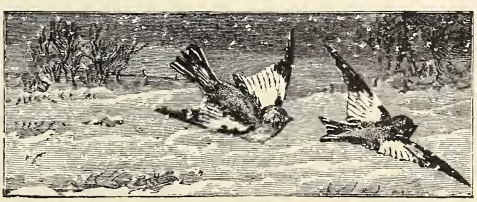
win - ter's ghost be griev - - - - ing! . .
rob - ins and ro - ses are com - - - - ing! . .

p

f

poco rit.

p



The north wind doth blow.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.



Andante.

The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will the robin do

p *p'aintively*

then, poor thing! He'll fly to the barn To keep him-self

sempre legato

warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing! And

dolente

1*st.* *D.S.* 2*d.*

hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing! He'll wing, poor thing!

f *piu lento* *dim.* *D.S.*

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Meadow Talk.

CAROLINE LESLIE.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Moderato.

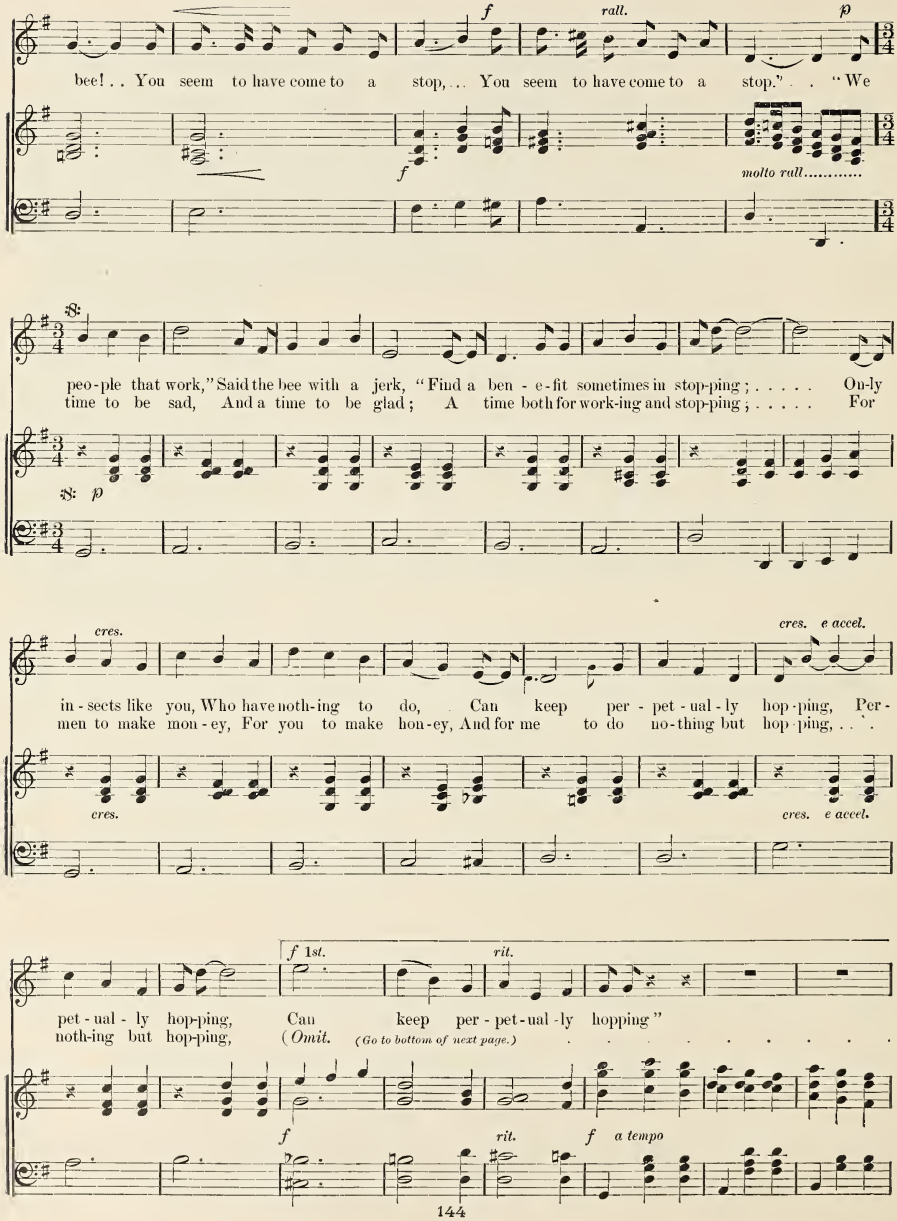
f

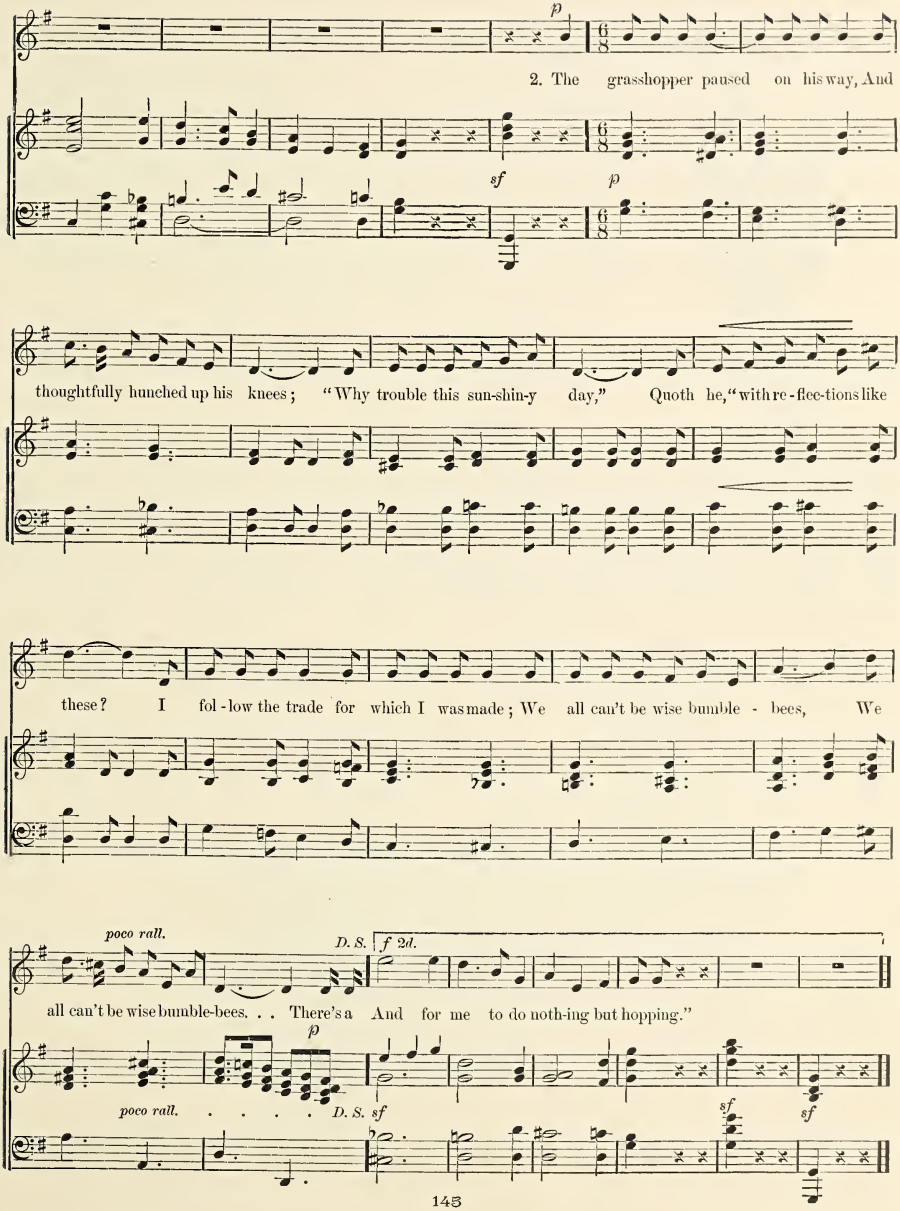
1. A bum - ble - bee, yel - low as gold, Sat

perched on a red - clo - ver top, ... When a grass-hop - per, wi - ry and old, ... Came a -

long with a skip and a hop. . . . . "Good-mor-row!" cried he, "Mis - ter Bum-ble -

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f
rall.
p
bee! . . You seem to have come to a stop, . . You seem to have come to a stop." . . "We
f
molto rall.....
peo-ple that work," Said the bee with a jerk, "Find a ben - e-fit sometimes in stop-ping; . . . . . On-ly
time to be sad, And a time to be glad; A time both for work-ing and stop-ping; . . . . . For
p
cres.
cres. e accel.
in - sects like you, Who have noth-ing to do, Can keep per - pet - ual - ly hop-ping, Per-
men to make mon-ey, For you to make hon-ey, And for me to do no-thing but hop-ping, . . .
cres.
cres. e accel.
f 1st.
rit.
pet - ual - ly hop-ping, Can keep per - pet - ual - ly hopping"
noth-ing but hop-ping, (Omit.
(Go to bottom of next page.)
f
rit.
f
a tempo


p
2. The grasshopper paused on his way, And
sf
p
thoughtfully hunched up his knees; "Why trouble this sun-shin-y day," Quoth he, "with re-flec-tions like
these? I fol-low the trade for which I was made; We all can't be wise bumble - bees, We
poco rall.
D. S.
f 2d.
all can't be wise bumble-bees. . . There's a And for me to do noth-ing but hopping."
p
poco rall. . . . . D. S. sf
sf
sf

Chanticleer.

CELIA THAXTER. HELEN A. CLARKE.



Allegretto.
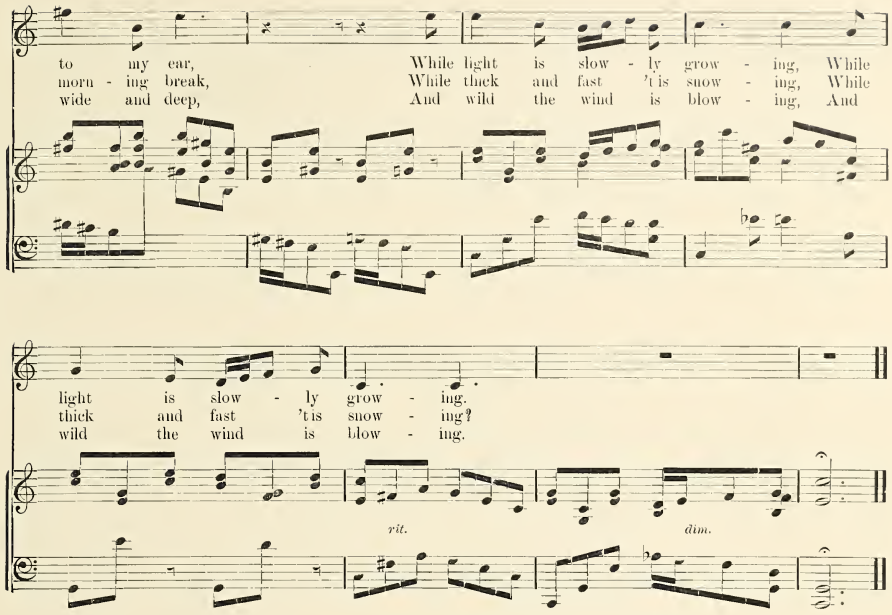
pp

1. I
2. The
3. I

wake! I feel the day is near; I hear the red cock
white snow gath - ers, flake on flake; I hear the red cock
think the world is all a - sleep; I hear the red cock

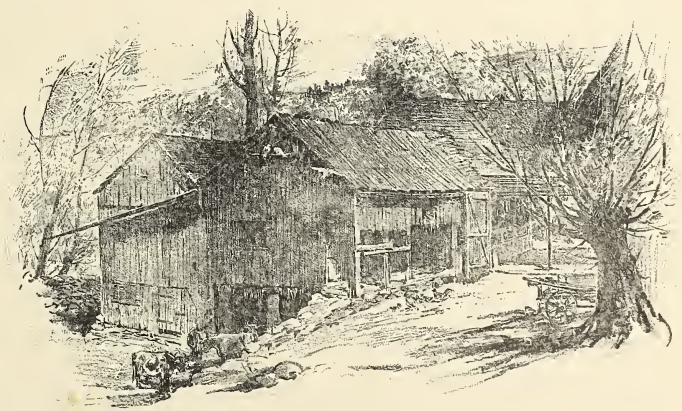
crow - ing! He cries "'T is dawn!" How sweet and clear His cheer - ful call comes
crow - ing! Is a - ny - bod - y else a - wake To see the win - ter
crow - ing! Out of the frost - y pane I peep; The drifts are piled so

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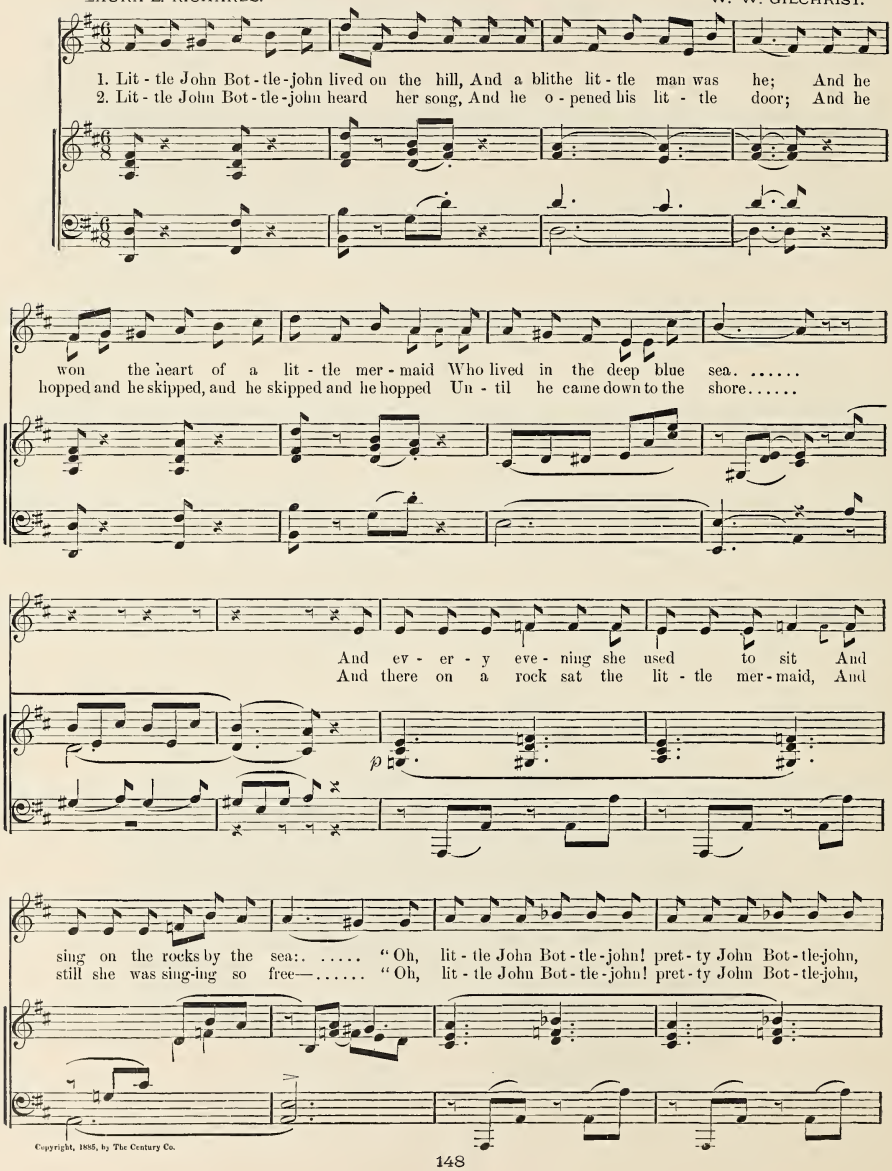
4 Nothing I see has shape or form:
I hear the red cock crowing!
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing!

5 A happy little child, I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.
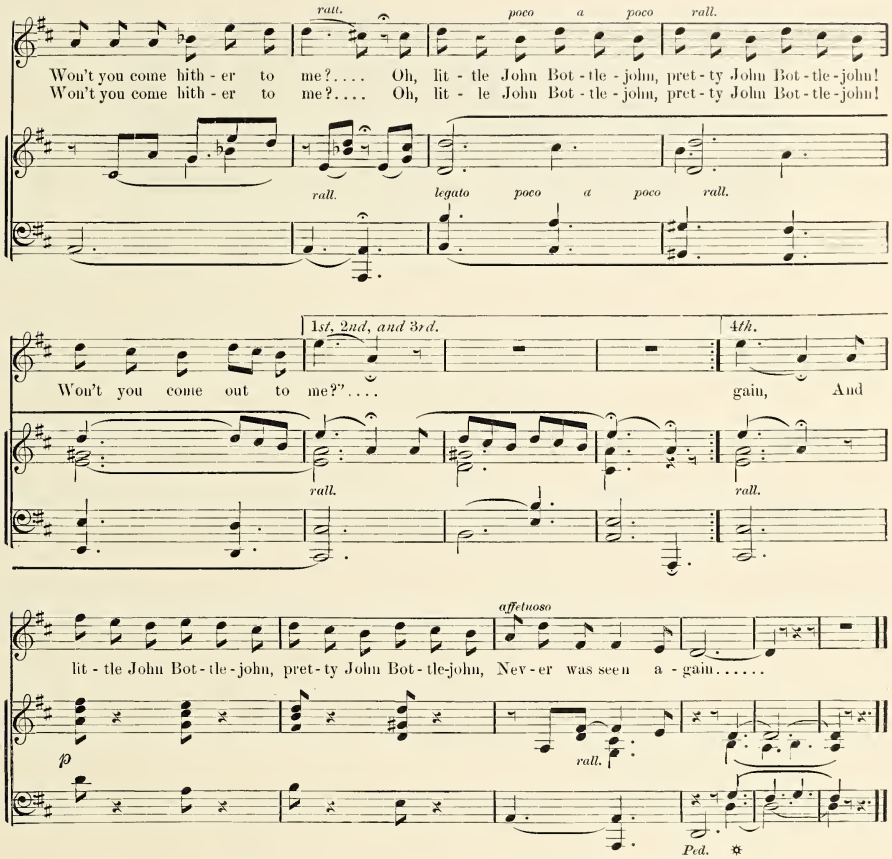


Little John Bottlejohn.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. W. W. GILCHRIST.



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3 Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
And the mermaid she made one, too,
And she said: "Oh! I never saw anything half
So perfectly sweet as you.
In my beautiful home, 'neath the ocean foam
How happy we both should be!
Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Won't you come down with me?"

4 Little John Bottlejohn said: "Oh, yes,
I'll willingly go with you;
And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,
For perhaps I may grow one too."
So he took her hand, and he left the land,
And plunged in the foaming main;
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.





Bye, baby, birds are sleeping.

M. M. D. F. BOOTT.

Allegretto.

1. Bye, ba - by, birds are sleep - ing; One by one the stars are peep - ing, One by
2. Bye, ba - by, moth - er holds thee; Lov - ing, ten - der care en - folds thee, Lov - ing,

mf

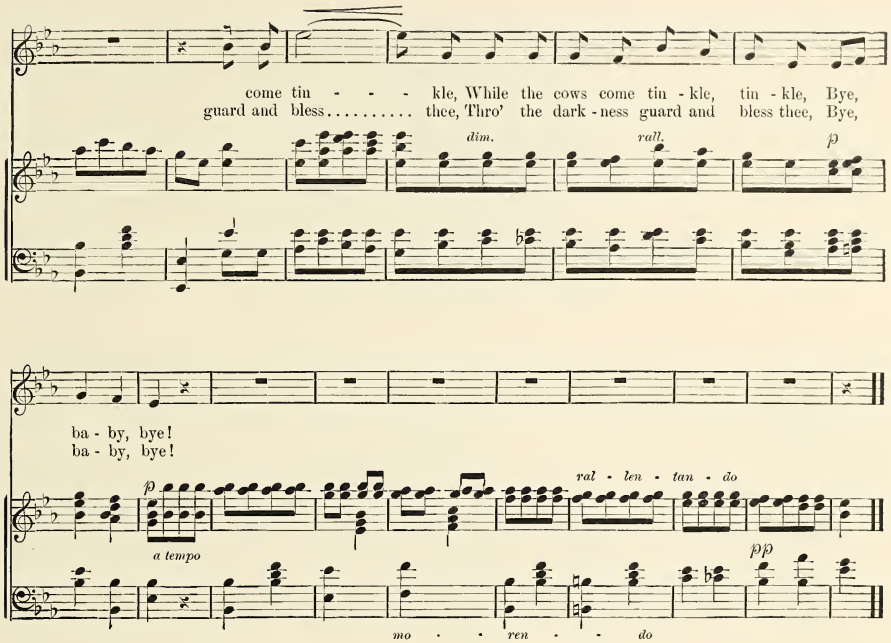
one the stars are peep-ing, Bye, bye, ba - by, bye! In the far - off sky they twin-kle, While the
ten - der care en - folds thee, Bye, bye, ba - by, bye! An - gels in thy dreams ca-ress thee; Thro' the

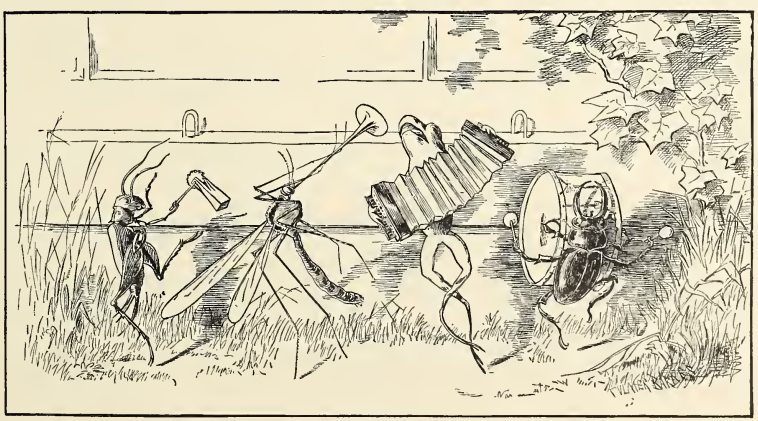
cows come tin - kle, tin - kle, While the cows come tin - kle, tin - kle, Bye, ba - by, bye!
darkness guard and bless thee, Thro' the dark-ness guard and bless thee, Bye, ba - by, bye!

p *mf*

dim. *rall.* *a tempo*

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A RURAL QUARTET.



Punkydoodle and Jollapin.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegro.

mf

1. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee!
2. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee!

f *mf*

How does the Em - per - or take his tea? He takes it with mel - ons, he takes it with milk, He takes it with syr - up and
How does the Car - di - nal take his tea? He takes it in Lat - in, he takes it in Greek, He takes it just sev - en - ty

p *cres.*

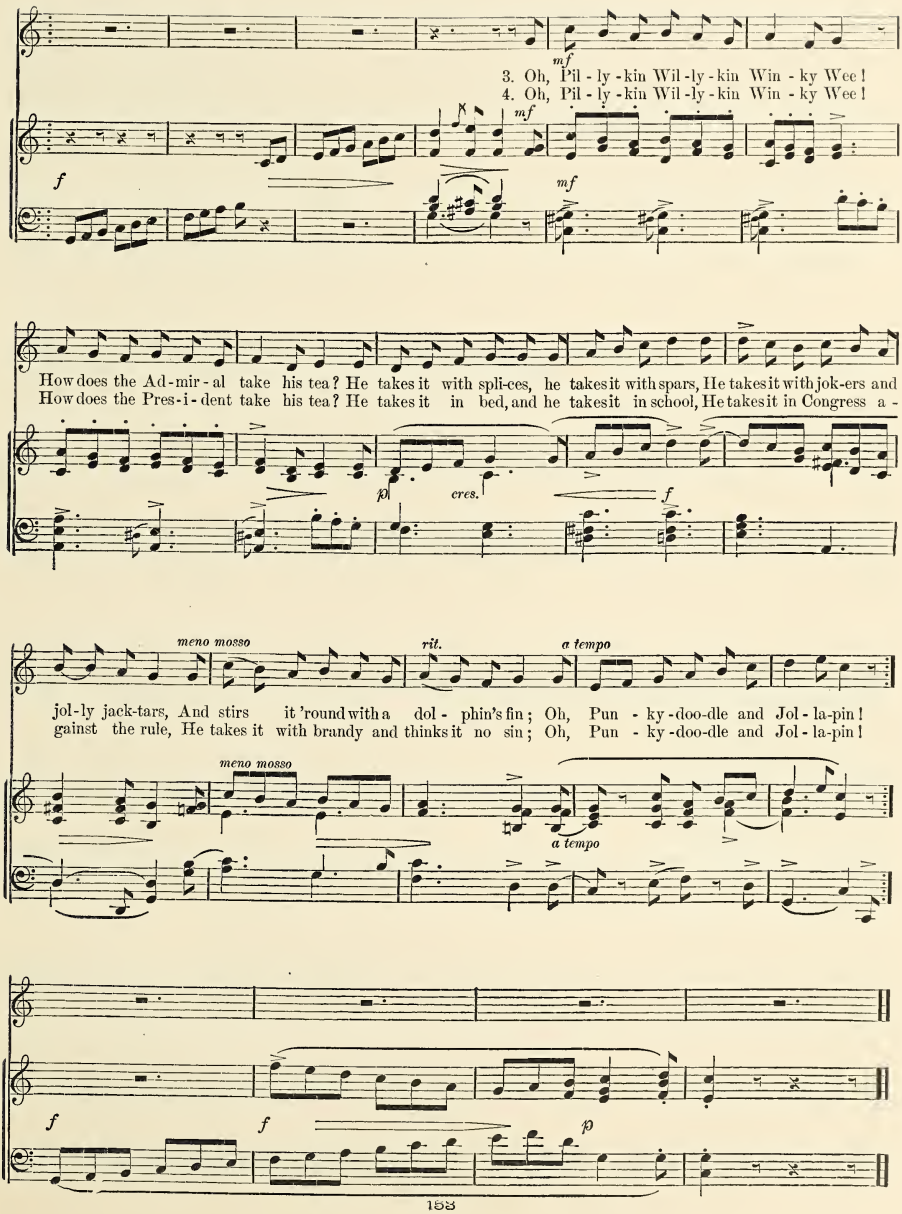
meno mosso *rit.* *a tempo*

sas - sa - fras silk. He takes it without, and he takes it with - in; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!
times a week. He takes it so strong that it makes him grin; Oh, Pun - ky - doo - dle and Jol - la - pin!

meno mosso *a tempo*

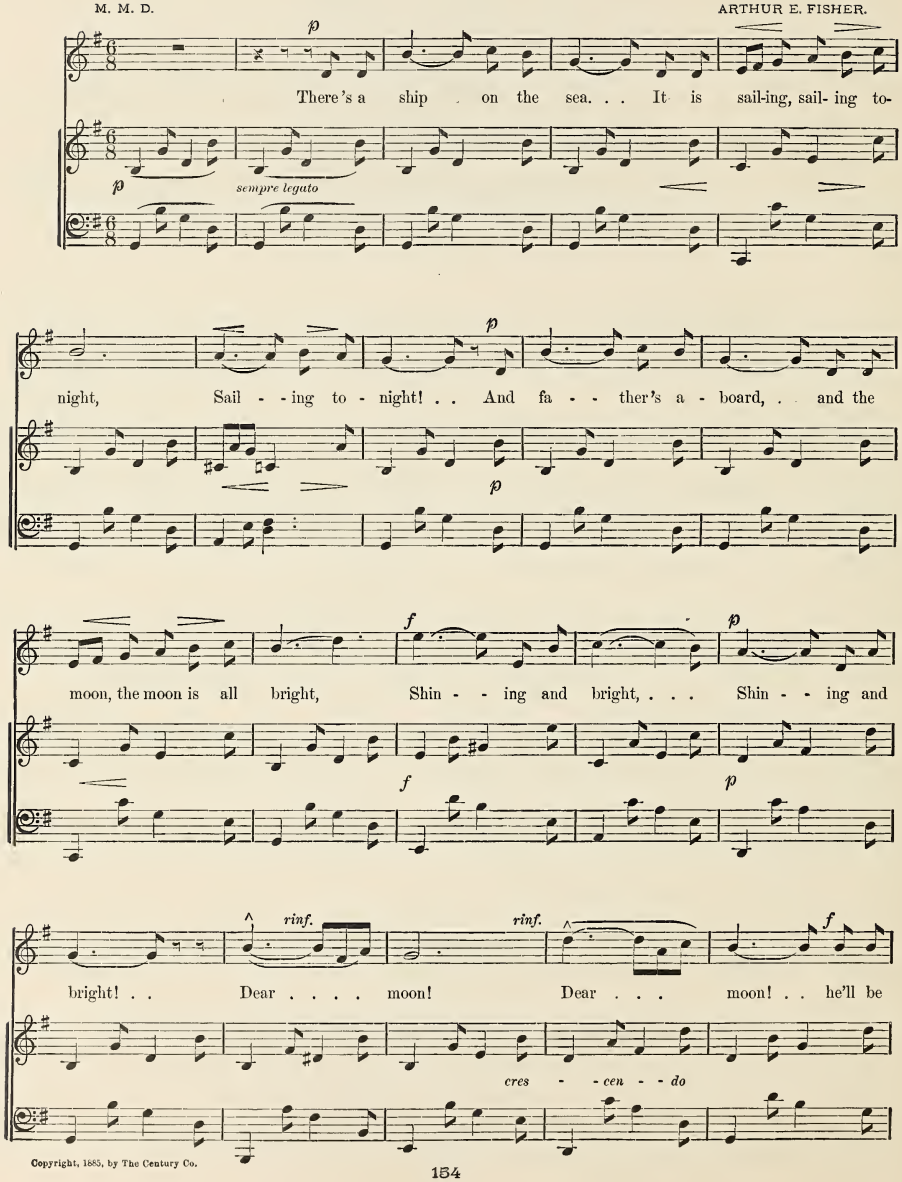
f

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mf
3. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee!
4. Oh, Pil - ly - kin Wil - ly - kin Win - ky Wee!
mf
f
mf
How does the Ad-mir-al take his tea? He takes it with spli-ces, he takes it with spars, He takes it with jok-ers and
How does the Pres-i-dent take his tea? He takes it in bed, and he takes it in school, He takes it in Congress a -
p
cres.
f
meno mosso
rit.
a tempo
jol-ly jack-tars, And stirs it 'round with a dol - phin's fin; Oh, Pun - ky-doo-dle and Jol - la-pin!
gainst the rule, He takes it with brandy and thinks it no sin; Oh, Pun - ky-doo-dle and Jol - la-pin!
meno mosso
a tempo
f
f
p

There's a ship on the sea.

M. M. D. ARTHUR E. FISHER.



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sail - ing for ma - ny a night— Sail- ing from moth-er and me. . . Oh! fol - - low the

p

f *dim.* *p*

ship, . . the ship with your sil- ver - y light, As fa - - - ther sails, . . as

molto cres.

molto cres.

fa - - - ther sails, sails o - ver the sea! . . As

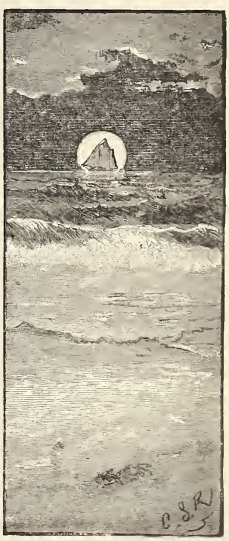
f *ff*

ff

molto rall.

fa - ther sails o - ver the sea! . .

molto rall. *dim.*

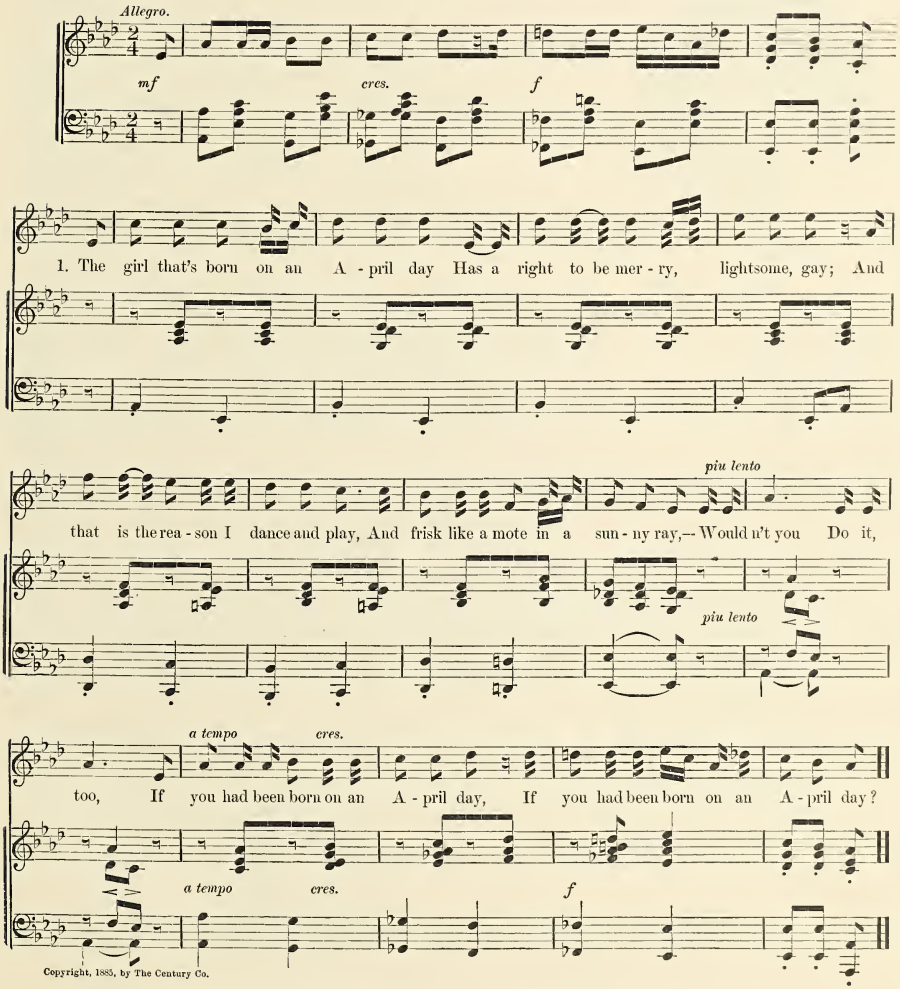




AN APRIL GIRL.

An April Girl.

M. M. D. J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.



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2. The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May;
But I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day,—
Would n't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

3. Heigho! hurrah! for an April day,
Its cloud, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
Would n't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

Snow-Flakes.
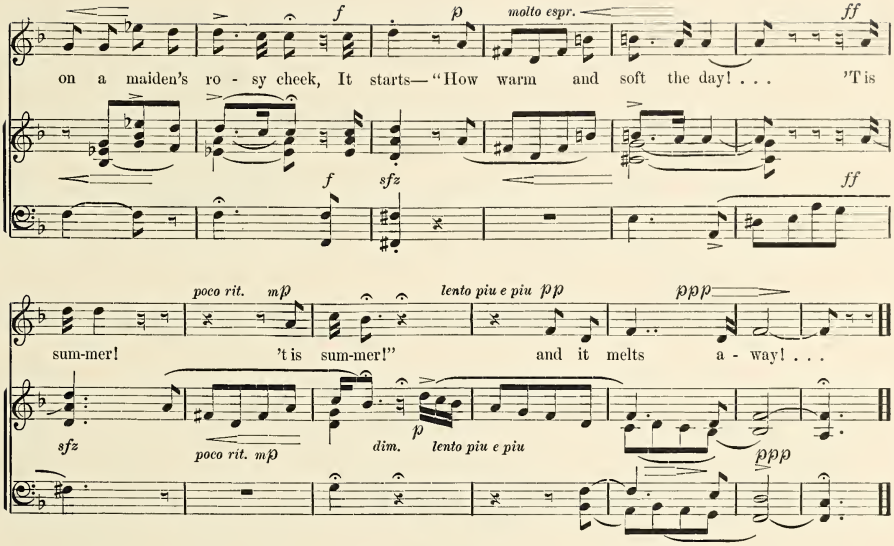


M. M. D. SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Andantino.

1. When - e'er a snow-flake leaves the sky, It turns and turns to say "Good-bye! Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!" Then light-ly trav-els on its way. 2. And when a snow-flake finds a tree, "Good-day!" it says, "Good-day! to thee! Thou art so bare and lone - ly, dear, I'll rest and call my com - rades here." 3. But when a snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights

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f
p
molto espr.
ff
on a maiden's ro - sy cheek, It starts—"How warm and soft the day! . . . 'T is
f
sfz
ff
poco rit. mp
lento piu e piu pp
ppp
sum-mer! 't is sum-mer!" and it melts a - way! . . .
sfz
poco rit. mp
dim.
p
lento piu e piu
ppp


WINTER
CHURCH.



Billy Buttercup.

M. M. D.

GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL.

mf Moderato.

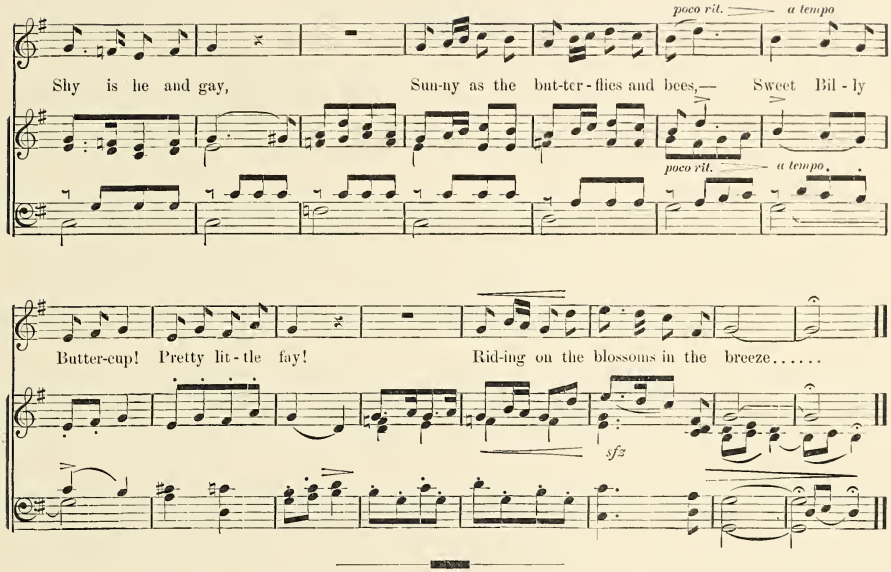
1. Sweet Bil - ly But - ter-cup! Pret - ty lit - tle fay! Rid - ing on the

blos - soms in the breeze; Deep in the clo - ver-bloom hid - ing him a - way,

f

Star - tled at the mur - mur of the trees. 2. Chil - dren! have you seen him?

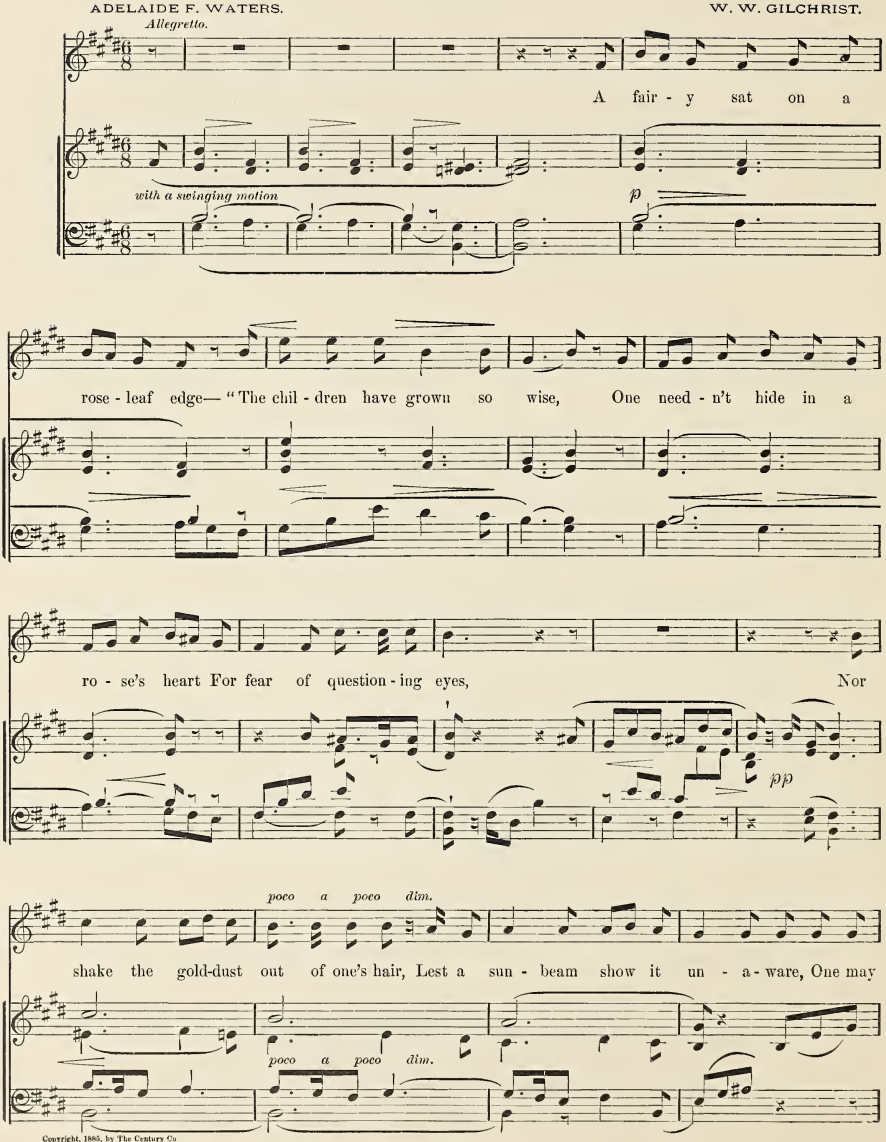
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poco rit.
a tempo
Shy is he and gay, Sun-ny as the but-ter-flies and bees,— Sweet Bil-ly
poco rit.
a tempo.
Butter-cup! Pretty lit-tle fay! Rid-ing on the blossoms in the breeze.....
sfz


MARY. MARY. QUITE. CONTRARY.
HOW. DOES. YOUR. GARDEN. GROW?
SUN-FLOWERS. BRIGHT. & LILIES. WHITE.
AND. PRETTY. MAIDS. ALL. IN. A. ROW.

So Wise!

ADELAIDE F. WATERS. W. W. GILCHRIST.



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ad lib. *f*

tilt and sway in the gold-green grass, One may wan - der fair - y - free,.... For, of

colla voce *f*

poco rall. *a tempo* *pp*

course, if the chil - dren don't be - lieve, They will nev - er look to see, ... For, of

sf *poco rall.* *p* *a tempo* *pp*

f *rall.* *rall.*

course, if the chil - dren don't be - lieve, They will nev - er look to see."

sf *rall.* *p* *pp* *pp* *a tempo* *rall.* *ppp*



The Song of the Roller-Skates.

MARIA J. HAMMOND. HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Allegretto con moto.



Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo! To the left, to the right; Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo! On our roll - ers so bright!

Swoop-a-hoo! here we go; All a - glid - ing a-long; Swoop-a - hoo! here we go; With a roll-er - skate song!

Swoop-a-hoo! Here we go; All a - glid - ing along; Swoop-a-hoo! here we go; With a roll - er - skate song!

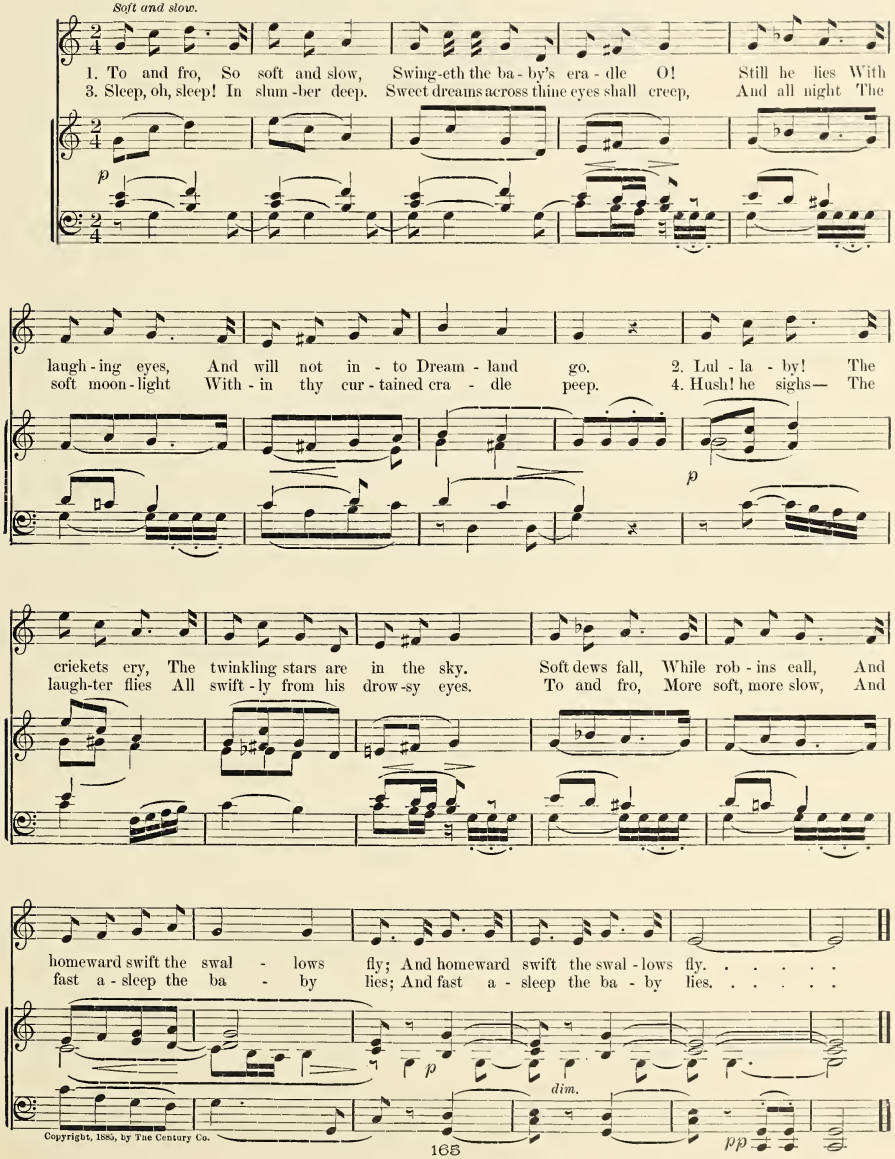
leggiere

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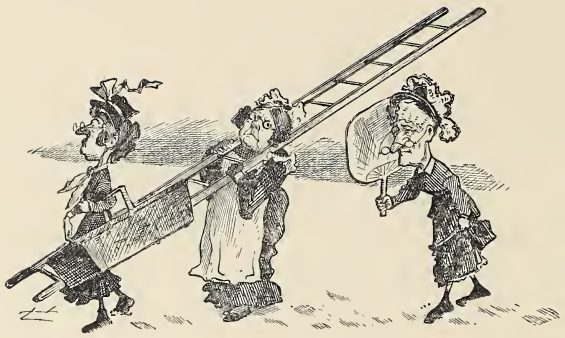
Cradle Song.

MARGARET JOHNSON. G. F. SUCK.

Soft and slow.



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The Three Wise Women.

MRS. E. T. CORBETT. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

Allegro, ma non troppo. *mp* *rit.*

1. Three wise old women were they, were they, Who went to walk on a win - try day; One
2. "Dear, dear!" said one, "A bear I see! I think we'd bet - ter climb a tree!" But there
3. But the wind was strong as wind could be, And blew their ladder right out to sea! Soon the

f *p* *marcato il basso* *rit.*

a tempo *meno mosso*

car-ried a bas- ket to hold some berries; One carried a lad-der to climb for cherries; The third, and she was the
was not a tree for miles around, And they were too frightened to stay on the ground; So they climbed their ladder
three wise women were all a-float In a leak - y lad-der in-stead of a boat! And ev'- ry time the

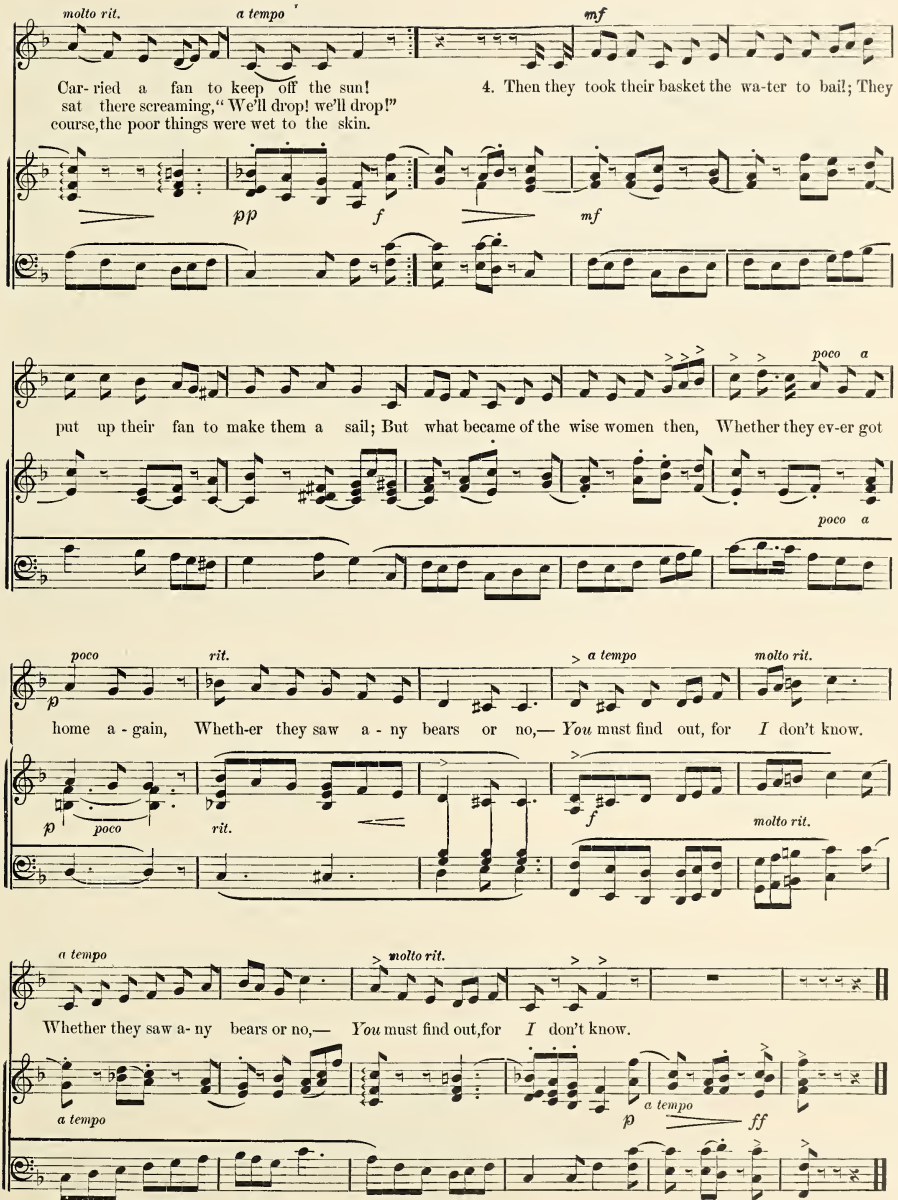
a tempo

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

wis - est one, Car-ried a fan to keep off the sun, The third, and she was the wis - est one,
up to the top, And sat there screaming, "We'll drop! we'll drop!" So they climbed their ladder up to the top, And
waves rolled in, Of course, the poor things were wet to the skin, And ev'- ry time the waves rolled in, Of

cres.

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At the Window.

M. M. D. WALDO S. PRATT.

Semplice ma con moto.

p

In and out, in and out, Thro' the clouds heap'd a - bout, Wan - ders the bright moon;

p *sempre*

What she seeks, I do not know, Where it is, I can - not show. I am but a

cres. *cres.*

lit - tle child, And the night is strange and wild. In and out, in and out,

rall. *rinf.* *p a tempo*

rall. *p a tempo*

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rall.

Wan - ders the bright moon; In and out, in and out, She will find it

rall.

a tempo

soon..... There she comes! as clear as day,— Now the clouds are go - ing a - way.

mf

a tempo

rit.

She is smil - ing, I can see, And she's look - ing straight at me. Pret - ty moon, so

rit.

rit.

bright and round, Won't you tell me what you found?

rit.

p

legato





A Summer Song.

JULIA C. R. DORR. G. A. BURDETT.

Brightly and gracefully.

p 1. Ro - ly - po - ly hon-ey-bee, Humming in the clover,
mf 2. Jaunty rob-in red - breast, Singing loud and cheerly,
p 3. Ros-es in the garden-beds, Lil-ies, cool and saint-ly,

pp

with slight emphasis

With the green leaves un - der you, And the blue sky o - ver, Why are you so bus - y, pray?
From the pink-white ap - ple-tree In the morning ear - ly, Tell me, is your mer-ry song
Dar - ling blue-eyed vi - o - lets, Pan-sies, hooded quaint-ly, Sweet-peas that, like but-ter - flies,

poco rit. *1st & 2nd.* *a tempo.*

Nev - er still a min - ute, Hov' - ring now a - bove a flower, Now half - bu - ried in it!
Just for your own pleas - ure, Pour'd from such a ti - ny throat, With-out stint or measure?
Dance the bright skies un - der, Bloom ye for your own de - light, *(Omit.....*

poco rit. *a tempo* *mf*

3rd.

a tempo

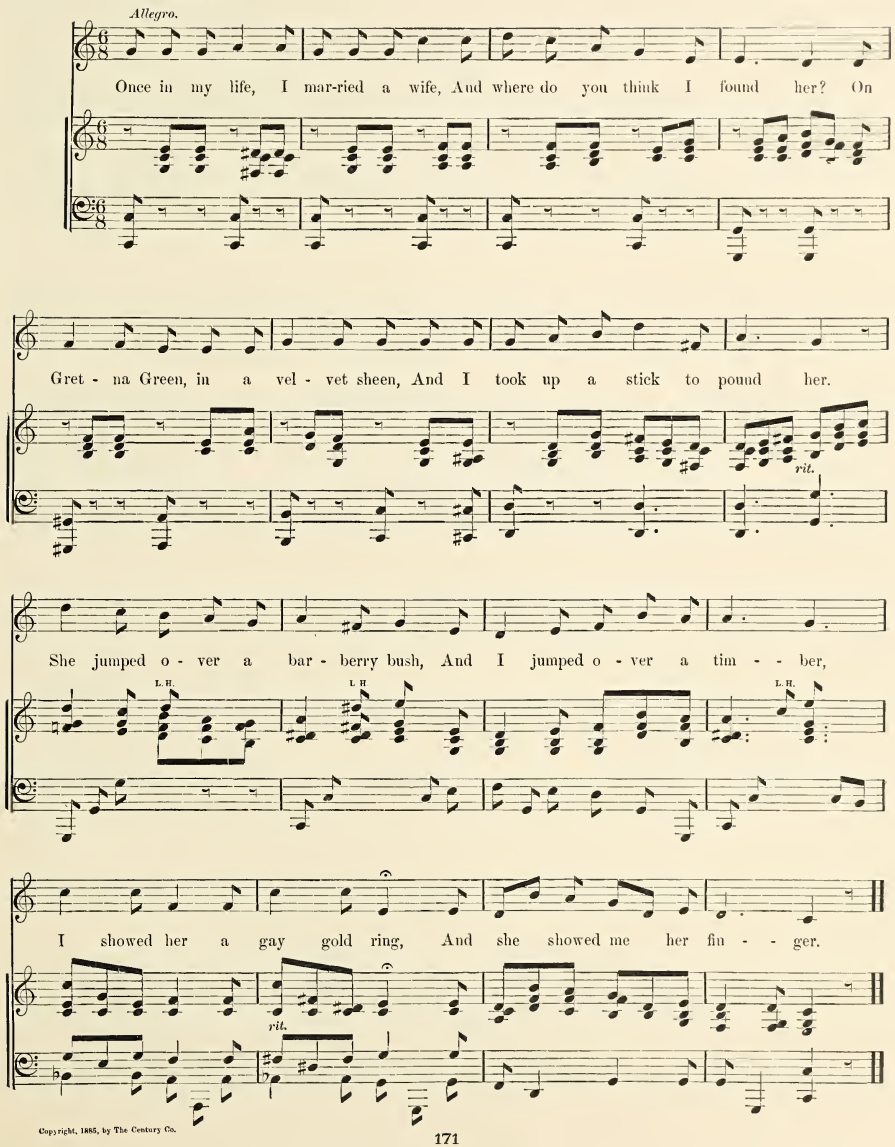
..... Or for ours, I won - - - - der!

pp *a tempo* *mf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

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Once in my life.

OLD RHYME. E. B. STORY.

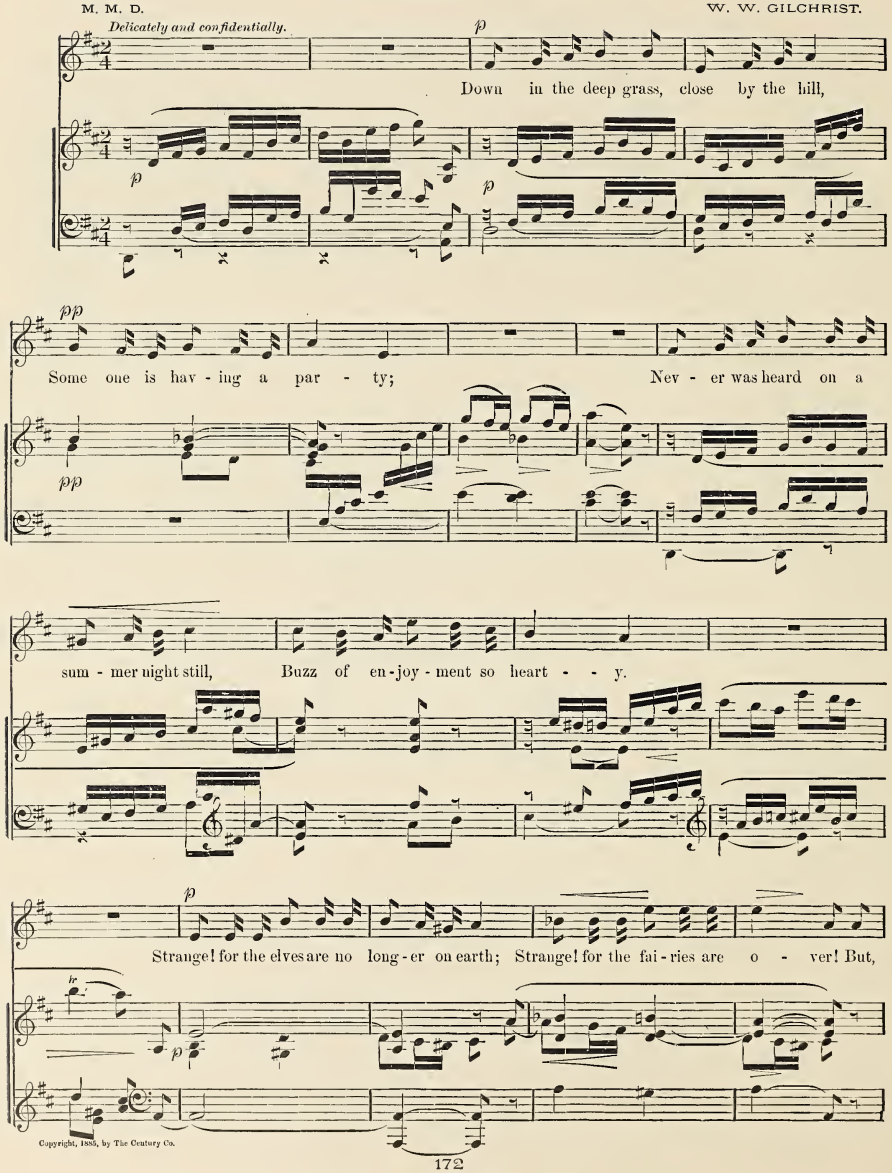


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Midsummer Frolics.

M. M. D. W. W. GILCHRIST.

Delicately and confidentially.



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sure as you live, there are frol - ic and mirth For some - bod - y, down in the clo - ver, But,

sure as you live, there are frol - ic and mirth For some - bod-y, down in the clo - ver, For

some - bod - y, down in the clo - ver.





The Minuet.

M. M. D. ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Moderato.

mf
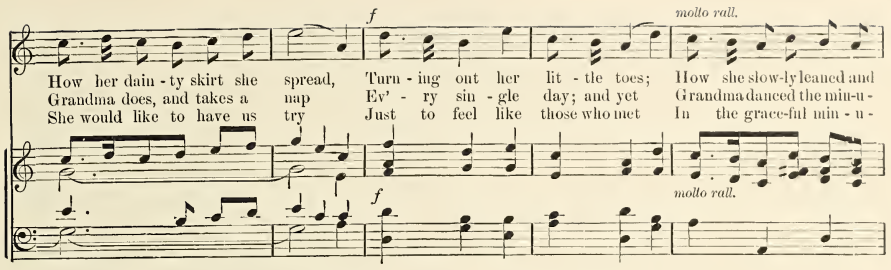
1. Grandma told me all a - bout it, Told me, so I
2. Grandma's hair was bright and sunny; Dimpled cheeks, too,
3. Modern ways are quite a - larm-ing, Grandma says; but

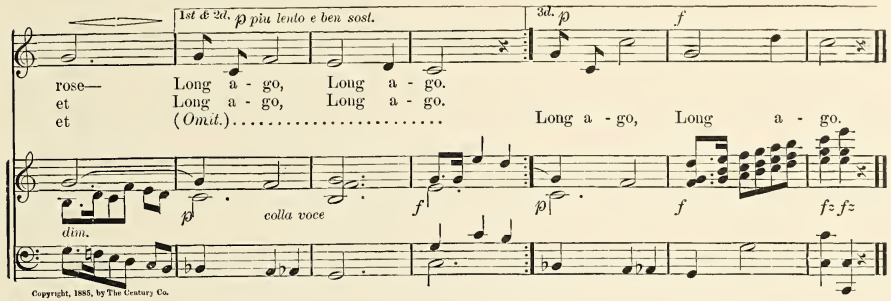
mf

f *p* *mf*

could-n't doubt it, How she danced, my grandma danced! Long a - go. How she held her pret - ty head,
ah, how fun - ny! Real - ly quite a pret - ty girl, Long a - go. Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
boys were charming, Girls and boys, I mean, of course, Long a - go. Brave but modest, grandly shy—

f *p*





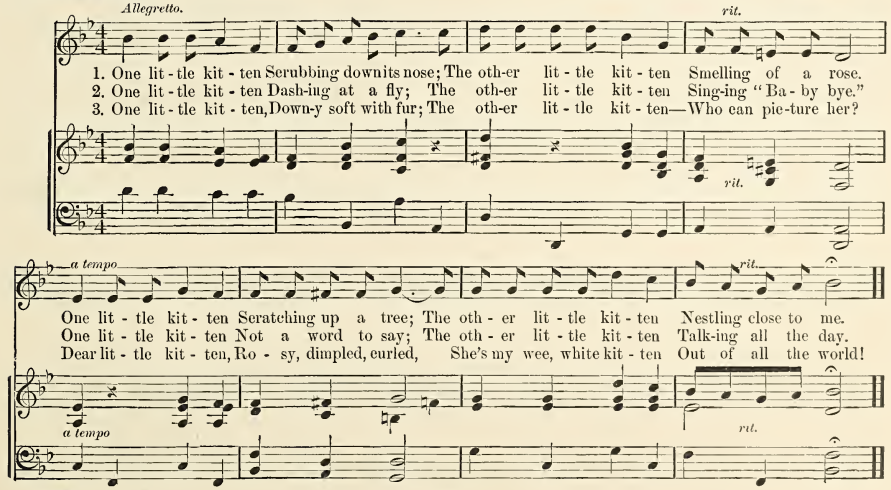
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Two Kittens.



AUNT FANNY. HELEN A. CLARKE.



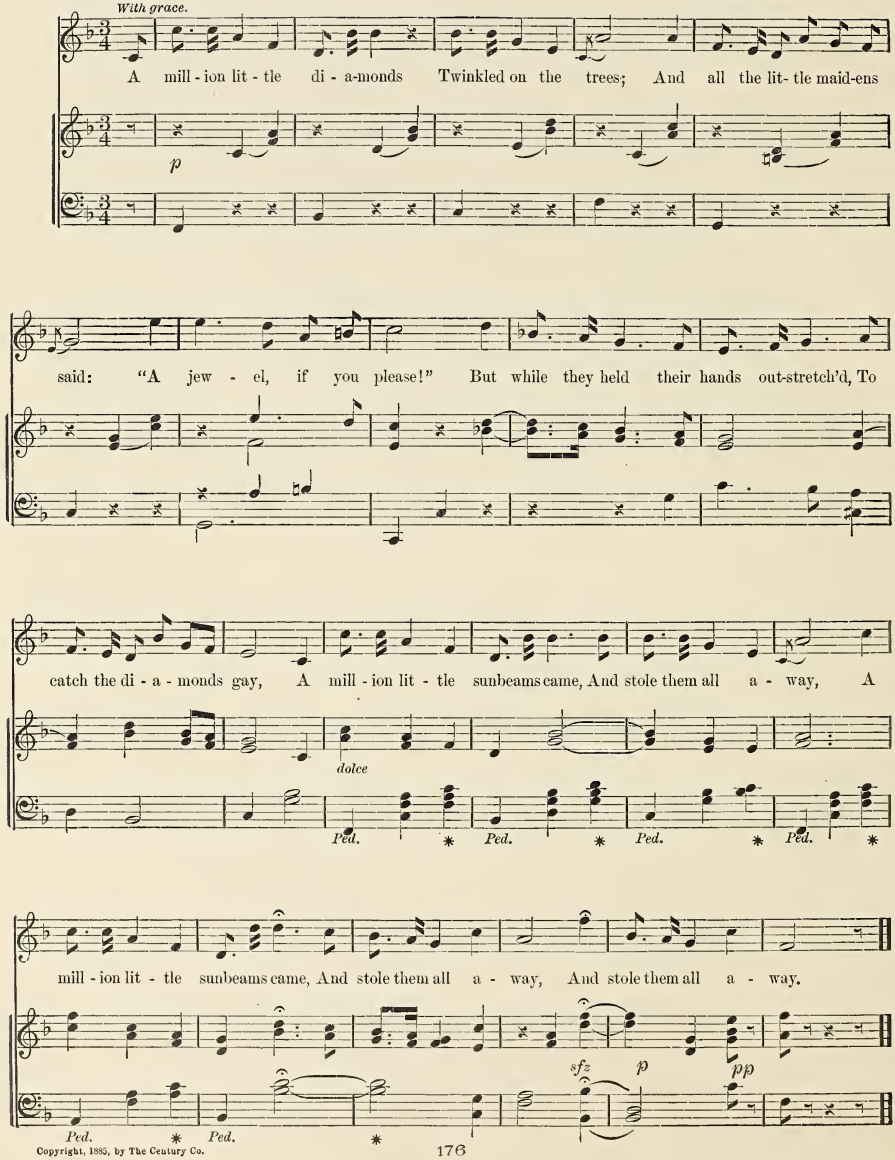
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A million little diamonds.

M. F. B.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

With grace.

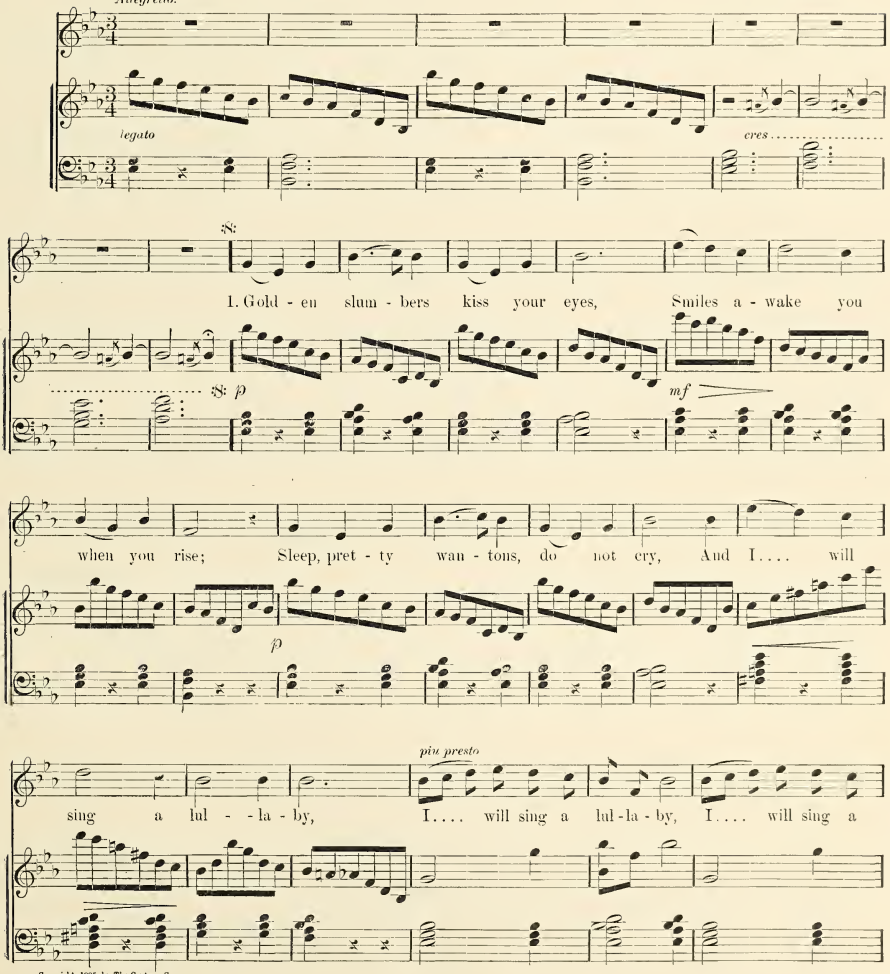


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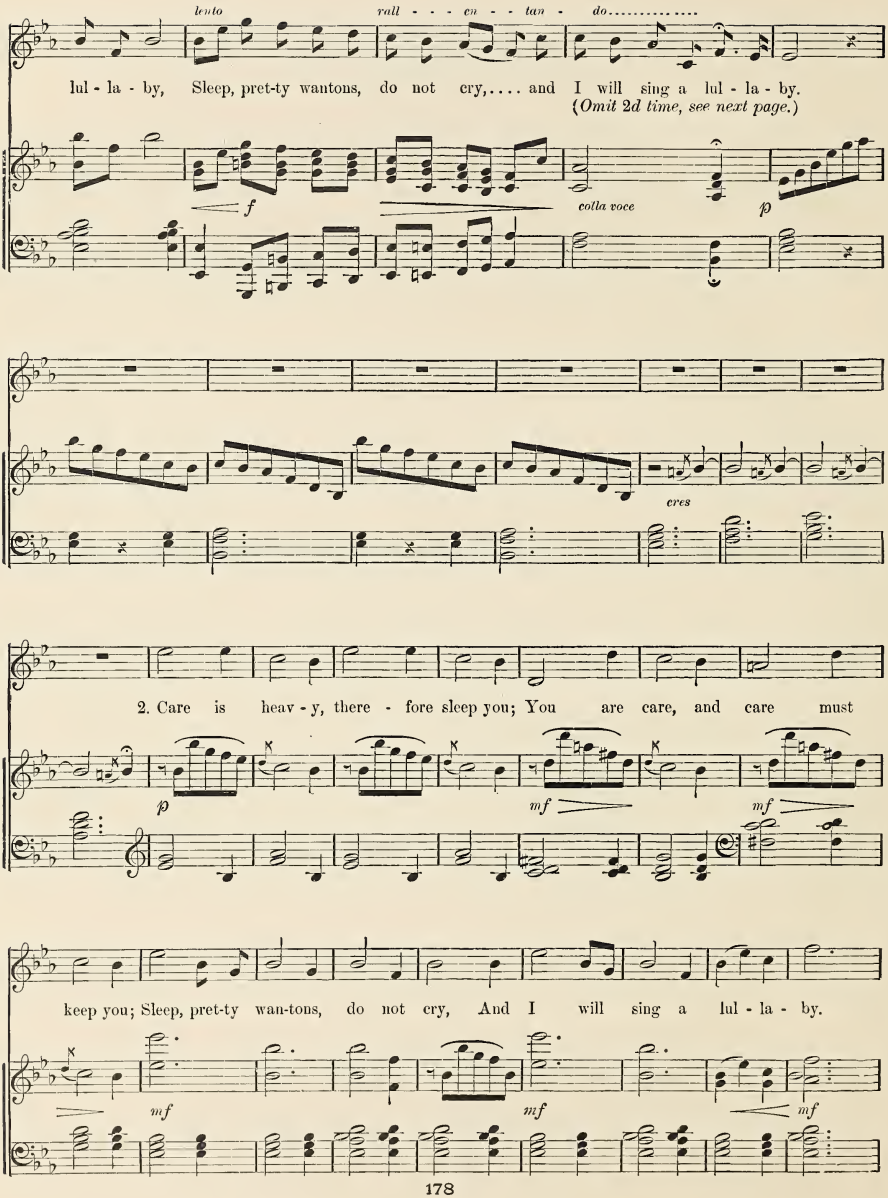
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes.

From "The Pleasaunt Comodie of Patient Grissill." 1603. W. J. HENDERSON.

Allegretto.



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lento
rall - - - en - - tan - do.....
lul - la - by, Sleep, pret-ty wantons, do not cry,.... and I will sing a lul - la - by.
(Omit 2d time, see next page.)
f
colla voce
p
cres
2. Care is heav - y, there - fore sleep you; You are care, and care must
p
mf
mf
keep you; Sleep, pret-ty wan-tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by.
mf
mf
mf

Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by! Rock them, rock them, lul - la - by! Ah, lul - la - by! Ah,

cres.....mf *p* *mf* *p*

lul - la - by! Ah, lul - - - la - - - by!..... I will sing a lul - la - by.

D. S. *rall - en - tan - do* *a battuta*

after repeat.

mf *p* *p* *D. S.* *p* *colla voce*

dim. *pp*





The Queen o' May.

M. M. D. SAMUEL P. WARREN.

Moderato.

p

1. The Queen o' May held court one day, The fields had naught to give her; All in their best her

p

♩ = 66. *p*

maids were dressed, And they be - gan to shiv - - - er. 2. "Now nev - er sneeze, but

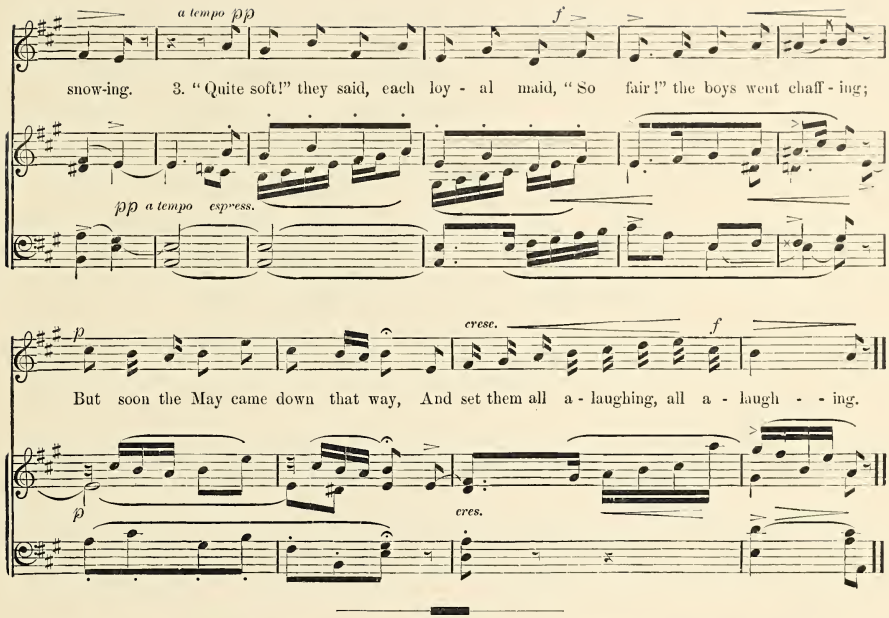
f *p* *p*

warm your knees, And look for dai-sies grow-ing; You'll find the air quite soft and fair, Un-less it fall a -

eres. *poco rit.* *f*

eres. *poco rit.* *f*

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"LOOK OUT THERE!"



Little Miss Clover.

M. F. BUTTS.

Moderato.

GEORGE INGRAHAM.

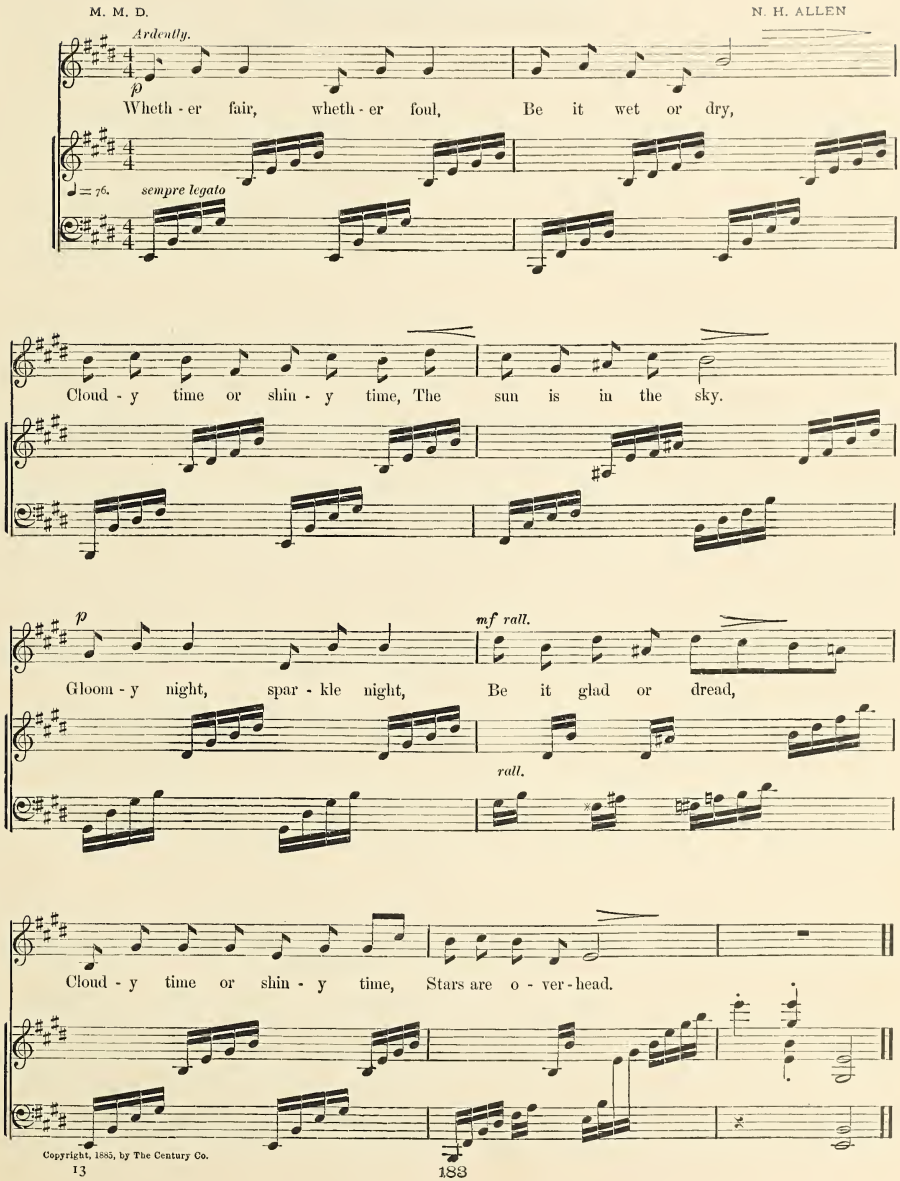
A lit - tle round head and a lit - tle red bon - net,—

Down comes a brown bee and set - tles up - on it, One or two kiss - es, and

off goes the ro - ver,— Pit - y the sor - rows of lit - tle Miss Clo - ver.

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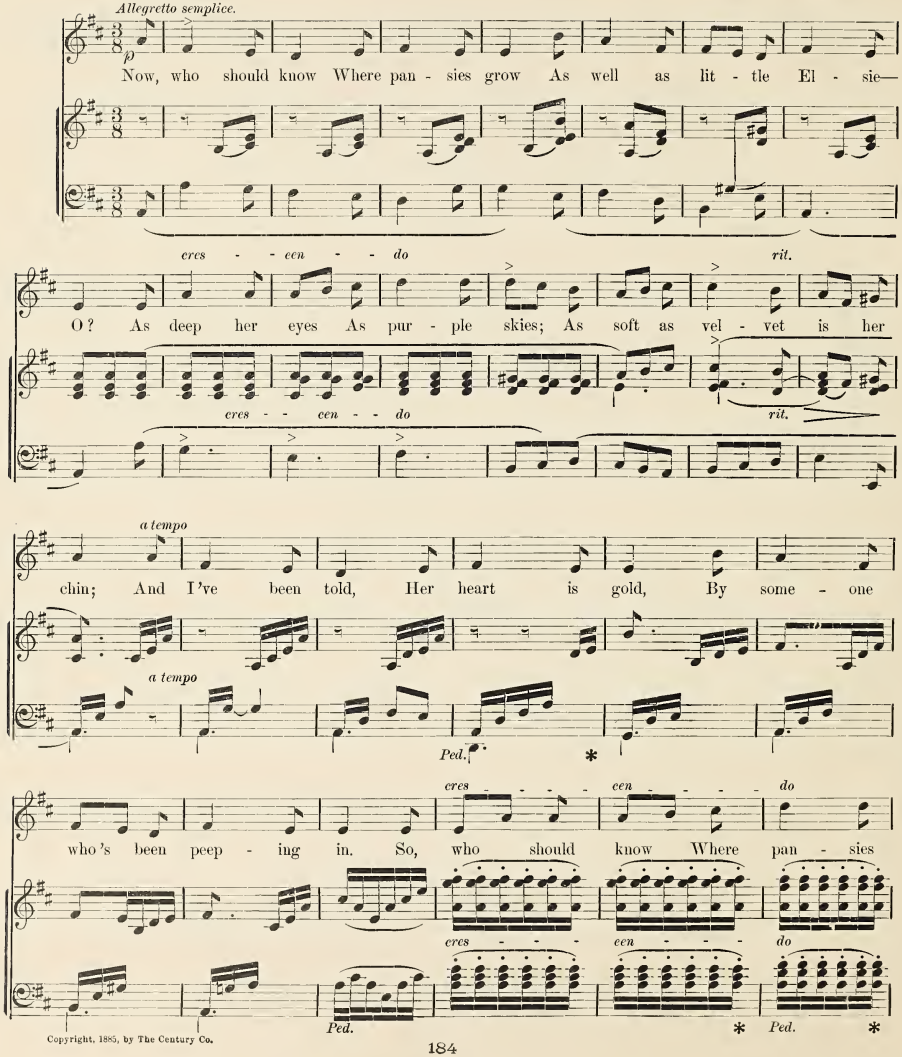
Clouds and Sunshine.
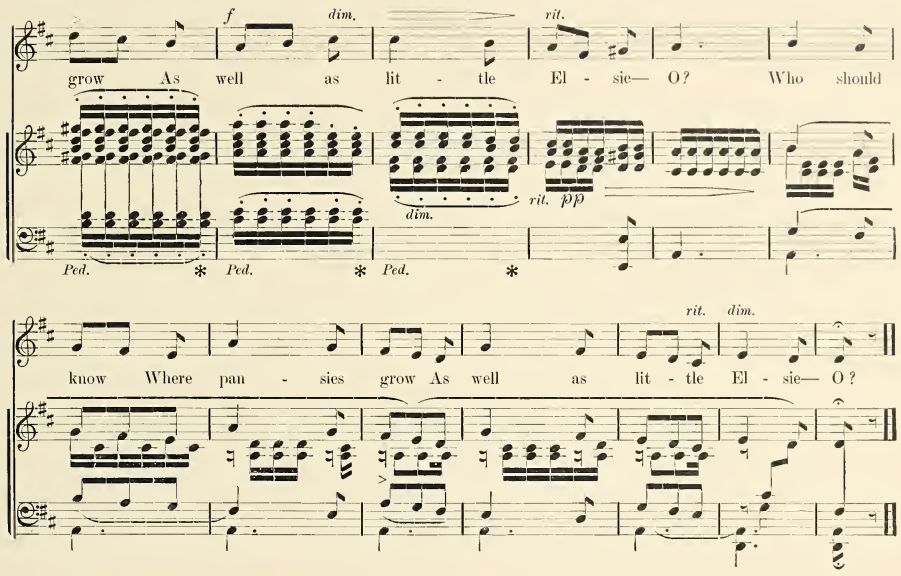


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Little Elsie.

LAURA LEDYARD. ALBERT A. STANLEY.

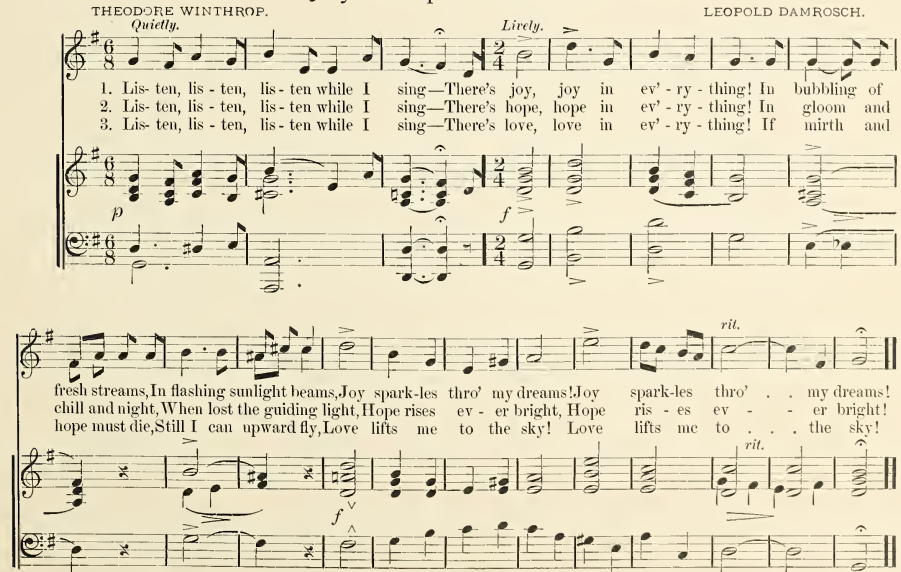


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Joy, Hope and Love.

THEODORE WINTHROP. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.



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Little John Bottlejohn.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. GEORGE F. BRISTOW.



mf *Allegretto.*

1. Lit - tle John Bot - tle - john lived on the hill; And a
2. Lit - tle John Bot - tle - john heard her sweet song, And he

p

blithe lit - tle man was he, And he won the heart of a
o - pened his lit - tle door, And he hopped and skipped, and he
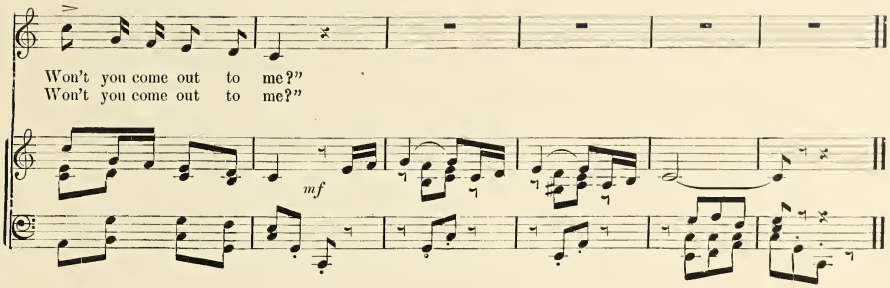
lit - tle mer - maid Who lived in the deep blue sea, And ev - ery eve - ning she
skipped, and he hopped, Un - til he came to the shore, And there on a rock the

rit. *a tempo*

used to sit And sing on the rocks by the sea, "Oh, lit - tle John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
mer - maid sat, And still she was sing - ing so free, "Oh, lit - tle John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,

rit. *a tempo*

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3 Little John Bottlejohn made a low bow,
And the mermaid she made one too,
And said, "Oh! I never saw anything half
So perfectly sweet as you,
Ah, in my home, 'neath the ocean foam,
How happy we'd both of us be,
Oh, little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn!
Won't you come down with me?"

4 Little John Bottlejohn answered, "Oh yes,
I will willingly go with you;
Nor ever will quail at the sight of your tail,
For maybe I'll grow one too."
So he took her hand and left the land,
And he plunged in the foaming main;
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.





Good-Night!

M. M. D. W. W. GILCHRIST.

Con moto ma non allegro.

1. What do I see in ba - by's eyes,
2. What do I see in ba - by's eyes,

p L. H.

So bright, so bright? I see the blue, I see a spark, I see a twin - kle
Shut tight, shut tight? The blue is gone, the light is hid— I'll lay a soft kiss

tenerezza

in the dark—
on each lid.

p rall. ad lib. *pp*

Now shut them tight, Now shut them tight.
Good-night! good-night! Good-night! good-night!

L. H.

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The Lord's Day.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

Not too slow.

1. The Sab-bath morn is dawn - ing, A flor - al wreath his crown, His
2. And as in gau - dy rai - ments Are young and old ar - rayed, He

eyes so mild and beam - ing On all look kind - ly down. He light - ly mounts the
has him - self a - dorn - ed Field, fen, and for - est - glade. And as he brings but

hill - tops, He wan - ders through the vale, Sends forth his call to pray - ers, That
glad - ness, And peace and rest to all, So let thy pleas - ant greet - ing, "God

none to come may fail. Sends forth his call to pray - ers, That none to come may fail.
with thee!" be to all. So let thy pleasant greet - ing, "God with thee!" be to all.

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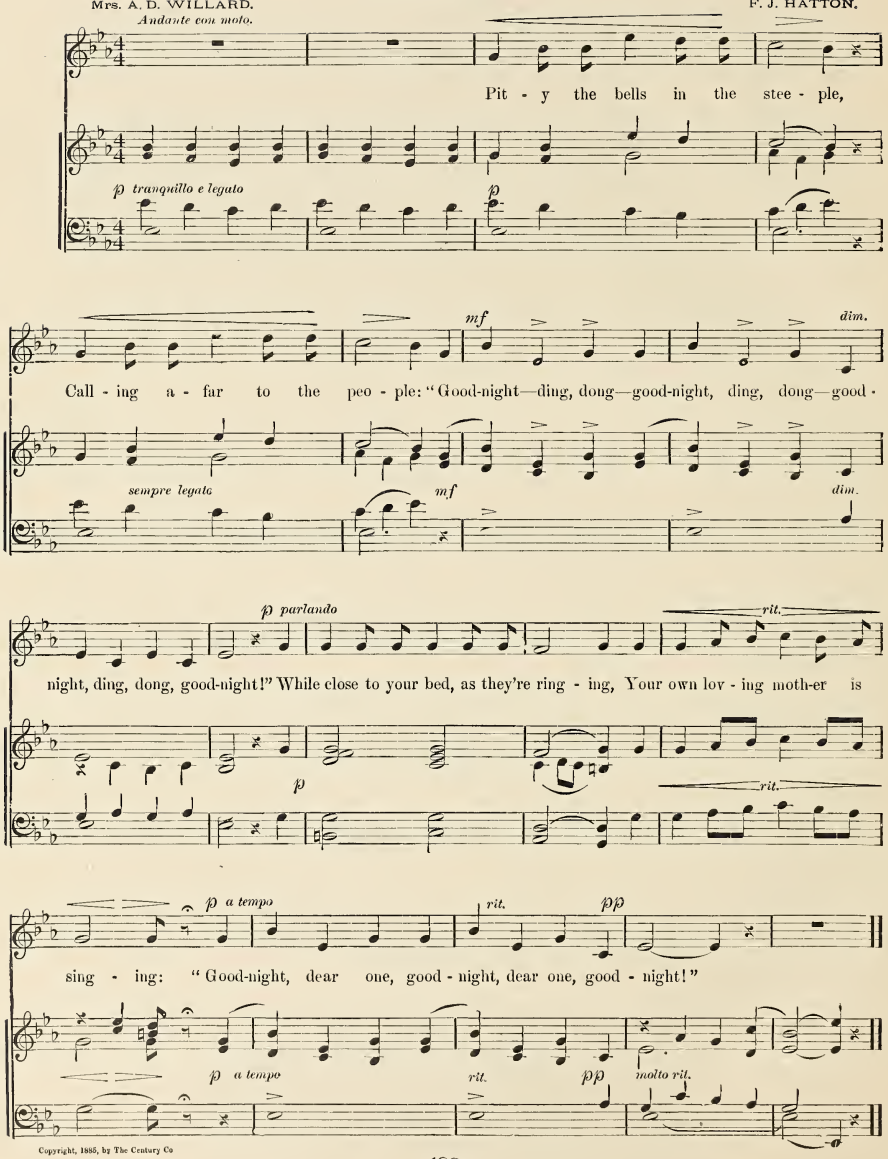


Good-Night!

Mrs. A. D. WILLARD.

F. J. HATTON.

Andante con moto.



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